

JUNE, 1937

TEN CENTS

Chateleine



In This Issue:

SPOILED ONLY GIRL

By Ruth Burr Sanborn

WAKE UP, *Mary!*

**It's a grand old world,
and you're missing it**



YOU'RE a pretty girl, Mary, and you're smart about most things. But you're just a bit stupid about yourself.

You love a good time—but you seldom have one. Evening after evening you sit at home alone. You've met several grand men who seemed interested at first. They took you out once—and *that was that*.

WAKE UP, MARY!

There are so many pretty Marys in the world who never seem to sense the real reason for their aloneness.

In this smart modern age, it's against the code for a girl (or a man, either) to carry the repellent odor of underarm perspiration on clothing and person.

It's a fault which never fails to carry its own punishment—unpopularity. And justly. For it is a fault which can be corrected in just half a minute—with Mum!

No bother to use Mum. Just smooth a bit of Mum under each arm—that's all there is to it! Slip into your dress without a minute lost. No waiting for it to dry; no rinsing off.

Use it any time; harmless to clothing. If you forget to use Mum before you dress, just use it afterwards. For Mum is harmless to fabrics.

Soothing and cooling to skin. You'll love this about Mum—you can shave your underarms and use it at once. Even a sensitive skin won't mind!

Effective all day long. Mum never lets you down, no matter how strenuous the day. Start with Mum—and you'll come home as fresh as when you started.

Does not prevent natural perspiration. Mum just prevents the objectionable part of perspiration—the unpleasant odor—and not the natural perspiration itself. How important this is!

Don't let neglect of this part of personal grooming cheat you of good times which you were meant to have. The daily Mum habit will keep you safe! Bristol-Myers Company of Canada, Ltd., 1239 Benoit St., Montreal.



**USE MUM ON SANITARY
NAPKINS** and know what
complete freedom from doubt
and fear of this cause of un-
pleasantness can really mean!

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



"Handsome is as handsome does."
"Yes, sir — it more than met my expectations!"

**FORD V-8 ECONOMY MEANS
MORE THAN HIGH GAS MILEAGE**

Ford V-8
FOR 1937

THIS year's Ford car is good news to your pocketbook! Always economical to own and operate, the Ford V-8 now reaches a new level of economy. Owners everywhere are talking about the higher gas mileage given by the improved V-8 engine, with traditional Ford smoothness and performance.

But that isn't all. The Ford V-8 is engineered for economy throughout. Its soundness of basic design, simplicity of construction and the rigid standards controlling the manufacture of steels, materials and parts, all go to make for long life and freedom

from repairs. The Ford V-8 can be serviced anywhere at minimum cost. Individual features contribute to the complete picture of Ford economy. A few of these are the torque-tube and radius-rod drive, roller wheel bearings, adjustable shock absorbers, the extra-large brake lining area, permanently adjusted valves and full-length water jackets . . . there are dozens of others.

You'll want to know more about the Ford V-8. See your Ford dealer — or phone him. Arrange to drive the Ford V-8 today — you'll get more satisfaction and economy in every way!



I N T H E G E N E R A L E L E C T R I C H O M E

Lovely Hands are free from toil



Modernize your home the

GENERAL ELECTRIC WAY

To enjoy the full benefit of modern electric servants, first make sure that you have plenty of outlets and switches, conveniently located.

Have you outlets in your living room so located that you can place your radio and floor and table lamps to the best advantage? Can you conveniently "plug in" such labor-saving appliances as vacuum cleaner, washer, ironer—toaster, percolator and electric clocks?

Consider your lighting, too. Have you "two-way" switches so you can operate hall lights from both upstairs and downstairs? Have you lights in closets and in the garage?

You will be pleasantly surprised to know how little it costs to make improvements and extensions to your electric wiring. Your electrical contractor will give you estimates without obligation. And be sure to specify General Electric wiring materials—they cost no more and ensure the best results.

TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE GOVERNMENT LOAN PLAN

Banks are co-operating with the Dominion Government by making loans for Home Improvement at very low interest rates, and with as long as three years to pay. Your electrical contractor can arrange all the necessary details.

Canadian General Electric Co., Limited
212 King St. West, TORONTO

KM-37C

Please send me, without obligation, free copies of the illustrated booklets: "The General Electric Home" and "The New Art of Living".

Name.....

Street Address.....

Town or City.....

CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC CO., LIMITED

Chatelaine



H. NAPIER MOORE, Editorial Director
BYRNE HOPE SANDERS, Editor
N. ROY PERRY, Business Manager

A MAGAZINE FOR CANADIAN WOMEN

A GIRL IS MARRIED Not much news about that — in June. But wait until you understand what really went on at the marriage of Merlin Cruise to Haley Lenchester. Ruth Burr Sanborn tells all in her story, "Spoiled Only Child." Apparently the wedding was going to be like hundreds of others. An enchanting bride. A happy groom. Doting parents. Lavish wedding presents. But something went wrong; terribly wrong. The hundreds of guests at the wedding never did get the story straight. But you can. And if you don't believe such a thing could happen — discuss it with any group of women, and one of them will say firmly, "That's exactly what happened to my cousin Matilda in East Loring." Try it and see!

A GIRL IS JILTED That's always news — if one can ever find out the truth about it. There wasn't much difficulty when Blair Holden left his girl, Sally, for one of those designing little minxes who so often capture the best men. It wasn't difficult to get at the truth, because the whole affair happened among a group of young people who lived with the privacy of goldfish.



RUTH BURR SANBORN
Author of "Spoiled Only Child."

Rebecca Stevenson gives you the mad story in "Companions of the Storm." It must have been hard for Sally to guard her pride when she was so beset with friends. But that's one of the difficulties of the century — private living. The quintuplets are facing it. Most families who live in apartments are up against it. It's getting harder and harder to find.

A WIFE IS FLIRTATIOUS Most women dismiss such a girl as Dilly Deacon casually. "She's a silly little thing," they say placidly and turn back comfortably to other topics. That is, obviously, until a Dillylike person considers their own husband fair game. Then they denounce her too bitterly. For the truth is, as Hannah Lees shows in her story, "Wives Are Sacred," that the girl very often is simply looking for a bit of personal flattery. And even at that, there's something to be said for Dilly's aversion to the complacent wife who insists on narrating her husband's comments, or her children's cuteness, for hours on end!

A FATHER IS WORRIED A father really has a pretty tough time of it. Most of them start out, as in "Crisis at Eleven," groping for a real understanding with their youngsters. But so many end up as the dragon type. See Beverly's father-in-law in "Marriage Made on Earth." Or else they become the stupidly doting papas. Aren't there thousands like Merlin's dad in "Spoiled Only Child"? Mothers don't have nearly so much trouble, as a general rule, in building a close association with their children. It happens as naturally as the way in which Mrs. Dutton knew why Smirpy Smith was called Smirpy. She just knew. Fathers have to reason things out. And that makes it very difficult for all concerned...

A HOME IS PLANNED And I wish you could see the charming original, as described in "We Built for the Children." The writer, a young Canadian woman who lives in Vancouver, has brought a heart-warming naturalness to her story of the home that was planned from the beginning for the continued happiness of the children. How many excellently planned homes have a playroom which can be supervised while mother is in the kitchen — a room which has its own entrance so that friends can be brought in without upsetting the family in the living room? You'll find many ideas for that home you're going to build one day in this refreshing article.

THE QUINTUPLETS ARE DIFFICULT Many people have asked when the Dionne babies were going to lead the life of normal children — that is, enjoying the companionship of other children and living the usual home life. They're out of their dangerous babyhood now — so what lies ahead for them? Lotta Dempsey, armed with many questions, went up to Callander to see the enchanting little girls, and ask Dr. Dafoe what he was planning. As you'll see when you read "What Will Become of Them?" Dr. Dafoe was very honest in answering the questions. He will tell you many things you've wanted to know about the babes. And if you have youngsters of your own, you'll find some very helpful suggestions for bringing them through the hot weather to the best advantage.

A HUSBAND IS DETERMINED It used to be that you could always recognize the villain because he was so utterly bad. And the hero was so completely right. But modern fiction writers are realizing that the completely right person is as insufferable in prose as he is in real life. That's why such a novel of modern life as "Marriage Made on Earth" is pretty frank in its character portrayals. Velia Ercole is a young Englishwoman who believes that there is so much good in the worst of her characters, and so much bad in the best of them, that one has a very close sympathy with all of them. Don't you feel that the rapsallion, Tod, has a lot to put up with in Beverly's spineless gusts of misery and her inclination to self-righteousness? And aren't you rather glad that this month he takes some determined action to plan some semblance of orderly living out of their chaotic marriage?

Next month, too, a great many interesting people will be doing a great many interesting things in the pages of the July Chatelaine. Alice Ross Colver has a stirring and emotional story of a mother's dilemma with her adolescent son. "Scarlet Halo" is a story you mustn't miss. And Melanie Benet, the Montreal writer, has one of her enchanting stories.

Byrne Hope Sanders

THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED
481 University Avenue, Toronto 2, Canada
JOHN BAYNE MACLEAN
Founder and Chairman
HORACE T. HUNTER
President
H. VICTOR TYRRELL
Vice-President and General Manager

BRANCH OFFICES: Dominion Square Bldg., Montreal; 420 Lexington Ave., New York; 919 North Michigan Ave., Chicago; England, The MacLean Company of Great Britain, Limited, Sun of Canada Bldg., 2 Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1., Telephone Whitehall 8842; Telegraph, Atabek Lesquare, London—YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION PRICE—In Canada, \$1.00; all other parts of the British Empire, \$1.50 per year. United States and Possessions, Mexico, Central and South America, France and Spain, \$2.00 per year; all other countries, \$3.00 per year. Single copies, 10c. Copies on sale at bookstalls of leading London, Eng., hotels, 9d. Copyright, 1937, by The MacLean Publishing Company, Limited. Registered in Canadian Patent and Copyright Office. Registered in United States Patent Office.

The characters and names in fiction stories appearing in Chatelaine are imaginary and have no reference to living persons. Manuscripts submitted to Chatelaine must be accompanied by addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for their return. The Publisher will exercise every care in handling material submitted, but will not be responsible for the loss of any manuscript, drawing or photograph. Contributors should retain copies of material submitted. Chatelaine is fully protected by copyright and its contents may not be reprinted without permission. Use of its articles, in whole or in part, for advertising purposes or in stock selling or promotion is never sanctioned.

Complete List of Contents
on the last page



Chatelaine
FOR JUNE

Spoiled Only Girl

*Telling of a bride who was
afraid; and of the best man
who should have been groom*

by RUTH BURR SANBORN

THE TROUBLE with being an only child was that it made everything you did seem too important. If you had a cold in the head they thought you were going to die. If you did not win the prize at school they thought it would ruin your life. If you went out with a man twice they thought you were going to marry him. That was the way it was now.

Merlin Cruise stood in front of the mirror, facing her own still loveliness. Her fair hair was parted and laid back in shining angel wings from a forehead that was broad and full and very clear above the straight fair brows. The eyes were set wide, and the cheekbones, a little high, so that faint shadows lay along the planes of the cheeks before they slanted down to a quiet mouth. She had a trick of carrying her lids lowered, as if she were watching the next step, but when they lifted, they lifted full and the effect was startling, because her eyes were dark: grey dark, purple dark, the dark of shadow; against the whiteness of her skin and the fairness of her hair, they looked black. They were sober eyes.

The gown was beautiful. Mother had taste in clothes. It was satin, very heavy, smooth and cool to the touch, of a strange remote blue; shirred and shirred about the neck,



The wedding march throbbed up to the rafters. Merlin stood in the vestibule, misery in her heart, her eyes enormous, burning dark.



On Vacations, too

You need variety in wholesome foods

Pack up your troubles; lock them away and *leave* them. Banish the cares and routines of year 'round existence . . . and take a carefree, healthful vacation.

But make sure you **DO** take along a variety of the wholesome, nutritious foods that are put up so conveniently for vacations—in sterile cans. To get the most in rest and recreation, let canned foods eliminate all meal-time work . . . and assure you of food-safety, food variety and appetizing deliciousness—anytime, wherever you go.



A M E R I C A N C A N C O M P A N Y
Montreal, Que. • Hamilton, Ont. • Toronto, Ont.

TAKE THESE OLD FRIENDS ALONG



SOUP—Take a variety of delicious canned soups. You'll enjoy them on cool evenings 'round the fire.

PORK AND BEANS—And here's a good old standby and friend for *many* a meal—pork and beans. Be sure to take along a good supply.



TOMATO JUICE—You need vitamin C every day. Tomato juice is an easy, delicious way to get it—before breakfast and while campfire suppers are heating.

Remember these other old friends, too, when you prepare your vacation list. For they're symbols of safety, wholesomeness and variety in the most important vacation "musts"—good food.



American Can Company, Ltd. • Vancouver, B. C.

Staven held out his arms, and Merlin went into them without thought or will or reason. Then they were apart again—and between them the knowledge of what they had done to Haley.



Illustrated by Jack Keay

"I mean yes kissed you? Or yes—anything?"

"Yes, he kissed me."

"More than once?"

"I don't know."

"What do you mean by that? Of course you know."

"I mean I don't know whether it was all one kiss or different ones."

"(You see, father?) You shouldn't have let him, Merlin."

"I didn't let him," said Merlin. "It just happened."

"Nothing just happens. A boy doesn't make advances to a girl unless she leads him on."

"He didn't make advances," said Merlin. "He was standing still. I didn't lead him on. He was waiting."

"Put up your arms," said mother. "I want to see if it lifts the skirt."

Merlin put up her arms.

Merlin stood on the end of the diving board with her arms above her head. From the high tower Staven flashed past her,

a bronze blade that apparently had sheathed itself in silver.

Merlin had met Staven Geere at Sally Burnside's house party. Sally was a boy short, and one of Sally's brothers brought Staven along from somewhere. Merlin always envied the Burnside's, there were so many of them. One could not take too seriously everything that all the young Burnside's did, because there wasn't time. There was time for Merlin. For Merlin, life was lived under a microscope. It was lived under an X-ray, so they could see everything that went on inside her.

Staven came up laughing, and shook the wet red hair out of his eyes, and sent slivers of light splintering blue water.

"Jump," he called, "and I'll catch you."

Merlin jumped blindly, and Staven caught her.

"But he hasn't any money," mother said.

"He will have," said Merlin.

"Did he say so?"

"Not exactly. But he'll have whatever he wants."

"Ah! You wouldn't think of this of course, Merlin. But father has a great deal of money."

"Has he?" said Merlin. "That's nice."

"Some day you know you'll have a great deal of money too."

"Shall I?" said Merlin. "Then it won't matter whether Staven has any or not."

"You don't seem to understand. You would be a good catch."

"It was a lovely catch. It knocked out all my breath."

"What are you talking about? You're nothing but children, both of you."

"We'll get over that. We'll wait. A year, maybe."

"In a year you'll forget all about it."

"Staven will wait for me if it's forever."

"Did he say so?"

"He didn't need to."

"You're too young to know your own minds."

"It wasn't our minds I was speaking of," said Merlin.

"It was our hearts."

"Turn around," said mother. "I want to see the back."

Merlin turned round.

Merlin turned round and round in Staven's arms and the music poured through them like water. It was more than dancing to dance with Staven. They came together so completely that it was as if they were one person. Under his spare flesh the bones she felt might have been her bones, and their breath was one breathing. A powerful throbbing dwell in her, a joy and a pain and a flame.

"But what makes you think you are in love?" mother asked her.

"I can feel it inside me," Merlin said. She pressed her hands against her body, trying to find the place where her love lay.

"It is excitement that you feel," mother said sharply. "You wouldn't understand. Some day I will explain it to you."

"You don't have to explain love," said Merlin. "It just is."

She had been so sure then. Now she was not sure. They had made her take out her love and let them handle it. They had pulled her love apart to see how it was made. Merlin's love was a tender thing, a very young and growing thing, too fragile for eyes and fingers. It was like prying a flower open before it had come to bloom. The petals were bruised and darkened with the fumbling human touch. Merlin's memory was darkened now with little specks and flaws. Youth. Money. Time. That was six years ago. Staven had never come back.

"Mercy!" mother said. "Stop whirling round like that. You'll be dizzy. Stand under the light. I hear father coming."

Merlin went back to mother and stood under the light.

They had sent Staven away. They had not let her see him. They had not let her write. Father had talked to him. He put it to Staven frankly, man to man. Merlin was an only child. They had other plans for her. She was seventeen; Staven was twenty. He was in no position to marry. It was a youthful infatuation. They were thinking of Merlin's happiness. Staven would understand. Staven understood so completely that he went away and never came back.

The door opened and father came in. He had a box in his hand. He kissed Merlin, standing under the halo of the light. He held her off and looked at her proudly and gladly, a little shy and a little puzzled.

"Haley is a lucky man," he said.

Father felt a recurring wonder for this single lovely thing he had begotten. Father's name was William Montgomery Cruise, and in the City he was a power; but at home he was possessed by his fatherhood. In mother, under the soft curves, the soft pink and white skin and mild blue eyes, there was a streak of hardness. But father's bluff, red-faced exterior, the fierce brows that were a terror to the City, hid a wistful awe of his only child. He was filled with fears for her. He wanted to watch and guard her. He wanted to give her everything.

He put the box into Merlin's hands. "It's a little thing I brought you," he said diffidently.

It was a silver band for her hair, with carved turquoise buttons. Father had a talent for things like that. "It's beautiful," Merlin said, moved. "Father, you're sweet."

He was sweet, and so was mother. It was strange and terrible that the things they did to hurt her made her love them more, because they did them from an overweight of zeal. It was a pity, she thought, that she should be a disappointment to them.

When they sent Staven away, father gave Merlin a new car and a trip to Bermuda. Afterward they moved into the big house on the hill. Merlin never went back to the house by the river where she had met Staven in the willows. The next year they sent her to Miss Cabot's, and the year after that she came out. Father gave her the biggest party of the season, with flowers enough for a wedding, and clothes enough for a trousseau, and food enough to last two people for a year. She danced with all the right young men. She had been dancing with them ever since.

Merlin could not remember when she first realized that she was a disappointment. It wasn't that she was unpopular. She was beautiful. She danced well. She was a good listener. She laughed in the right places—not quite spontaneously. She had lovely clothes—not quite conventional. The truth was that Merlin was too young. She shouldn't be different. Youth shapes

[Continued on page 71]

the fullness of the bodice and the great slashed sleeves bound in a girdle and armlets of silver kid. It was a placid dress. Merlin would have liked a dress foolish and excitable: pink starched lace, with one strap down her backbone to keep the skirt from falling off. She never had clothes like that. Mother said they did not suit her. Mother said she looked like a primitive saint. She did rather. Merlin did not feel like a primitive saint.

Merlin, looking into the glass, saw the gown fleetingly. Herself she saw not at all. She saw Haley's dark, brooding face, his hurt, resentful mouth. Father had given Haley a job, and he was grateful. He danced with Merlin all the evening at the Mayviews. She caught her breath sharply. For suddenly there was Staven. Staven, impulsive and wayward and red-headed and young and eager and human, so much more real than reality that he smudged out the picture of Haley, whom she had seen yesterday, with the warm flash of his remembered laughter. In the mirror Merlin saw her mother opening the door.

"Your slip shows," mother said.

"That's good," said Merlin. "They'll know I have a slip." Last time mother made her wear two slips, because she showed through.

"Why, Merlin!" mother said reproachfully. Merlin was instantly sorry, because she saw that mother was hurt. Mother did not like flippancy. Merlin said quickly: "I'll pin it up."

"What it needs," said mother, "is a little tuck right under the lace. I'll get a needle."

Mother got a needle. She knelt on the floor, sewing the tuck. Merlin looked over her head at the cold dark that leaned against the window; the ice rattled in the branches of the elm tree.

"Don't you like your dress?" mother asked, prodding her to enthusiasm.

"Oh yes," said Merlin.

"What's the trouble?" Mother always wanted troubles explained. She wanted thoughts laid out in rows, and emotions, so she could sort them over, the ones to keep and the ones to throw away.

"Nothing," said Merlin. She groped for something she could say, and said: "It seems like such an important dress for a small party."

"No dress," said mother portentously, "is too important for the night of your betrothal."

Betrothal. Never engagement. "I don't know what you mean," Merlin said.

"Of course you do," mother said patiently. "Think, Haley Lenchester."

"I hardly know him," said Merlin. "I've only seen him half a dozen times."

It was a quotation, but mother did not recognize it. "You've seen him seven times," she corrected.

"Have I?" said Merlin.

"He cut in twenty-two times at the Mayviews' party."

"Did he?" said Merlin.

"He took you to sit in the music room. Didn't you feel anything then?"

"Yes," said Merlin. "The window was open. I felt cold."

"I mean didn't you realize why he had taken you there?"

"Yes," said Merlin. "He was grateful to father."

"But what did you think he wanted a position with father for?"

"For ten thousand a year."

"Darling, you're so modest! He wanted to work for father because you are father's daughter."

"I will be a good catch," said Merlin dryly.

That was a quotation too, but mother did not know. "Of course you will," she said complacently. "It is very suitable. Aunt Ermentrude is gratified."

"He hasn't any money," Merlin quoted.

"Fortunately we do not have to think of money," mother said primly. "Of course it is not as if times had been normal. Many young men have not been able to find employment suited to their talents. The Lenchesters are a very old family. Haley's mother was an Ives. His grandmother was a Hunneker. Aunt Ermentrude knew her well."

"Did she?" said Merlin. Mother had spent all her married life trying to live up to Aunt Ermentrude. Mother was a Tenridge. A Tenridge was not quite a Cruise. Staven's family was an old family too. His grandmother was an O'Harrahan—one of the Dorchester O'Harrahans. Aunt Ermentrude had not known her.

"Can't you stand still?" mother said. "What did you and Haley talk about?" Mother always asked that.

"We talked about the weather," Merlin said.

"He's shy. Rather charming of him, isn't it? And what then?"

"We talked about Tech." ("You went to Tech, didn't you?" "Yes," said Haley. Staven had gone to Tech too. She wanted to ask if he had known Staven. Somehow she could not get it said. That had finished the conversation about Tech.)

"Did he kiss you?" mother was asking.

"No," said Merlin.

"You ought to have let him."

"I didn't want to lead him on."

It was a quotation, but mother did not remember. "There is no question of leading on. He has spoken to your

father." Merlin wondered if, possibly, her father had spoken to Haley. "Tonight he is going to ask for your hand."

"My hand?" said Merlin. Was that all? Staven had wanted everything: her lips and her eyes and her body.

"I thought I ought to prepare you. What will you say to him?"

"I shall say thank you."

"Darling, you won't be difficult?"

"I hope it won't be," said Merlin.

"You will say yes, of course," said mother. "You know it's only your happiness that we are thinking of." That was a quotation too, but mother had forgotten. After all it was six years ago. "Walk across the room," she said.

"I want to see if the slip still shows."

Merlin turned her back to mother and the cold dark outside, and walked across the room to meet her memory of Staven. This was so like that other talk, only the other way round. Staven had been waiting for her.

Staven was waiting in the willows by the river and the

moon was shining. It was not cold that night. It was spring and the air was sweet with the smell of new things growing. A little roistering wind came up from the water and blew Staven's hair. She could see the moon shining in his eyes. He held out his arms and Merlin went into them without knowledge or question or reason. She lifted her face and their lips found each other's. There was a quality in their meeting as simple as breath. He picked her up and carried her down by the water. He put his arm round her so the ground would not hurt. He put his hand shyly against her body in the place where her heart was beating. His hair felt crisp and alive against her face. There was a funny knot in the parting.

Aunt Ermentrude found them there.

"Did he kiss you or—anything?" mother asked severely.

"Well, yes."

"Yes what?"

"Yes, mother."



confusion about it all now?" "Never was confused in my life!"

"I may be eighty and have hardening of the arteries," he conceded.

"You mean you'll be eight hundred and I'll have softening of the brain. Marry you!" she stormed, "I won't even speak to you again. Go bestow yourself on someone else. There's Julia, anointed with grace. She might have you. Those are my dewy-eyed sentiments on the subject, delivered with two blushes and a becoming simper!"

An end of the towel sweeping majestically behind her, she was half way across the lawn before he could answer, and with a word to the motionless girl on the steps, she passed into the house in search of a lost control.

Blair was right. Everyone did expect it. The clannish colony which lived all over itself on the harbor island in summers and dwelt more spaciouly in town in winters, had considered Blair Holden and Sally Randolph destined for each other from the moment they first lisped into battle. Childish trebles melowed and deepened, angles soft-

Ruth and Tommy Layton, placidly arguing in a corner, waved a greeting. "We'll give the funeral at our house. Be sure and save the day," they said between them.

Ramsay Poe was at the radio; Emilie Paxton hospitably brooding over sandwiches. It would have been a typical Saturday gathering of the clan, but for the unwonted cloud on Terrence Paxton's cheerful face. From his station by a window, he signalled Sally with a jerk of his sandy head, and told her abruptly that she had eliminated the wrong one.

"Our little visitor, peace to her ashes, put over something fast while you dallied among the paint pots."

"Remind me to scratch her," said the girl lightly, but something went out of her smile as he continued.

"It's probably the judgment of God on you both, but I'm against it." Without waiting for an answer, he turned and roared out of the window.

"What ho, without! Time for visibility! Holden, we're celebrating your latest defeat. You must join us!"

A thin, sweet voice answered him. "I'm afraid it isn't a defeat. Does that disappoint you too frightfully?"

Julia Mallory, pale gold and white and possessive, stood in the doorway, her fingers curled tightly around Blair Holden's rigid arm. A pretty diffidence lighted her face, modest elation fluttered her breath, as she told them of a lovely new happiness found on the porch.

A fleeting glance of stark anguish winged from Holden's dark eyes to the wide, incredulous brown of Sally's, and then his face closed blankly against them all. He had no word to say. It was Sally's voice which bravely led the first sound into the tomblike silence.

"How jolly," she pronounced, looking directly at Julia. "We never even suspected. That is—such a surprise to everyone."

"Practically everyone," agreed the other girl ingenu-

adroit and indomitable, was never crossed with impunity, and Sally Randolph was her choice for Blair. When the others had finished their conventional responses, she turned and, ignoring her silent godson, spoke pleasantly to Julia. "Nice of you to tell us," she said.

AFTER THE FIRST impact, the new order was accepted without surface opposition, but nothing could quiet the undercurrents, nor deflect their pull at the resisting Sally.

"You know it wasn't his fault," Terrence Paxton told her firmly. "I tell you I listened without shame. She was clever and he was looking the other way."

"Has a right to look where he pleases," said the girl in a tone she hoped was convincing.

He considered her owlishly. "You'd better forget that maidenly pride of yours and lend a hand, or something more will happen," he advised.

Mrs. Fenwick's influence ostensibly retired to a meditative background.

"Julia," she observed placidly, "has no sense of humor. She feels that we regard the possession of money as a license to live without any. The old Holden place here should be brick, the town offices in a newer building. And you, Sally Randolph, ought not to be running around in inadequate cottons when you could do better by yourself."

"I'm just beautiful in anything," countered the girl, refusing to let any more of her vanity enter the scene.

Ramsay Poe proposed an immediate remedy. Cornering her in the rose arbor by the tennis courts, he pointed out to her that there was no more effective time than the present for her to turn matrimonial.

"Are you suggesting that my face needs saving?" she asked ominously.

"Swell face," he temporized. He was almost as tall as Holden, almost as dark, less [Continued on page 24]

Suddenly Julia pitched offside into the trough of waves. Sally was in the water after her. "You little fool," Blair shouted.

Julia held Blair's arm possessively as she told of a lovely new happiness found on the porch.

STORM

ened. A new awareness warmed Holden's eyes, kindling a responsive light in the girl's. But the two were articulate only in war. It was understood that a lack of gentler inflections was all that retarded their march to the altar.

So it was a swiftly repentant Sally, who, scrambling out of a bathing suit, admitted to herself that it was not only unfair to mention Julia, but a serious tactical error.

Julia Mallory was enduring a Northwestern summer because her mother implored a girlhood friend to remove her from something she had been exposed to at a Yale Prom. She came reluctantly and met infinite courtesy. She passed from hostess to hostess, and retained her perceptible disdain. Not until the ample Holden standing became clear to her, and Blair Holden's personable dark head familiar, did her expression change. He was the only one on the entire island who was unaware of it, and Sally, her temper ashes, acquitted him of any responsibility.

A comb suspended above her damp red curls, she frowned at her vivid reflection in the mirror. "One would think you were jealous," she muttered. "Now you try being a lady."

Powder dusted over her six freckles, she presently descended the stairs in a swirl of poppy-printed chiffon, prepared to go dancing, or anywhere else, with Blair, if he was still in the mood.

Mrs. Fenwick, his autocratic godmother, regarded her amiably over a cup of bitter black coffee.

"Did you drown him?" she enquired. "One supposes there has been another . . . engagement."

ously. "We should have told you first, but, well, what with the moon and all, we were simply swept away." She turned graciously to Emilie Paxton.

"Darling, I'm so glad it happened in this sweet little cottage of yours. I'll always love it."

"Do," murmured the other with hollow cordiality.

"Burn it down in the morning," muttered Terrence Paxton, passing Sally on his way to a julep. When it was mixed, Mrs. Fenwick pushed away her coffee and lifted it from his hand.

"Julia is shockingly like her dear mother. I remember something like this was attempted with my poor Henry," she remarked between sips. Over the rim of her glass, her wise grey eyes pinioned Sally's. "Unsuccessfully," she added with a reminiscent smile.

"Really, Aunt Anna—"

"You are a fool, my dear," interrupted the older woman sagely. "So is Blair. Unfortunately, Julia is not." Anna Fenwick, imposing,





COMPANIONS of the

Wherein a man and girl struggle for romance in the most amusingly mad set of people, and the gayest story you've seen for a long time

by REBECCA STEVENSON

IN THE shadowy seclusion of the pool, Sally Randolph and Blair Holden were revelling in their customary quarrel, oblivious of the voices rippling from opened casements, subtle magic stealing through the garden and a pale girl watching them from the verandah steps. Low in an indigo sky, the August moon looked with impartial radiance on the dark harbor and a rugged cliff, a flaming hollyhock and a tendril of the Randolph red hair as its owner declined an invitation for the third time.

"Do you want to sit here until the murmuring pines envelop us?" demanded the man. "I only suggested that you don something respectable and go over to dance."

Sally dabbled a slim leg in the water and regarded it critically. "Too hot," she objected, merely because he had been so peremptory.

"You went with Ramsay Poe last Saturday. Danced all night and ate lollipops." The last word was coated with distaste.

"I said it's too hot." Sally's gay little face stiffened. "No hotter than quarrelling."

She splashed a protest. "Who's quarrelling? I'm only sitting."

"Not very gracefully, either. Will you assume a more becoming attitude and come along?"

Evading his hopeful scowl, her glance travelled to the drift of white ruffles on Terrence and Emilie Paxton's hospitable steps. Her generously curving mouth contracted slightly.

"Take Julia," she advised crisply. "She appreciates your dancing."

"You wouldn't suggest such a thing if you thought I'd do it," declared Holden with maddening complacency.

"What's more, you'd turn up later eating jelly beans with Poe, if I didn't pin you to the blankets before I started."

Sally retaliated with her favorite insult. "Now you're working up one of the Holden tempers. Your grandfather's

famous fireworks. Presently you'll be destroying the scenery in your tea gown. It will be a revelation to Julia," she added with definite relish.

"Possibly," assented the man evenly. He splintered a liquid moonbeam with a pebble and struck suddenly from an unprotected angle. "She'd be too nice to comment on it, though. That's a virtue I intend to teach you as soon as we're married and I can beat you with decent privacy."

"When we're married!" Springing to her feet, Sally trampled volubly all over the thought. For Blair Holden to express his first real proposal in such fashion was unforgivable. She wouldn't, she concluded, choking with dignity, marry him if all the Holdens kicked the dashed tombstones off their graves.

Lazily he caught at an end of striped towel trailing from her shoulders. "You'll marry me, all right, Sally," he assured her, stifled laughter edging into his voice. "Everyone expects it. You do yourself. Why the dewy-eyed



Quintuplet photograph one of the sources for building their fund to buy peace and freedom later on. For instance, this photograph cost \$50 for publishing rights alone.

Copyright 1937
NEA Service, Inc.

hands in bed by half-past six. And that means sleep, and sound sleep, for twelve hours. You can see that, in a day like that a body is too busy to get fretful or unhappy. Especially when you begin to dissect all the activities such a day involves, and realize what a very important part the quins themselves play in their arrangements.

This is where character training comes in. For the little girls have a difficult youth ahead, and strength within themselves will be essential to their well-being. First of all, in that early morning time, there are prayers, in French, kneeling. They not only cross themselves, but see that their dolls are properly sanctified as well. They are being brought up in the Roman Catholic faith of their parents, learning the native French of their people, and will later study English.

"I wish every child could kneel and say his prayers, even at three," says Dr. Dafoe. "Whatever one's religion, and whether one has strong convictions or none at all, it is only fair to give little children guide posts to go by. They need them. Send them to Sunday School, read Bible stories to them, and teach them their prayers.

"Give me a child to train in health habits, in character and in religion until she's seven, and I'll send her out to the world with a pretty strong feeling that she'll become a good and happy citizen," he contends.

Independent? The little girls wash themselves and make a good attempt at drying, as well. And in that business of washing, a good soap is used, sparingly. Their hair is washed once a week, but combed and brushed "every which way" two or three times a day. In winter, five small faces are rubbed with olive or camphorated oil before they go out

to play—and the quins have yet to undergo the discomfort of chapping. They have been taught to have regular bowel habits. And when it comes to mealtime, they have their own table. Near by is a nurse, but she doesn't run to wait on her charges when they want something. A larger table is used for resupply, and the quins serve themselves . . . five hundred thousand dollars notwithstanding.

As for diet . . . plenty of fresh vegetables, and that goes particularly for summer. Lots of milk—and all of it pasteurized with some special acidosis milk on the daily menu. The children have never eaten meat, except liver and bacon, and have never tasted candy or ice cream. Sugar is introduced into their diet largely by means of corn syrup. The doctor warns that many mothers allow too much sugar content in the diet, and rashes and eczema result.

They'll need healthy bodies which are well-regulated, smoothly running machines in later years, these Dionne sisters. And they'll need tough constitutions and the ability to stand up against things. Thus it is that tourists gasp to see them swinging vigorously on their ringed trapeze, often falling to the ground. It's a long drop, but nurse doesn't pay any attention unless there's real trouble. And because their own little world of play hasn't been broken into by grownups, they pick each other up, offering childish comfort. And then forget it all and play on.

IS THREE too young for lessons? Not the kind the Dionnes have. They're learning to concentrate and use a certain amount of ingenuity. Pretty important in later years! They draw with crayons and make things out of plasticine. Cut out pictures with blunt scissors. Look at

story books, tear up paper ones and try, unsuccessfully, to do the same with linen books in which their permanent stories are. They know all the figures and animals in these fairy tales, and talk about them. They play with toys that are constructive—that require enough thought to be exciting but not enough to be discouraging. They listen to good music on the radio and the gramophone. So far their ears have never known the strange jingle of jazz. Looking ahead for the quins the doctor knows that literature and music have stood a great many people, who must be apart from the general run of humanity, in good stead. The little girls hear their own records of little songs and baby conversations, made in the hospital. That, too, must be a commonplace—hearing themselves talk. They hear—and know well now—their own favorite little pieces, played by their teacher on the piano.

When they dance quaint folk dances—can you see the five of them, bowing and pirouetting and clapping, in a circle?—they're learning grace and poise and strengthening back and arm and leg muscles. But to them it's sheer fun. After each meal, they wash their own teeth. And twice a week they enjoy—and that's the way it is—the electrical cleaner which takes all stains off their spotless shining teeth. Dr. Dafoe thinks the importance of keeping first teeth in perfect condition can't be overestimated. Frequent visits to the dentist should be in order for all children. The Dionne babies can't have that—so they get special cleanings at home. And because they were allowed to look at and examine the cleaner and become used to it before it was used, they've never made any fuss about it.

"We never lie to them—

[Continued on page 80]

The Dionne quintuplets are being made ready for the strange career nature has thrust upon them. In this exclusive interview Dr. Dafoe tells how.

What will become of them

by LOTTA DEMPSEY



A LIFE AS different from that of ordinary mortals as though they had been born on the moon . . . that's what the future holds for the five Dionne sisters. Days full of staring crowds, nights thick with curious eyes. For they will be constantly in the spotlight, objects of interest to poets, priests, kings and scientists—as well as the great mass of the people—for the rest of their existence. And surrounding them will be a barrier as high, in its way, as the great impenetrable wall of wire that encircles the Dafoe Hospital at Callander today.

And that—now that they have met and conquered the perils of a hazardous babyhood—is the life for which Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe and his fellow workers are busy trying to prepare the quintuplets.

"They can't live the normal life of ordinary individuals," Dr. Dafoe told me, "so there isn't any point in bringing them up as ordinary children. They must have the special training of Royalty, to give them reserve and stamina and calm acceptance of the interest and curiosity of the multitude. They must learn to be looked at, talked about, written to and studied, without losing their sense of proportion or their ability to enjoy life. And because they will always have to buy their privacy and pay dearly for it, as all people in the glare of publicity must do, we are trying to build up sufficient funds to make it possible for them to have peace and freedom as the years go by."

Which is by way of saying that the babies are no longer a physical phenomenon that may or may not last. They are a fixture on the Canadian scene; as permanent as any Canadian citizens, with as good a chance of long life and ripe old age as any other human beings. And the

quins have grown from babies to individuals . . . they have become persons.

They're three years old now. Singing little French folk songs and doing gay little hop-skip dances in their nursery and falling from their playground trapeze hung five or six feet from the soft green grass. But into their daily routine of living and their games a new note is creeping. They're being fitted, day by day, in a hundred ways, for the strange job nature has thrust upon them. Their bodies, their minds, their habits, are all designed to one end . . . to give them the greatest satisfaction and happiness out of the unnatural future that stretches ahead. And chiefly, perhaps, they are learning to be friends. Because Dr. Dafoe believes it will be many years before they can be free of the strict isolation that is theirs today.

Why? Because, he points out, the quintuplets haven't the stamina yet to face the rough and tumble of daily living, even if it were to be normal living. They were premature; they were products of a multiple birth (in which there is never normal resistance), and it will take time to give them basic strength. Years, perhaps. Today they are five splendid physical specimens. But take them away from their special environment . . . leave them open to infection, exposed to disease, and Dr. Dafoe doesn't believe they could stand up against it.

That's the physical side of it. Mentally, spiritually, they need years of education and training to prepare them for life "outside." He doesn't believe they can go to ordinary schools. He doesn't think they can fit quietly into the routine of natural childhood. And how long must they stay at Callander . . . moving no farther from their own beds

than the few paces to the playgrounds? "Ten years, perhaps."

BESIDES THE business of learning to live for themselves, the quintuplets are a constant source of interest—and health information—to mothers everywhere. So that there is the tremendous responsibility of upholding the splendid commonsense standard they have set to Canadian parents at large, as well as becoming healthy, happy individuals for their own sake. It's that phase of their lives which brings a constant stream of scientists and medical specialists to Callander. Thousands of people everywhere follow their progress, read about their activities, their training, their education. It must be the finest, the happiest and the most useful that children could have.

So the advice and ideas of psychologists and specialists in child training are being sought and adapted, as well as those of medical men. And because at three the five little Dionne girls have acquired such a sense of independence, have learned so much of contentment and have formed such excellent habits, it's interesting to see what they're doing.

There's the daily routine, so vital to every growing child, so important a foundation for adult living. Up at half-past six, a jolly tumble in their pyjamas, breakfast in their own dining room, a sponge bath (a real tub would open the pores too much for outdoor play), an hour in the playgrounds on fine days, in their glassed-in verandah, otherwise, a rest, and then the midday meal at 11.30. A sleep till two, dressing and outdoors again until three, a lesson period and play with educational toys, music, dancing, a rest at half-past four, a real bath this time, supper, prayers, and all

polite and deferential. "I didn't realize. Deacon's a splendid chap. We play squash together." And he spent the rest of their time together telling Dilly what a great future all the men at the club thought Dilly's husband had ahead of him, which was very pleasant except that Dilly knew that already.

"It's awfully nice you think so," she said, but felt as if someone had offered her a candy and then snatched it away and eaten it himself.

THEN THERE HAD been that time a month or so later when a crowd of them were dancing somewhere. Dilly had on her youngest and gayest trousseau frock, a Roman-striped taffeta with yards and yards of skirt, and because her husband had been so particularly silly and flattering when she put it on she was feeling rather paradoxically like a prom queen.

She was dancing with Paul's red-headed friend, Charlie Brock. And because she thought Charlie was good fun and she was having a good time with him, she leaned her head for just a second on his shoulder and murmured, "Shades of my dead youth, Charlie, you dance like a McGill man."

Dilly in the past had rested her head momentarily on dozens of shoulders and murmured nice things into hundreds of male ears and all of them had liked it. But Paul's friend Charlie, who, it turned out was from Queen's, was different, for he relaxed his hold on her waist immediately.

"Paul went to Queen's," he reminded her sternly. "Paul is a fine dancer. I've watched him." And when Dilly, wondering what that had to do with anything, answered flippantly, "I know, all the women tell me. It's my greatest trial," Paul's friend Charlie looked down at her uneasily.

"But, Dilly," he reassured her, "Paul never looks at another woman. Everyone talks about it, honestly."

Dilly hadn't known what to say to that except something rude like, "You're telling me," so she finished the dance in almost sulky silence, wondering what had happened that she couldn't open her mouth any more without inserting her size five double A foot.

BUT THE CROWNING blow had come only two weeks ago when Paul had had to be away overnight on business and had told Dilly that good old Jack Sprague, his best friend and best man, was going to take her to dinner so she wouldn't be lonesome. Dilly and Jack were awfully good friends so as she packed Paul's pyjamas and shaving things and extra shirt and forgot his slippers and toothbrush she had said wasn't it nice that their marriage was working out so perfectly, with them both simply wild about each other, yet not settled and stodgy, and Paul had kissed her good-by and told her she was a lamb.

The evening with Jack had started out well, too. They had had dinner at a charming little inn and then gone on to see "Romeo and Juliet." They had liked almost everything and agreed about almost everything, and Jack had told Dilly she looked marvellous and why couldn't a girl like her be twins. And Dilly had thought how nice that you could be such good friends with your husband's friends, and had forgotten all about those other episodes that had been worrying her.

It had been only a few minutes after eleven when they got back to Dilly's apartment door, so she had said cordially, "How about a nightcap, best man?" She had said it without a thought because for a couple of years before she was married, ever since she was twenty-one in fact, she had been asking men in after the theatre or movies, and her father had always seen to it that there was a proper supply of proper brands so that she could.

Tonight Dilly was still Dilly and Paul's taste was every bit as good as Dilly's father's but something was different apparently. Jack, who had been laughing and saying, "Shall I kill Paul off, Dilly, so that you can marry Leslie Howard?" suddenly took on the look of a startled fawn and, peering timorously at his wrist watch, murmured that it was pretty late and he'd better be getting along. Then he added with rather undue emphasis that it was awfully good of old Paul to trust her with him and he would see them both when Paul got back. And Dilly had gone in the house alone wondering if he had been bored to death all evening, or if he thought she was a designing woman or

what, and wishing Paul were there to explain things and comfort her, only when he did come home it seemed too silly a thing to ask him.

SO WHAT, thought Dilly forlornly, as she fastened a childish bit of ribbon in a pale front curl, was the point of going to a dance. Dances, she used to think, were for dancing and laughing and having fun with men, but not men like Jack Sprague and Charlie Brock and Bill Wesley. Time was when she had thought you could get along marvellously with almost any man if you would just relax and be yourself, but now it looked as if the only man she could relax with at all was Paul, which made a slightly exhausting social outlook for the next twenty, thirty, or probably fifty years, which more immediately made a slightly exhausting social outlook for tonight, since all these awful friends of Paul's would be around and think they had to dance with Paul's wife.

When Paul came over for her to tie his tie, she threw herself into his arms and almost begged to stay home. She was afraid, as afraid as she had been before her first dance, and that for Dilly Willis, knockout Dilly Willis, was just plain ridiculous.

It was pretty bad, too. She danced with Jack Sprague and told him somewhat stiffly all about Paul's latest grand slam and heard all about Paul's latest birdie and incidentally about Jack's.

She danced with Charlie Brock and heard all about what the president of the firm had said to Paul yesterday, and tried to pretend Paul hadn't told her himself, and was afraid every moment that she might forget herself and say something natural and provocative. She was, she was perfectly aware, a naturally provocative person, but what made it suddenly such a liability when it always used to be an asset?

She danced with Bob Bentley and asked him all about his work and golf and told him how smart Clara was looking. Twice they passed Clara dancing with Charlie Brock, and the first time she heard, "He wants to be a lawyer just like Uncle Charlie," [Continued on page 50]



"Why hello, Ellis," said Bill. "Didn't expect to find you here."

The light-hearted adventures of a wife in search of trouble

By

HANNAH LEES

Wives are Sacred

IT WAS FUN being married, grand fun, but it was depressing, too. That is it was fun in private, but dull as dishwater in public. And the worst of it was that Dilly Deacon had foreseen that very thing and made a special point of it, or rather against it, beforehand.

They had been at the Stockholm, she and Paul Deacon, when she made her point. She had been Dilly Willis then, devastating Dilly Willis who hadn't wanted to marry and settle down in the least.

"Certainly I love you, Paul," she had said crossly. "I'm quite idiotic about you. That's just the trouble," and then she had got up abruptly and begun to move around the big table with a little plate and an enquiring expression.

Paul Deacon had got up and followed her around the table.

"But what's the trouble with love, Dilly?" he had murmured into her ear while helping himself largely from all the dishes that held pickled fish. "I think it's fine." As Paul Deacon often said, variety just for its own sake didn't appeal to him. He found what he liked and stuck to it. Two things this applied to were pickled fish and Dilly.

Dilly wasn't quite like that. She had gone around ahead of him with a worried frown on her curly face picking at a dab of this and a dab of that until there were seven infinitesimal dabs on her not so tremendously large plate. At the seventh she had turned and faced him.

"The trouble with love, darling," she had informed him, quite oblivious of the people behind and before and across from them, "is that it almost invariably leads to marriage." Then she had taken one more dab and gone back to her place.

Paul had taken one more bit of fish himself before he followed her back. "But what's the matter with marriage?" he asked then reasonably, adding that he thought that was fine, too.

"The trouble with marriage," Dilly told him while shopping around among the eight morsels for one that appealed to her worried mood, "is this terrible terrible habit of carrying monogamy into the game room. I love you and I do want to marry you, but I don't want it to turn me into a Whistler's mother. I'm just not made to spend the rest of my social life talking about my husband. I think it's indecent, but they all do it. Look at Clara Bentley. She used to be fairly amusing but now she might as well wear her wedding ring in her nose."

Paul Deacon looked at Clara Bentley. She wasn't anywhere around but Dilly could see him looking from the way his eyebrows puckered. Then he looked across at Dilly and laughed.

"Idiot," he said, "Clara Bentley's a very nice person but she never was a *femme fatale*. Men

aren't going to want to hear about me when you're around. When do you think we could be married, Dilly?"

Dilly, remembering that there had been a time when some people did consider Clara Bentley a *femme fatale* made one final desperate effort.

"I'm warning you," she frowned fiercely, "I'll be flirting now and then. My system demands it." But Paul, thinking how much she looked like Madeleine Carroll, only grinned and speared another morsel of pickled fish.

"Go ahead and flirt," he told her generously, "you'll be married to me." Then he put the morsel into his mouth and neither of them knew that between bites of pickled fish an oracle had been speaking.

EVEN A YEAR later Dilly didn't realize about the oracle, but as she sat at her dressing table getting ready for one of those Saturday nights, she knew that somehow, in a way she hadn't been able to analyze, things weren't working out as she had planned. A number of episodes from the past few months stood out in her memory, inexplicable and depressing.

None of them had anything to do with Paul. Paul was perfect and life with Paul was marvellous, so marvellous that she usually took great pains not to show it for fear of being one of those doting wives. But she was beginning to feel that in spite of this effort she was losing her grip. It must be marriage that was doing it, she reasoned, because she felt just the same and acted just the same but things didn't seem to work out the way they used to. Not that she wanted to flirt, not really, she just wanted to feel that old sense of power once in a while, and she didn't, not ever. It was almost beginning to look as if the power wasn't there any more.

Take the first time she had met that big blond mut, Bill Wesley, at one of the Sturgis' Sunday afternoons, it had been. They had been introduced in the midst of a milling mob and Bill Wesley had smiled at her with a pretty flattering sort of smile, so she had perfectly automatically smiled back.

She had been married over six months then, just long enough to be faintly worried by the realization that she hadn't looked at another man besides Paul, or wanted to, for nearly two hundred days, so when Bill Wesley brought her coffee and murmured, "Of course we've only been introduced so I don't know your name but I'm going to be awfully glad to have met you," she opened her eyes receptively thinking how right Paul had been and what fun to be married and still moderately devastating, and replied, "The name, Mr. Wesley, is Deacon, that Deacon," and indicated Paul with a deliberately casual wave of the hand, because she hardly knew this man well enough to let him in on the fact that she was no end pleased about its being that Deacon.

And he reacted to her innocent reply as if she had told him instead that she was seventy but awfully well preserved.

"Oh, Paul Deacon's wife," he said, his tone suddenly

"The difficulty with love," said Dilly, "is that it generally leads to marriage."





There was a moment of strain, an awkward silence as Tod stared at his wife.

if you feel you can give it to me."
"I don't know how to tell it, or what to tell you. I could just give you some facts, but they wouldn't explain anything."

"Well . . . even some facts."

WHEN SHE had brought her sketchy difficult story to the point of leaving her hotel and coming to him, she said, "That's all." Then the expression of his face made her add quickly, defiantly, "It doesn't seem enough to you. You don't understand. I knew you wouldn't."

"Just a minute; you don't give a person much time to think, do you?"

He recited, almost humorously: "Now let's see what's in our kettle of fish. After the announcement of the engagement in the papers you went to Horsely, his parents hated you; you went to a party and his friends hated you equally. There was an episode, undetailed, a subsequent row at home, a dinner party given by Mr. and Mrs. Firth to introduce the bridal couple at which Tod didn't show up, thus leaving everyone to conclude that he thought very little of you . . . Tod's excuse being that he was with a friend, didn't notice the time, and hates family dinner parties anyhow. Then the next morning a declaration of mutual independence and you leave home in the traditional fashion. Well . . ."

A great sobbing gasp from her halted him and he crossed to her in concern, put his arm round her shuddering body and said in deep contrition:

"Oh, my dear, my dear, is it as bad as that? Forgive me, I thought you were just being temporarily foolish. Just another young wife running home to mother."

"How can I tell you how bad it is?" Her question was a broken little moan. "I can't tell you. I can't tell anybody. It isn't even clear to me. I know I can't go on. That's all. I can't go on being hurt by him."

"I don't think you need to tell me," he said. He put his hand under her chin and raised it gently. "Poor child," he said. "I'd have given anything to have prevented this. I should have prevented it." The shy and shining creature who had waited here for her lover a few weeks ago—and now this! He could have groaned. "I think I do understand," he repeated. "You see I've known Tod for many years, and I know what you were the day you came here, your wedding day . . ." He had meant to smile at her, but his face was serious almost to grimness as he turned away and said:

"You were something beautifully more than human that day. That's why I was so afraid for you. Tod couldn't give you the things you expected from him. No man could." But as he spoke he was conscious of some subterranean disaster in himself; a premonition of collapse; something rigid, his defense against women, was collapsing. Her white, small hand seemed to be pressed against him, thrusting, tumbling down granite with a softness. Good heavens, he thought, I've been thinking about her. Of course . . .

"Beverly, you can't do this. You've behaved childishly, impulsively. You love Tod; he loves you. You've only given the thing a few weeks trial. Is that fair or reasonable?" All his calm kindness had gone. He spoke with uneasy vehemence.

"I can't explain to you," she said hopelessly. "He just turned out to be someone entirely strange. Someone dishonest and selfish and . . . cruel. He hurts me all the time."

"Probably you imagine most of it. The first months of marriage are difficult, getting used to each other. Aren't you being rather cowardly to run away at the first hint of trouble?"

"Why do you bother to say all [Continued on page 75]"

embarrassed by her coming, perhaps really annoyed. Still there was no one else. In the whole of the city he was the only person she knew. She had to go to him.

He showed instant delight at seeing her, when she called that afternoon, taking both her hands in his.

"Well, this is a pleasant surprise! I thought you were still honeymooning. Why didn't your rascal of a husband let me know? I'd have prepared a celebration. Is he coming here?"

"No," she said. Now that she was actually involved she knew that the issue of this meeting was vital. If he refused to help her she would be afraid. Terribly afraid.

"No? What are the plans then? I suppose you two are ready to welcome your friends now. Are we to have an evening together? Or are you still lost to the world?" Then he saw something had happened. "Is anything wrong?" he said dubiously.

"I've left Tod." It came out hard and straight, like the lunge of a sword in offense.

"Left him?" Matheson repeated incredulously.

"You knew it would happen, didn't you? You almost told me. You said if I ever needed help to come to you. That's why I've come. I have no money, and I thought you

might help me to get work. I don't know anyone else here, or I wouldn't have bothered you."

Matheson's lean, handsome face was stern with surprise. "But I don't quite understand. Let me get this straight. You've rather fired it off at me you know."

"I didn't want to waste your time. I didn't want to stay here under false pretenses. You're Tod's friend, after all. There's no reason why you should take my side. No one else has," she added bitterly.

"What do you mean? Have you met his people?"

"We've been at Horsely for two weeks."

"I think I begin to see. His family were annoyed, were they?" Matheson said slowly.

"That isn't why I've come away."

"Do you think you might start from the beginning and tell me what's happened."

"I don't think that would do any good. I've left him. That's all. I just thought you might help me about working." But the unreasonableness of that was plain to her without his gentle:

"Is that quite fair? I wish you'd believe I was as much your friend as Tod's. A friend, not an employment bureau. I'd like a little more than your name and address on a card,

Illustrated by Agnew

*In running away from
one impossible situation
Beverly finds herself
forced into another
one . . . equally difficult*

by
VELIA ERCOLE



Marriage's Made on Earth

Daughter of a spectacular swindler who finally blew his brains out, Beverly Raine elopes one night with Tod Firth. They had met clandestinely and Beverly had never seen Tod's wealthy family. On the honeymoon in Paris, Beverly learns that Tod had been engaged to marry Annette—and that Annette and his family do not know of his runaway marriage. She insists upon returning. In the very unpleasant scenes which follow, Tod, who is charming but spoiled, allows them to think it was all Beverly's fault. Beverly is intensely unhappy, and decides to run away.

WELL, we're here," the man in the check coat said; not that he expected any reply from the girl in the corner of the carriage. But he felt that he was really giving her information. She was huddled there, staring at nothing; didn't seem to know they had arrived. He took her case down from the rack but even that kindly act got no response. Oh well . . .

The check coat disappeared from the carriage and too late, Beverly murmured her thanks. Then stiffly, as if it hurt her to walk, she got out of the train and joined the rapidly dispersing crowd on the platform.

She had no clear plans. Dimly she knew that it was very late. It seemed a lifetime ago since she had left Horsely but it had been on the bright afternoon of this day. The sun had been so hot and bright. Now it was dark night and the little interval of peace when the train moving fulfilled her purpose for her was over and she must again direct her activities.

On the covered station roadway taxis were drawn up and a driver leaned forward enquiringly.

"Taxi, miss?"

Beverly stared at him and made a vague demand.

"I want a hotel. Any hotel."

The driver's knowledgeable eye appraised her travelling suit, the smart little suit from the Rue de la Paix, the pigskin case.

"Hop in, miss."

More peace, for a little while, in accomplishing her flight without effort, then she was in the foyer of a big, unknown hotel; then after an interval of noise and movement she was alone in the solitude—which is like no other solitude—of the impersonal hotel bedroom. For a little while her own personality, her own life was also extinguished and she busied herself unpacking her case. But when she was un-

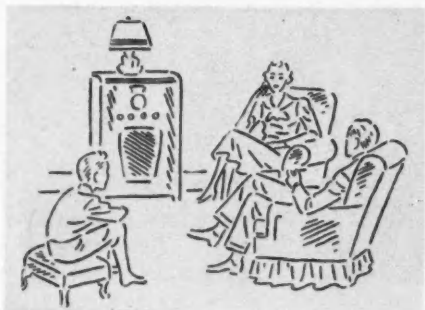
dressed and had turned out the light, she became again a living, aching entity, with memory and associations. She stood beside the bed.

Tod would be in their room now. What would he be thinking?

"I wish we never had married!" he had said that morning. "That's what you're trying to make me say, isn't it? Well, there you are. It would have been better for both of us." And then had flung out of the room. Quite quietly, without much hurt, she had packed her case and gone out of the house. Down to the railway station. No one had seen her go. No one had passed her on that long walk. But the letter which she had posted in the village would have been delivered by the night post. They would know now that she had gone, and they would be glad of the end of something which should never have had a beginning.

As she sat next morning after a hopeless scanning of the "Situations Vacant" columns of a daily paper, she thought of Geoffrey Matheson. But he was just another of Tod's friends. The hard new crust of suspicion which lay, an evil growth over her mind, prevented any real belief in him. He had said, "If ever you want help, please come to me." But probably that meant nothing. He would doubtless be

*-but tasting beats telling,
every time*



WHEREVER women get together for lunch, it's surprising how often the subject turns to soup. Comparing notes, they agree that Campbell's Soups are

now better than ever—and that they're such reliable standbys, too. Perhaps you've heard your own neighbors talking about this new deliciousness, or have read about it in the magazines and newspapers, or heard of it over the radio. But you'll find that the *complete* story is in the *tasting*—for tasting beats telling, every time.

Tasting will convince you, more than anything else, of the home-like goodness of Campbell's Soups. You'll enjoy them because they're *made* the good home way—ingredients selected and prepared as carefully as you'd do it yourself—broths simmered long and slowly—with thirty-nine years of fine soup-making back of it all.



Let taste decide

Why not learn, by actual taste, how delicious Campbell's Soups are? For example, let it be Campbell's Tomato Soup for lunch or supper tomorrow. The distinctive

flavor of this world's most popular soup has never been equalled. The first delightful spoonful will tell you why pedigreed Canadian tomatoes are specially grown for it, and fine table butter blended into it for the extra smoothness and richness that everyone so thoroughly enjoys.

This is a soup *everyone* likes — especially the children. You'll say that its very appearance is a cheery invitation to eat — and that each delicious taste renews the invitation. Why not get down to *tasting*, by serving Campbell's Tomato Soup tomorrow?



I tell the news
Both far and wide.
But Campbell's news
Is best—inside!



Campbell's Tomato Soup

21 kinds to choose from ... Asparagus • Bean with bacon • Beet • Bouillon • Celery • Chicken with Rice • Clam Chowder • Consommé • Julienne • Mock Turtle • Mulligatawny • Cream of Mushroom • Mutton • Noodle with chicken • Ox Tail • Pea • Pepper Pot • Scotch Broth • Tomato • Vegetable • Vegetable-Beef

MADE IN CANADA BY THE CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY LTD, NEW TORONTO, ONTARIO

Crisis at Eleven

A father who undertakes to read the heart of his son must be prepared for unexpected revelations

by GERALD MYGATT

"SEE?" said Toddy's mother significantly, thumbing toward the hall. She meant listen. But Toddy's father knew what she meant.

The Smith boy, Smirpy Smith, was in the hall with Toddy. The two were whispering, snickering. It didn't sound like Toddy. Not at all like Toddy. But it was.

The Smith boy was a newcomer to Willow Green, which until recently had got along nicely without him. He was an unprepossessing young man of twelve or thereabouts, an overplump, overconfident young man with an evasive but knowing eye. From the first he had made it plain that grownups, particularly grownups in the shape of parents, were a race apart. To their faces they were to be treated with a sort of patronizing tolerance, sometimes even with affability. Behind their backs, however, they automatically became objects of simple contempt. After all, any race which could be cajoled and wheedled and deceived and successfully lied to with such beautiful consistency must be somewhat short of being completely intelligent.

Willow Green was a suburb within a suburb. In one way it was a new section of Aldervale. In another way it was the oldest section, for it had been created bodily out of the ancient Tarlton acres of green lawns and mighty trees, with the willow stream watering the lowlands. Each substantial house had an acre or two or three. The houses were good to look at. The gardens were lovely.

It was into this Eden that Smirpy Smith had intruded himself. Nobody had foreseen him. His father and his mother, the estimable Mr. and Mrs. Smith, had been properly introduced and weighed in the balance and then accepted wholeheartedly by the Willow Green corporation membership committee. They had built their house, moved in. With them had moved Smirpy, so nicknamed none knew why.

"But I can guess why," Toddy's mother had said. "It's because he smirps."

Toddy's father was the Herbert Dutton who did those trenchant editorials for the *Evening Star-Blade*. He mentioned that there was no such word in the dictionary as smirp.

"Nevertheless," said Toddy's mother.

It hadn't mattered vitally at first, although the Smith boy had proved himself a definite thorn in the side—and several other parts—of Willow Green. But now it was beginning to matter. A number of the parents had conferred, all agreed that Smirpy was not a good influence. It mattered pointedly because the Smiths had a camp—which was really an estate under canvas—on the shores of Bayberry Lake, and the Smiths, good souls, had invited all the Willow Green boys up there for two weeks of everything boys liked most. There would be swimming. There would be canoeing and sailing. There would be hikes. There would be hot dog roasts. There would be campfires and moonlight sings. And Smirpy would be the host and keynoter.

The Smiths were so joyous about it, there was no possible turning them down. That was why the parents of Willow Green had begun conferring; the men at the station and on the various trains to town, the women in the chain stores or over bridge tables or wherever. It was agreed that the idea was generous and splendid, but it was also agreed that the presence of Smirpy was like the presence of the serpent in Adam's original garden. Smirpy knew too much for his age.

Toddy Dutton, naturally, was just one of the boys of Willow Green. Like the others he was tanned and freckled pretty much all over. He had brown eyes that twinkled when he smiled. But Toddy was eleven, that difficult age when a boy is neither a little boy nor a big boy but in between, when he is neither an Airedale puppy nor a grown and dignified Saint Bernard, when he is neither angel nor devil, neither child nor man—but astoundingly much of all of these. Just one of the boys of Willow Green, Toddy was infinitely more than that to his mother and his father.



"I didn't want to tell mum," the boy gulped. "She—she wouldn't understand."

Illustrated by G. Foxley

From long experience Herbert Dutton knew that his son was in the room, even though he had entered silently. Steeling himself, he looked up.

"Hello, Toddy."

"Hello, dad. Mom sent me in."

The moment had arrived. Herbert Dutton caught in a deep breath.

"Tod?"

"Yes, dad."

"Er—that is—I sort of have an idea there's something on your mind. Or something. Is there?"

"Me?"

"Don't act dumb, Toddy."

"Yes, sir." With the toe of his right shoe the boy began boring a hole in the fireside rug. With bent head he concentrated upon this novel excavating operation.

"Well, what about it?" asked Toddy's father.

"What about what?"

"Listen, Tod, how do I know what about what unless you tell me what?"

"Yes, sir," said Toddy, addressing the floor. His eyes were fixed upon the entrancing shovel-point of his twisting toe.

The thought began to occur to Herbert Dutton that this conversation was getting precisely nowhere, and getting there rapidly. It wasn't even a conversation. He took another breath. He held it. Then he said quietly, "Toddy—because your mother said I wanted to see you, are you scared I'm going to give you the dickens about something? Is that it?"

The boy's head and eyes raised themselves slowly. He grinned a feeble grin.

"Well, I'm not going to give you the dickens. I—I just want to give you a little dope on a couple of things. You see, son, you're going away from us for the first time and you're going to be thrown close with a lot of other kids of different kinds, and—well, I want to give you the straight of a few things. That's all."

Herbert Dutton's lecture to his son, strangely enough, was unexpectedly short. As it progressed it began to occur to Toddy's father that what he was telling Toddy was no particular news to him. Yes, the boy knew this. Yes, the boy knew that. His knowledge, in fact, though sketchy, was fairly comprehensive. Little by little Herbert Dutton's recollection of his own boyhood began to flower. As he talked to Toddy he was remembering. He was remembering times. Times when he was eight, ten, thirteen. Never, come to think of it, had there been much mystery about life or how life progressed from generation to generation. Boys, somehow, seemed to know. Little by little, item by item, they absorbed from one another, most likely, the things their parents felt so self-conscious about. Like Topsy, who had just growned,

[Continued on page 36]

He was Toddy. Whatever happened to Toddy Dutton was vital.

Unquestionably something strange was happening to him. Never before in his life had he been evasive, embarrassed, secretive. But now, all at once, he was being so. Something was troubling him. Something was on his mind. And try as she might, his mother could not bring it to the surface.

"I've tried and tried for two whole days," she said to Toddy's father, "but it's like talking to a stone wall. He just looks at me. I know it's something because he keeps saying it's nothing—the way he says it, I mean. I'm afraid, Herb, that you'll have to buckle down and have that long-threatened heart-to-heart with him."

"You mean the facts of life, as it were?" said Herbert Dutton. He grimaced slightly.

"Rather the facts of life as they are," said Toddy's mother. "At least the facts of life in their true guise instead of as imparted by the imagination of Mr. Smirpy Smith. If Toddy's going away—really away from us for the first time—it seems to me—"

"I could strangle that Smith boy," Toddy's father said, his jaw set. "If I thought for a minute—"

"Me too," said Toddy's mother with fervency.

"Don't worry," said Herbert Dutton. "I'll give the kid a talk, and furthermore I'll dig out what's on his mind if it takes me a week."

"I'll send Toddy in as soon as the Smith boy goes," Mrs. Dutton threw back over her shoulder as she went upstairs.

Feeling unaccountably guilty of something, Toddy's father sat in the living room and waited. The rest of the small family had been swept upstairs and impressed into second-floor boondoggling. He stared at his evening paper. He read one of his own editorials, not liking it. What did it matter to anybody on earth whether the government...?

King's tail thumped, beat a slow tattoo on the floor.

WE BUILT FOR THE CHILDREN

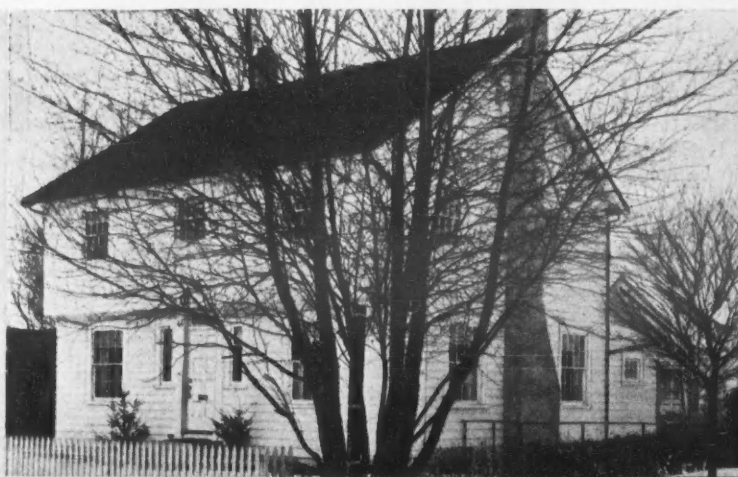
A WHITE Colonial house behind a white picket fence on a quiet birch-lined street. Tall wild-cherry trees to shelter children at play and to cast dappling shadows on a white house wall. Glimpses of mountain peaks and blue sea and, at night, a beam of light from a distant lighthouse to spell adventure to small watchers and to remind them that their grandfather was a Spanish sailor lad who left Bilbao more than sixty years ago in a full-masted sailing ship to encircle, six times before he was twenty, the earth with its seven seas.

We built a house for our children, and everything we had, everything we were, went into it. We wanted a homelike house in a good neighborhood, a house that would meet every need of our children and ourselves for the next twenty years. We wanted beauty. We wanted comfort and convenience. We wanted a house we could afford. A house it would be fun to live in. For years we had carried around with us fragments of a poem written by Florence Bone:

*God send us a little home
To come back to when we roam—
Low walls and fluted tiles,
Wide windows, a view for miles;
Red firelight and deep chairs;
Small white beds, upstairs;
Great talk in little nooks;
Dim colors, rows of books*

That was it. That was what we still wanted. A home of our own. A sunny kitchen and the smell of baking cookies. A warm hearth and the children in their pyjamas listening to a story. A [Continued on page 47]

Built to fit the needs of a family now—and in 20 years

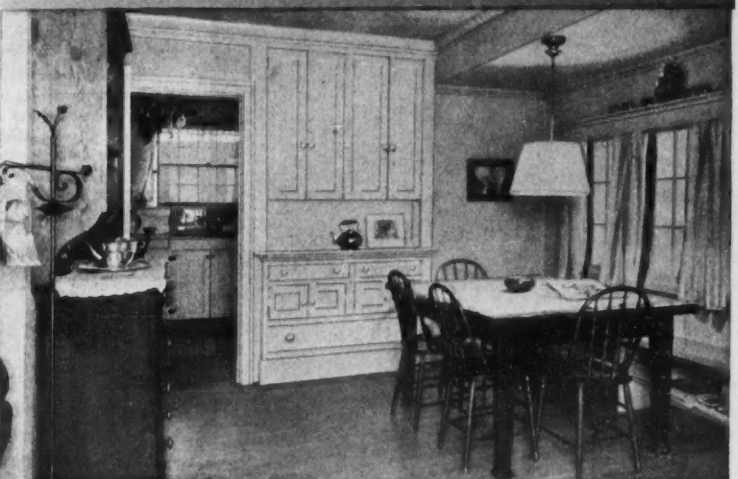


This living room has a study nook for the man of the house



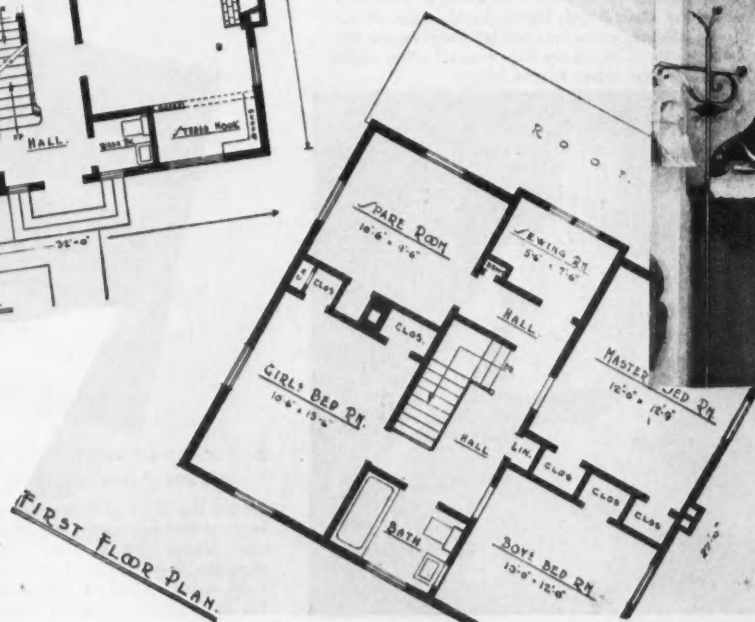
A sunny play-room which adjoins the kitchen

The dining alcove has cupboard doors and drawers working both ways



Every feature of the upstairs plan is designed for the comfort and convenience of children and parents

The downstairs plan of the \$4,500 eight-room house, 32 by 26, built on a 66-foot lot



IMPROVE YOUR HOME

AT
Trifling
COST



Give your home fresh beauty. This is Home Improvement Year! Start with the FLOORS . . . with smart, colourful Congoleum Gold Seal Rugs. They strike the key for the rest of the room . . . and their modest cost will leave you extra dollars for other articles of housefurnishings.

Congoleum Gold Seal Rugs are labour-saving—a damp mop keeps them spotless. No tiresome beating and sweeping. No scrubbing. And they lie flat without fastening of any kind.

To be sure that you are getting the genuine article, look for the Gold Seal shown here. It is affixed to the surface of all genuine Gold Seal Congoleum and is your *only* guarantee. Beware of substitutes! Visit your dealer's and examine his showing of Congoleum Gold Seal Rugs *now!*

*Congoleum is also available
by-the-yard for covering
floors from wall to wall.*

The pattern illustrated
is "BAKU", Congoleum
Gold Seal Rug No. 443.



CONGOLEUM GOLD SEAL RUGS

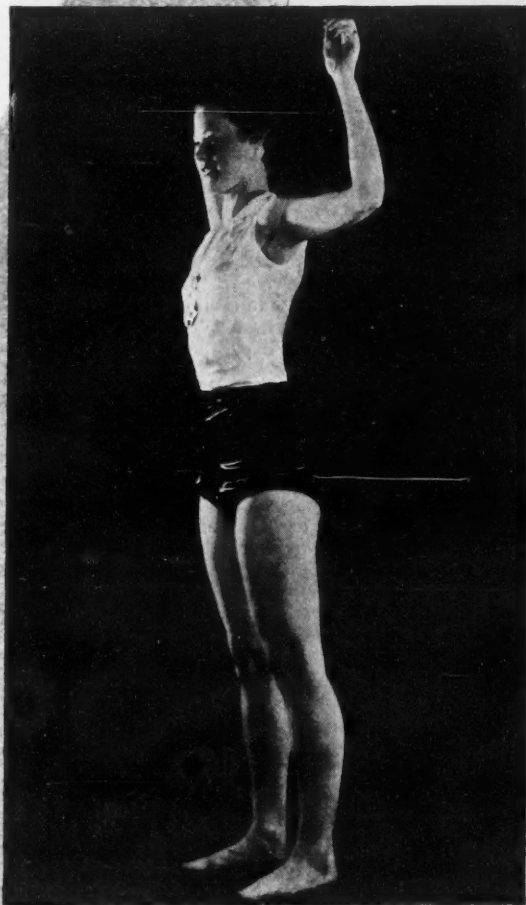
CONGOLEUM CANADA LIMITED
MONTREAL

Photographs posed for Chate-laine by the Women's League of Health and Beauty, Toronto.

Marching Orders for slimming Manoeuvres. Shoulders-Arms-Right! Tum-tum-tummy tucked in! Hip-hip-hips under control! Company stand easy. Have you a dowager's hump? A debutante slump? A protruding abdomen, sagging hips or a bulging waist? Here are exercises that will cope successfully with your figure problems

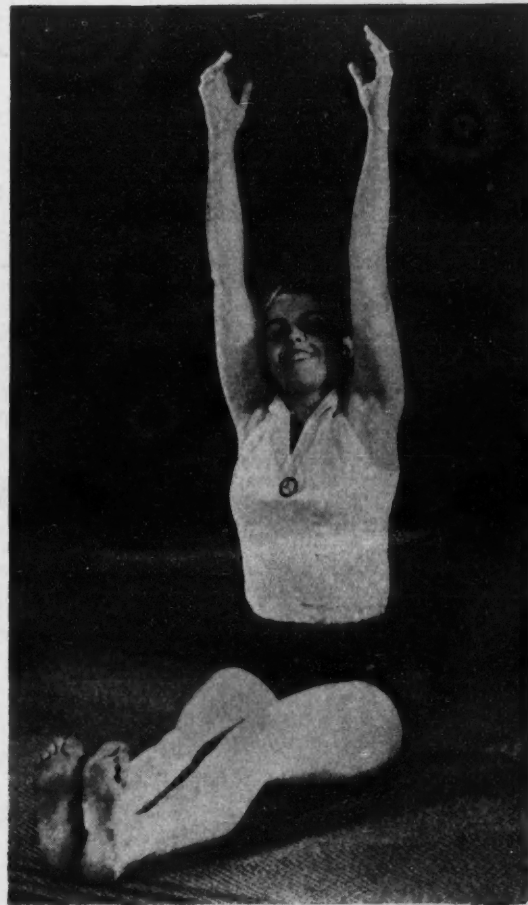
7. To Shape Arms, Shoulders and Bustline

Stand with feet slightly apart, knees straight, tummy drawn in and ribs lifted, keeping body controlled and steady. Stretch both arms overhead. Bend both arms from elbows, as shown. Press both arms back gently three times, then repeat whole thing eight times, putting arms back as far as they will go, slowly and gently. It must be done without jerks. Keeping the chin down, and back in a straight line.



9. To Straighten the Back, Correcting the Debutante Slump

Sit on the floor, knees apart, heels stretched. Pull tummy in, lift ribs and stretch arms overhead. Arms should be relaxed but straight. In this position the spine is stretched from the base and flattened between the shoulder blades, and the waistline is stretched. Stretch up with the arms, raising each alternately eight times.



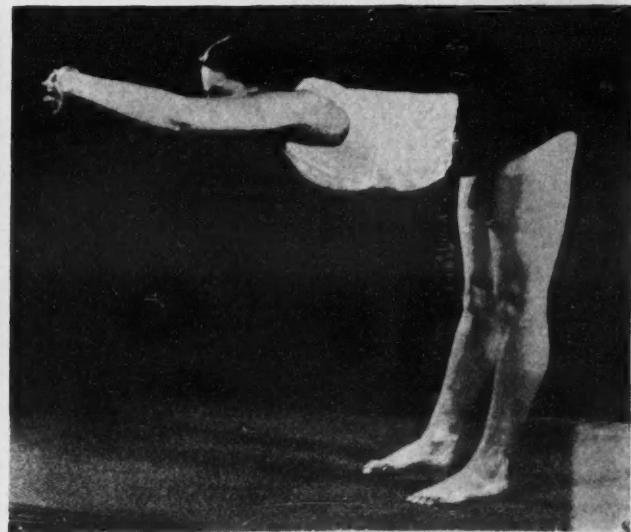
8. To Slim the Hips

Sit on the floor, legs straight. Raise both legs, keeping them straight until they make an angle with the body as shown in the picture. Then swing legs together to the right and left, making a rolling movement on the hips.



10. For Beautiful Shoulders, to Correct Abdominal Bulge.

Stand with feet slightly apart, toes straight, knees straight. Clasp the hands overhead, elbows straight. Bend forward to horizontal position, slowly, keeping the arms at shoulder level, chin stretched forward. Slowly come back to starting position. Repeat eight times.

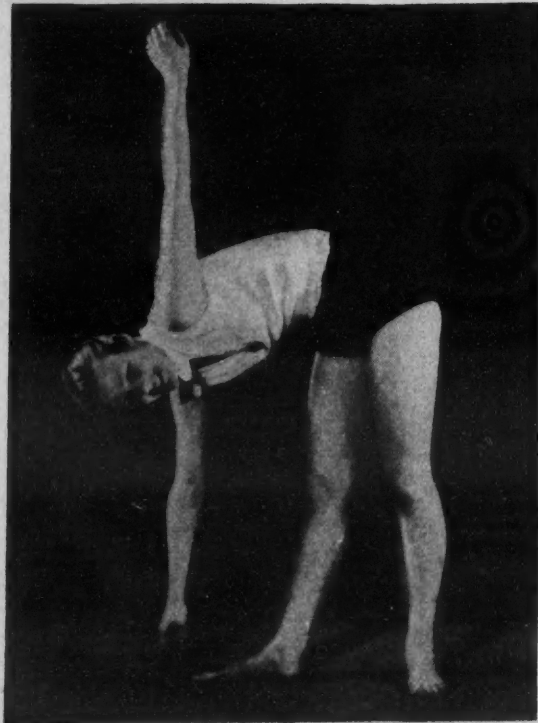
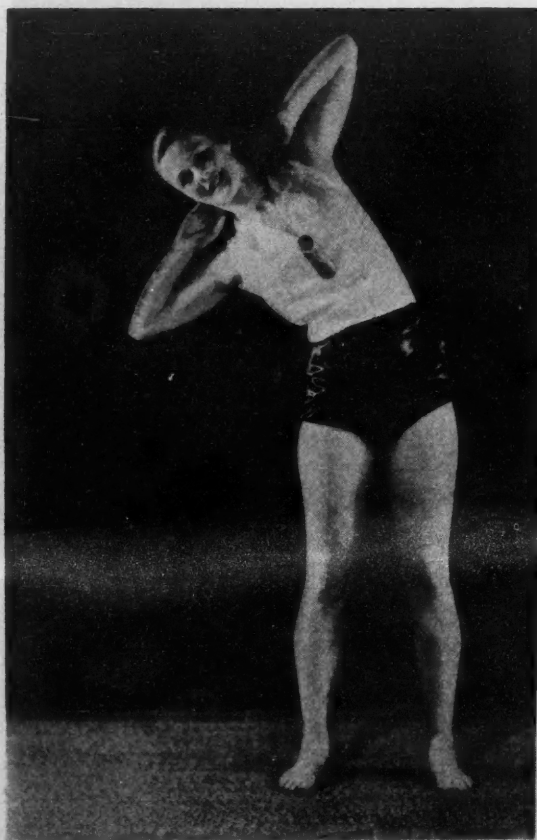


1. Getting the Waistline Under Control — Straightening the Back

(Above) Stand with feet slightly apart, toes straight, knees straight. Put fingers behind the head, elbows pressed back, keeping the ribs lifted. Bend directly sideways to the right, pressing the elbows back. Be careful not to let the weight come forward or back. Come up to straight position, then bend slowly over to the left. Repeat this eight times alternately.

2. For General Poise — To Correct Sagging Abdomen

(Below) Stand with right foot turned to the right, left foot straight, arms at shoulder level. Bend from the waist slowly and smoothly to the right side until right hand touches the floor in front of the right foot. Pull the left arm up at the back. Rise slowly until the arms are in an oblique line, the head turned up to the top arm. Repeat this four times on the right. Change position of feet so that left foot is turned out and repeat the exercises four times on the left.



3. To Slim the Ankles and Legs

Stand with feet together, knees straight, left hand on the hip, right arm forward at shoulder level. Rise on the toes, bending the knees slightly at the same time. Straighten the knees and put the heels down. Be sure to keep the lower back well down and the tummy pulled in and ribs lifted. Chin down. Repeat this eight times slowly and smoothly.



4. For Beautiful Feet

Sit on the floor, legs out in front with straight knees and stretched heels. Hold hands lightly by the side. Raise the right leg, slightly cross over the left, and rotate the foot on the ankle joint slowly four times to the right, four times to the left.



Get into Shape

5. For Complete Relaxation — Good for General Toning Up of the Body

Stand with feet slightly apart, knees straight. Stretch arms slowly overhead. Then, bending from the waist, relax completely to the floor, head relaxed as well. Eight times.



6. For the Dowager's Hump, to Reduce Arms and Bust

Sit on the floor with feet apart and heels stretched, tummy drawn in, and ribs lifted. Raise right hand to shoulder level. Clasp left hand to right, swinging it back immediately as far as possible. Do eight times.



SEE THE WONDERFUL *Canadian Rockies!*

Banff LAKE LOUISE EMERALD LAKE

HERE, set to a glorious symphony of majestic mountains and forest, snowy peaks and jade-green lakes, is the stirring drama of the Canadian Rockies! Trail riders and "Mounties", Swiss guides, Cowboys and Indian pageantry . . . And poised mile-high in this Alpine Wonderland is *Banff Springs Hotel*—a magic castle, regal in appointments, gracious in its hospitality. Here all is colorful, brilliant, gay . . . Smart, world-traveled people—bridge parties, soirées, dancing and concert music. Its outdoor activities include golf, tennis, swimming in warm sulphur and fresh water pools, trail riding, motoring over smooth roads to Lake Louise and Emerald Lake. *Banff Springs Hotel* has 600 choice rooms with bath; 38 de luxe suites—even the smallest suited for private entertainment. You will want to stay—not weeks, but for the Season.

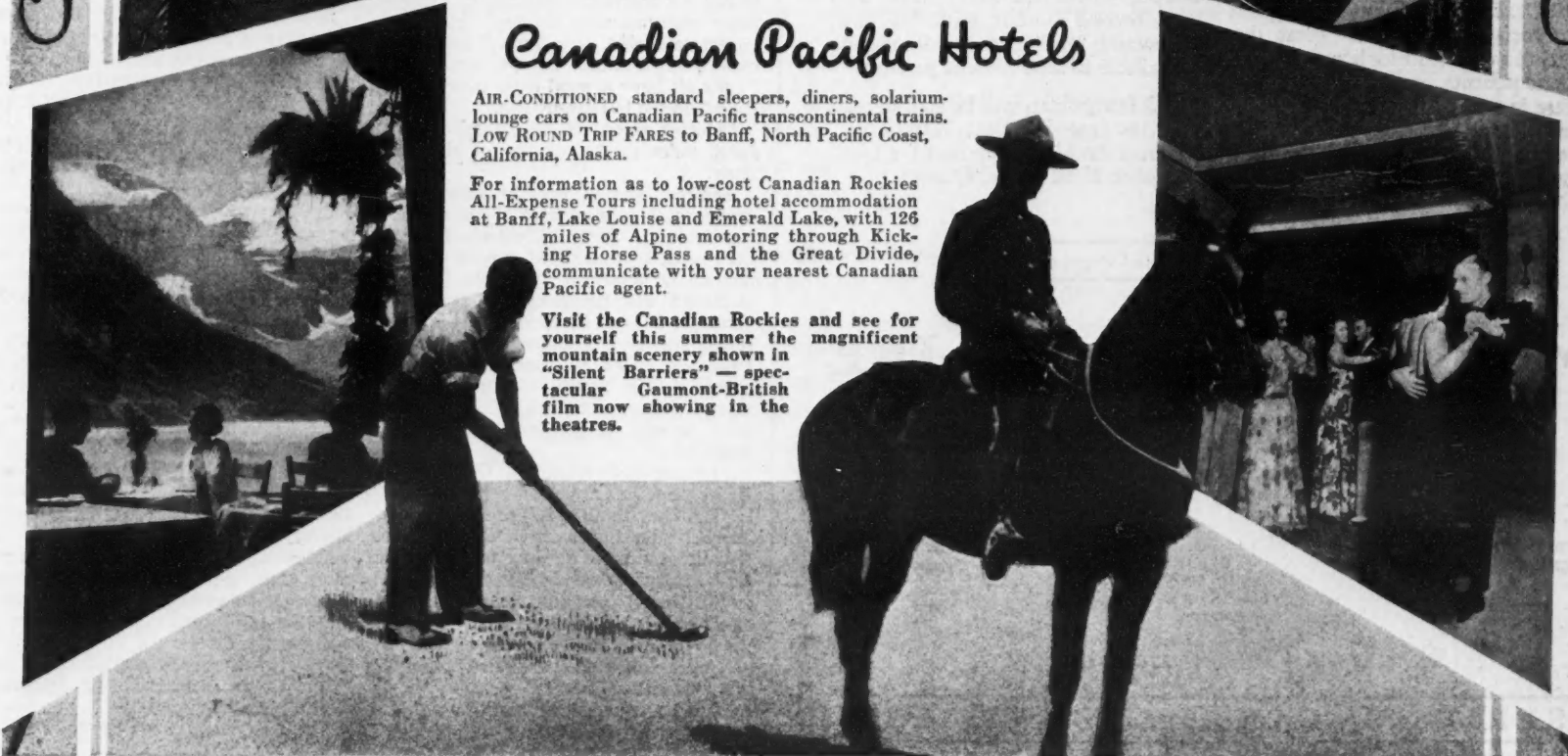
Special tournaments and events: *Calgary Stampede*, July 5-10; *Indian Days*, Banff, July 23-25; *Banff Golf Week*, Aug. 23-28. . . *Banff Springs Hotel*, *Chateau Lake Louise* and *Emerald Lake Chalet* are open from June 12 to Sept. 13.

Canadian Pacific Hotels

AIR-CONDITIONED standard sleepers, diners, solarium-lounge cars on Canadian Pacific transcontinental trains. LOW ROUND TRIP FARES to Banff, North Pacific Coast, California, Alaska.

For information as to low-cost Canadian Rockies All-Expense Tours including hotel accommodation at Banff, Lake Louise and Emerald Lake, with 126 miles of Alpine motoring through Kicking Horse Pass and the Great Divide, communicate with your nearest Canadian Pacific agent.

Visit the Canadian Rockies and see for yourself this summer the magnificent mountain scenery shown in "Silent Barriers"—spectacular Gaumont-British film now showing in the theatres.



*In this record of an enthralling life story,
you learn of Mrs. Black's marriage and
reign as Chatelaine of Government House*

My
70 years

by MRS. GEORGE BLACK
M.P. for the Yukon
as told to ELIZABETH BAILEY PRICE



Mrs. George Black, from a photograph taken in 1908.

IN 1901, father and mother, my sister and my other sons, came in, father bringing in a two-stamp Tremaine Prospecting Mill, a saw mill and a hydraulic plant. The two mills were set up on the left bank of the Klondike River, about a mile from Dawson, on thirty acres of land, the surface rights of which we purchased from the Canadian Government. The hydraulic plant was installed at Excelsior Creek, where I had staked my first claim, when I came over the Trail of '98. We also built a beautiful six-roomed cabin, which we called "Mill Lodge," a number of one-roomed cabins and an assay office. When father and the family left, taking with them my eldest son, because of his schooling, father made me the manager of the mills. I shall always remember the first three years of the present century—years that passed so quickly that, when a weekly mail service was established in Dawson, I had not been conscious of the need of it. Of course, it was not all easy going, and there were times of "tough sledding," but

there were no tragedies. I liked the life, the vigorous challenge of it—the work and play of it. I had faith in myself that this tide in the affairs of my life would lead me on to fortune. My first claims proved to be rich—real pay dirt. If only I had had the sense to cash in on them, I should be wealthy today. Instead, I bought other claims, grubstaked men—but why tell the old, old story?

There was plenty of play, too—good wholesome fun. I was making money and always sending for furniture and other things, which I selected from mail-order catalogues, to make Mill Lodge more comfortable for my family and friends. Now and again I bought a gown from Madame Aubert, on her yearly trips from Paris. Most of my clothes, however, were ordered from one store, in a small Ontario city. I sent my best measurements, a photograph, and wrote a description of what I wanted. They made a princess slip, which they asked me to have fitted by a local dressmaker, who in turn made the necessary alterations. I then chose my goods from various samples which they sent. I used to step right into my clothes, and I had some very lovely suits and dresses.

Dawson was gay in those days. We had progressive whist, pedro and five hundred parties, as well as some bridge, skating parties and ice carnivals, dances, midnight tennis and baseball games. I remember that a bitter controversy waged over the matter of allowing the dance hall girls to buy season tickets to the new rink. The final decision was in the affirmative, this accompanied by an emphatic warning that if any girl was caught smoking or using profane language in the ladies' dressing room, her ticket would be forfeited. Dancing was popular, and many a good time I had at "Honor yer pardners all. Grand

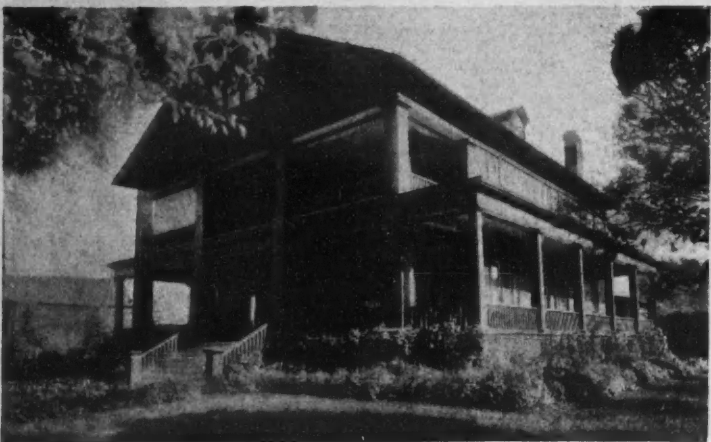
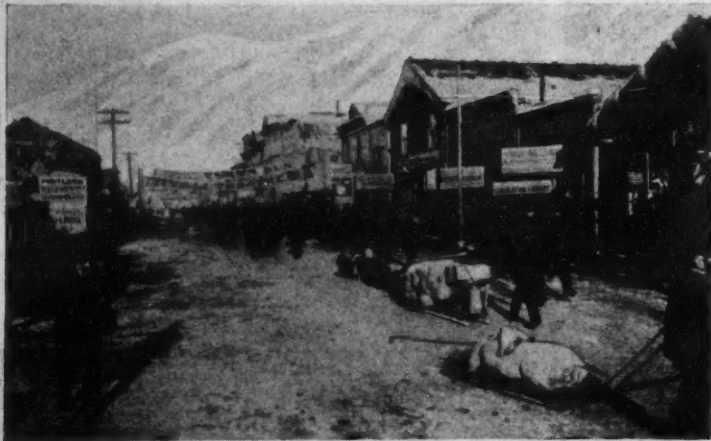
Right and Left"—much more real fun than I have had at many a formal affair which I have attended since.

Sometimes we women sourdoughs like to boast of how popular we were with the menfolk. But again, I owe it to the young girls of today, to admit that we didn't have the competition which confronts them. Indeed, in those early days, we single women, with homes in which to entertain, were so few, that our number could be counted on the fingers of one hand, and I don't think it would take all the fingers, either. Scarcely a week passed that I didn't have a proposal of marriage. If I missed, I used to think that I was falling off and getting old. I've had a number of men tell me they "couldn't live without me," but most of these same men are alive today, all happily married, with families. So I am not flattering myself that I was a heart-breaker.

One day it became necessary for me to consult a lawyer, as one of my mill hands had bought a lot of goods and charged them to me. George Black, of an old New Brunswick family, a sourdough, who had caught the gold fever and had come to the country in 1897, was recommended. I liked him at once. He was good looking and clever. As we talked, I learned he was interested in politics and had a real desire to serve the Yukon—to devote himself to the development and tremendous possibilities of this great, rich country.

I invited him to my home. The affairs of human beings move quickly in the North, and within two weeks he proposed. I was not eager to marry again, still I liked him more than any man I knew. He was attractive, serious, and a good companion. He was an outdoor man, a real sportsman, and lover of nature. From the beginning, he was interested in my boys, and won them completely. He taught them to handle a canoe, to make camp, to shoot, to fish. I went with them, and when I did not shoot or fish, I pursued my ever-fascinating hobby of searching for wild flowers. He guided them as a father would, and I shall never cease to be grateful to him for this physical, mental and moral training, at an age, too, when every boy needs his father.

[Continued on page 42]

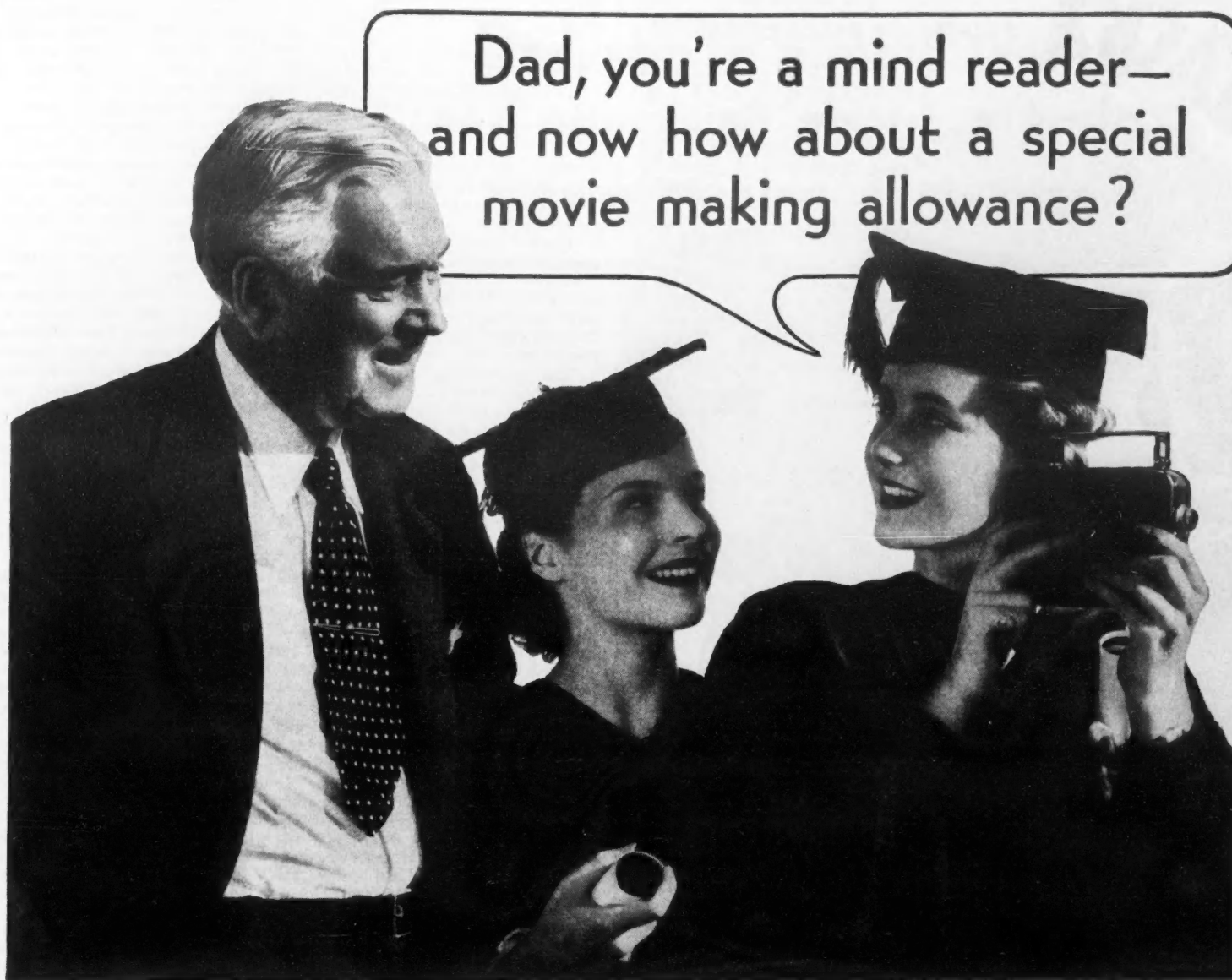


Christmas morning in Dawson at the turn of the century.

The Commissioner's residence in Dawson, where Mr. and Mrs. George Black were living, when war was declared in 1914.

Camping was a favorite adventure with the Blacks—and they both did the cooking!





... No need for that—CINÉ-KODAK EIGHT was made specially for people who have to watch expenses

A MOVIE CAMERA . . . there's a thrilling gift for that girl or boy graduate—but don't home movies eat up a young person's spending money pretty fast? Not if you choose wisely. Give Ciné-Kodak Eight . . . specially designed to bring movies within the reach of just about everybody.

The secret of the Eight's inexpensiveness is easy to understand. A 25-foot roll of black-and-white film for Ciné-Kodak Eight costs you only \$2.60, *finished, ready to show*. Yet it runs as long on the screen as 100 feet of

amateur standard home movie film—gives you from 20 to 30 movie scenes, each as long as the average scene in the newsreels.

Full colour with Kodachrome

Load the Eight with the remarkable new Kodachrome Film, and you can make movies in colour—gorgeous full colour. Simple to make as black-and-white, and the cost is just a few cents more a scene. No extra equipment needed. The colour is in the film. See sample movies in black-and-white and in full colour Kodachrome at your Kodak dealer's today. He has some great reels to show you.

*Makes marvelous
movies at
everybody's price*



ONLY
\$39⁵⁰

In Canada "KODAK" is the registered trade mark and sole property of Canadian Kodak Co., Limited, Toronto

"RIDE? I'd love to— but my doctor says WALK!"



PEOPLE who are well fed—too well fed—and who do not use up excess food in work or play are especially liable to develop diabetes. Many are inclined to press a button, turn a switch, or telephone to get what they wish, with little or no physical effort.

If you are overweight and more than forty, it does not necessarily follow that you will have diabetes—but you are far more likely to get it than if you are underweight. You should be on guard, especially if there is a history of the disease in your family.

Diabetes begins when the body can no longer produce enough insulin to make use of the sugar and starch in a normal diet. In many mild cases of the disease the doctor may prescribe a special diet only. In serious cases, the person who cannot make a sufficient supply of insulin in his own body must supplement it with other insulin.

Until Dr. Frederick Grant Banting and his associates made their great discovery of a substitute for human insulin, diabetic patients, except those with the disease in mild form, were in desperate straits. Before that, by living on a severely restricted diet, with nearly all sugar and starch removed, the end

could be postponed. But it was a grim, losing fight. That is all changed now. With insulin, diabetes can almost invariably be brought under control. Insulin has not only rescued children who would have been doomed without it, but it has enabled them to grow and to live normal, healthy lives. It has lifted adult diabetics out of the invalid class, making it possible for them to resume their regular occupations.

Diabetes may cause no pain and little inconvenience in the beginning. Sometimes its presence is unsuspected until it has made considerable headway. But it can be detected by a doctor's examination and laboratory tests.

When insulin is needed, it is dangerous to delay its use. Coma and other serious complications may result. Better and more effective compounds of insulin, which reduce the number of necessary daily treatments, are being steadily developed. Physicians, everywhere, who have become familiar with the new, slow-acting insulin, are rapidly making it available to their diabetic patients.

The Metropolitan will be glad to send you its free booklet, "Diabetes." Address Booklet Department 6-L-37, Canadian Head Office, Ottawa.

Keep Healthy—Be Examined Regularly

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY NEW YORK

FREDERICK H. ECKER
Chairman of the Board



LEROY A. LINCOLN
President

CANADIAN HEAD OFFICE—OTTAWA

SERVING CANADA SINCE 1872

Companions of the Storm

(Continued from page 9)

impetuous, more predictable. Deeply in earnest, he lobbed a rambler rose out of his vision with a tennis racket, and pursued the subject with alacrity.

"I mean, if you were to take me now with seeming enthusiasm, it might . . ."

"Establish me as a woman partially desired!" Angrily she wrenched the sentence from him and twisted it out of shape. "Blair Holden has a right to marry where he chooses, and if any of you try being chivalrous at me because he does, I'll give you a real cause." Hot young pride burned in every syllable which showered over him. "I'll parade a set of impromptu twins around the city in a big, non-sectarian way, and I'll name them after everyone of you. I'll give you something worth being protective about."

"Sally," implored the man, wedging in the distressed plea that he hadn't meant anything. Only, with Holden out, he hoped for his own innings, and could she blame him?

"I can blame anyone, given a decent chance." The spurt of temper subsided into a reluctant smile, but there was no lightening of her thoughts. Blair Holden hurled a proposal at her in a quarrel and her playmate, Ramsay Poe, solicitously offered his name like a jar of salve. Probably she should accept it and apply it all over the premises, she reflected dimly. Anyway one sliced the situation, there would be scars.

"Can I ponder over this, Ramsay?" she asked, remembering that a reply was expected.

"Ponder to the limit, girl," he agreed, his eyes warmly affectionate. "Meanwhile, something you'd like better may occur to me."

SEEMINGLY, NOTHING much occurred save that at the Paxtons' next dinner, Julia was able to show a certain profit. She flashed a blazing, pear-shaped diamond before Sally and asked if she didn't envy her.

"Who wouldn't?" answered the other, carefully avoiding Blair Holden's sombre eyes.

"I remember that Blair's mother used to put her marvellous emerald on Sally's finger when we were children. Her own engagement ring, you know," remarked chubby little Ruth Layton innocently. "Let's all have a good envy over that," she whispered to Ramsay Poe.

"Mother meant it for Sally," said a harsh voice in the vicinity of Holden's chair.

Terrence Paxton quickly steered the conversation into apparently less dangerous channels. Barry O'Neill was hunting lions with a prince and trouble with a dancer, he informed the table. Isobel Beckwith was breathing for two. In January, Porter Bronson had been arrested for some nonsense and Sterling Price had bailed him out with a rubber cheque. His amused voice, diverting attention from a potential triumph of her own, brought a petulant remonstrance from Julia.

"I think that's shocking. Going to jail isn't a joke."

"But they think it is," protested Sally, turning momentarily from Ramsay Poe. "Blair got arrested once for trying to take a policeman's horse home in a taxicab."

Julia, with increasing asperity, asked her fiancé if he considered that a clever performance. Holden, scowling blackly at Poe's cheerful face, answered that the horse seemed to, being in the cups.

Julia gave a brittle laugh. "It's no wonder that this odd club had only four-

teen members. Everyone else must have been under lock and key."

"Henry was sentenced to thirty days for wearing the mayor's new suit to my first dance. Without His Worship's permission."

Mrs. Fenwick's authoritative voice assumed control of the conversation, shaping it to her wish. "He was confined with Blair's grandfather, who, as I remember, had thrown the publisher of *The Mercury* out of the window. Or was it for something serious?"

Her head inclined questioningly toward the grandson.

Holden was not sure. "Might even have been a touch of equinox," he suggested inattentively. "Weather always upset him."

Faces were poised in rapt attention as Anna Fenwick continued an amazing description of Holden madness variously manifested.

Sally understood only too well the relish with which anecdotes of a stout temper were being converted into something capable of sinister interpretation. And she knew that the playmates, with solemn countenances and giddy hearts, inevitably would contribute to it their own individual touches. Compassion for the girl so outside this inherited concord stirred in her. With difficulty, she inserted a reference to the Laytons' sailing party the following week.

SUNDAY DAWNED brightly in the blue fields of the sky and woolly white clouds frisked about like little lambs. Julia, too, wore white wool, but her mood was less sportive when, Holden a tall shadow beside her, she joined the waiting group on the pier. There were Laytons and Paxtons, Mrs. Fenwick, a famous cellist with no English, a celebrated disease with too much, two South American diplomats, Sally, bright as a zinnia in orange linen with Ramsay Poe at her elbow, blithely ready to swarm over the *Jezebel's* fifty-foot limits.

The yawl rode out into the sun-washed bay. Mist-clad mountains swam toward her, salt winds rolled over her and green waters rose like a wall beside her, crumbling darkly over Julia's immaculate shoes. The disease trailed her ankles in the waves. The diplomats disagreed politely. The cellist, cap over his face, went to sleep. Julia, bored with it all, withdrew to the top of the cabin where the slanting hot deck offered the narrow shade of the mainsail.

Mrs. Fenwick, remarked that if the *Jezebel* had an Aubusson sail, Julia might be more comfortable.

"You're trying to convince her that we were whittled off a totem pole, what with the Holden madness and Uncle Henry's grotesque behavior," protested the girl. "I shall assure her it was a refined totem pole. It's only fair."

A green headland advanced through the tide. The breeze veered, bringing perfume from a hidden garden, overtaking the smoke of an invisible campfire. True to her word, Sally went to sit with Julia, aloof up on the cabin, and encountered a cool suspicion which withstood all attempts at a thaw. Beginning to simmer inwardly, Sally tried a little cold reasoning. If Julia's temperature was increasingly difficult, it was because the strain was too strong for them all. She disciplined herself for another effort.

"You'll learn to love this country," she prophesied. "It puts its mark on you."

"Sounds like a laundry," vouchsafed Julia. "Since Blair and I shall be living in the East after our marriage, such practical identification won't be necessary." The indifferent condescension of her tone, even more than the statement itself expressed, caused a constriction in Sally's throat, shutting off speech. Another voice responded for her.

"We have already settled that," said Blair Holden, materializing noiselessly beside them.

[Continued on page 26]

"Blair," cried Sally in strangling accents, knowing that if she did not instantly act according to her better nature, she never would. "Blair Holden, you . . ."

"Mortal women may not speak to me again!"

Mrs. Fenwick reassured Julia.

"It's the Chinook war dance. Old John Holden may have had Indian blood. He had everything else in the state before he got through."

Tossing a coat, tie and other oddments of attire into the soaking grass, the dancer landed accurately in the middle of a currant bush.

"Stop him, someone, stop him!" implored Julia, finding her voice at last.

"Your divinity mustn't play in Aunt Anna's flower beds," cautioned Terrence Paxton obediently.

"This will be part of the corn planting festival, I fancy," continued Mrs. Fenwick smoothly. "I always wanted to see it, but my mother considered it unsuitable for a young girl."

"Oh, for heaven's sake stop him," Julia exclaimed in mounting distress. "What will people say? No one can live this down." She wheeled on the motionless Sally. "Why don't you do it? You want him so much. Now is the time to get him back. While he's out of his mind."

A clump of wet roots struck the ground rebukingly. A second clump struck Ramsay Poe full in the chest. The proprietor of the Holden madness, bounding over the hollyhocks, disappeared around the house and the men, collars turned up, raced after him. Mrs. Fenwick led feminine spectators inside as an anonymous thunder resounded overhead. Presently, a pale, long figure flashed downward past the windows, striking the earth with a dull impact.

"Oh, do something. Don't just sit there blinking over a scandal like this," rallied Julia, beside herself.

"He's jumped out of a window in his pyjamas," explained Mrs. Fenwick soothingly. Layton shouted from the stairs, Poe from the upper hall. With a great ripping of vines, another figure shot by—Terrence Paxton without his coat.

"They all seem to be disrobing. I wonder if I might be permitted to remove my corsets?" Mrs. Fenwick glanced around her in mild enquiry.

Layton and Poe, taking a short cut through the house, caused a noisy collision on the rear stairs, hindering the pursuit. Holden shot down the banisters and out the front door with admirable sense of direction. An angry rustle of tree branches and an agreeable baritone in the eaves indicated that his way was upward.

Mrs. Fenwick believed that it would have to run its course, Ruth Layton and Emilie Paxton giggling in agreement. Sally was mute. The situation had been snatched from her influence. She stared blindly into the fireplace until the chimney began to speak.

"Blessed are the pure in heart," it pronounced, as half a pair of peppermint-striped pyjamas floated down.

Julia instantly became hysterical. "Do you think he has—that is—he will—Oh, he's hopelessly, shamefully mad!"

Without delay, the pyjamas were united before the andirons, a solemn hush within, a strident chorus without, recognizing the ceremony. When a pleasant baritone sounded a descending note on the stairway, Mrs. Fenwick suggested a womanly withdrawal.

Julia was already concealed behind an ample couch. Sally gazed fixedly out of a window while the chase rolled past, swelled to a crescendo and burst into

silence. Then she turned to Julia with grave, curious eyes.

"They have him," she said.

"And they can keep him!" stormed the other girl, emerging from her retreat. "Do you think I want a man with fits?" Two spots of red burned in her pale cheeks and her fingers tightened spasmodically. "I could never hold up my head again if any of my friends had seen him."

"Then you've got precious little head," retorted Sally, overstrained control snapping at last.

"Oh, everyone knows you'd take him any way you could get him," taunted the other, discarding the last shred of restraint. "Well, I'm more particular. You can have him, with my gibbering compliments—while he's at large."

"If you behave like this just because you think he's ill, you're a pale-faced little slug and I'll tell the gardeners on you tomorrow," threatened Sally, making the most of her restored freedom. "I'll . . ."

"Evening," intervened Blair Holden quietly. Wrapped in sanity and a bathrobe, he stood on the threshold, while three tired men lounged in the rear.

"I need sackcloth and ashes for my next performance, if you can spare them, Aunt Anna," he said, and turned to face the quivering Julia.

"You don't need them on my account," she blazed, hating him with voice and eyes. "I wouldn't have you if you were the mint. I'm going home and when I get there, I'm going to marry a man who doesn't belong to all the best asylums and penitentiaries."

Holden looked long and searchingly at her through the silence enfolding them.

"Julia," he said earnestly, "for any distress I've ever caused you, I beg your forgiveness with my whole heart." He waited patiently for her to speak, but a scornful toss of the head was her only response. Flushed and panting, she was permanently done with them and their queer loyalties, their insensate disregard of her standards, their incalculable behavior. Seeing at last that she did not mean to answer, the little group of men made way for her to pass.

"Julia," remarked Mrs. Fenwick, as though resuming an interrupted sentence, "has no sense of humor." She passed casually from the room, summoning the others with a discreet glance.

"Into the sunset," said Terrence Paxton, clapping a hand on Holden's shoulder. Poe paused by Sally's chair to give her fingers a hard squeeze.

"In the words of W. Ramsay Shakespeare, all's well that ends accordingly."

When they were alone, Blair Holden came to stand beside the girl, looking down on her with the old light, tempered and steadied, in his face.

"I can't say how it happened," he told her gravely, "nor ever undo it entirely. But a wavering heart had no part in it."

"Did you all rehearse the Ophelia scene?" asked Sally, deeming a little severity appropriate. "Aunt Anna was coaching you all the way—"

"It was spontaneous," he contradicted with the ghost of a smile, "and the cast impromptu. Terrence contributing his best pyjamas." Soberly he continued, not seeking to touch her.

"I owed Julia the public refusal of me, in return for my incredible folly, but it couldn't go on. It isn't as though she cared. Even if you never forgive, or forget, or trust me again, there won't be anyone but you, Sally. Too long ago," he urged gently, "I chose you for the mother of my hallucinations."

"I had my first one," confessed Sally shamelessly, "that time I said I'd never marry you."

red, rising from his box, he tried to address the men
nents
e the
vided
uisite
luxe
ions.

PERSONAL

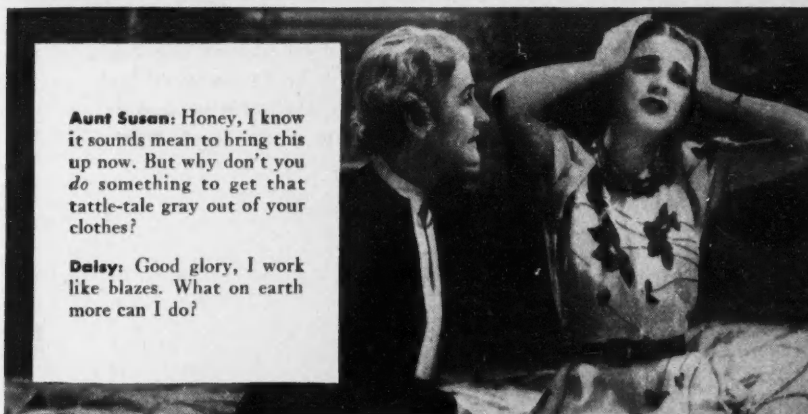
BOB, I can't stand it any longer. Your constant criticism is driving me crazy. I'm going away for good.
Daisy.

might
The te
in adv
tained
referer
Every



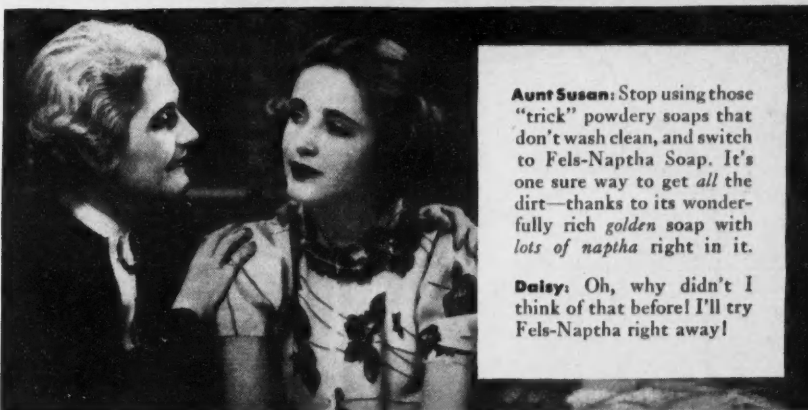
Aunt Susan: But why? How did it happen, Daisy?

Daisy: Oh, Auntie, it's been one row after another for months! Every morning he kicked about his shirts—they looked so gray and dingy. A few nights ago we had company and Bob said the linens were a disgrace. We had a nasty scene and I walked out.



Aunt Susan: Honey, I know it sounds mean to bring this up now. But why don't you do something to get that tattle-tale gray out of your clothes?

Daisy: Good glory, I work like blazes. What on earth more can I do?



Aunt Susan: Stop using those "trick" powdery soaps that don't wash clean, and switch to Fels-Naptha Soap. It's one sure way to get all the dirt—thanks to its wonderfully rich golden soap with lots of naptha right in it.

Daisy: Oh, why didn't I think of that before! I'll try Fels-Naptha right away!



FEW WEEKS LATER

Bob: Gosh, but I'm glad you're back, Daisy. And I promise I'll never nag again as long as . . .

Daisy: As long as I stick to Fels-Naptha Soap and get your shirts and everything so sweet and white! Don't worry, darling—Fels-Naptha and I are pals forever!

COPR. FELS & CO., 1937

**BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"
WITH FELS-NAPHTHA SOAP!**

Want to improve your golf? Chatelaine has interviewed Ada Mackenzie, famous Canadian golf champion, for the July issue . . . and you'll find her suggestions will help your own game.

ALASKA Land of Adventure

Two Glorious Vacations in One!

Here, truly, is a land-and-sea vacation of a thousand and one thrills! Retrace the glamorous "Trail of '98" in the palatial comfort of a Canadian National "Prince" steamer and find . . . ALASKA!

Glide smoothly through the sheltered waters of the Inside Passage . . . past towering peaks, dazzling glaciers, flower-strewn valleys. See Wrangell . . . Sitka (old Russian Capital) . . . Juneau and Skagway. Ample time for side trips . . . historic Bennett . . . West Taku Arm, Ben-My-Chree, Miles Canyon, etc.

And here's how to enjoy two marvellous vacations in one: en route to or from Alaska, stop off at Jasper, vacation-land of the Canadian Rockies.

JASPER

CANADIAN NATIONAL TO EVERYWHERE IN CANADA

ALASKA
From Vancouver, Victoria or Prince Rupert to Skagway and return, including meals and berth except at Skagway.
\$95.00 and up
\$115.00 and up via Sitka
All outside staterooms. Excellent food . . . Music . . . Dancing . . . Deck games. Ask any Canadian National Ticket Agent for complete information.

Companions of the Storm

(Continued from page 24)

"Nonsense!" flashed Julia, flushing with vexation. "What with your fantastic ancestors in their padded heaven, what's to keep you here?"

"Roots," stated Holden tersely. Replacing his pipe in his mouth, he passed on.

Robbed of one intended effect, Julia swiftly worked up another. She impaled Sally with a hard blue stare, and said that it was time some of those roots disentangled themselves.

"They've clung long enough."

Raw anger seared the other. Did this hothouse growth believe she had a chance to prevail unless the soil was prepared for her as a gift? Sentiments fiercely denied pressed for utterance.

"What do you know of roots?" she exclaimed, only to break off with visible effort. Something savage and poisonous was being uncovered, to trail an ineradicable taint. "I've heard of them myself," Sally finished in an altered tone. "They grow underground."

A thin smile on her face, Julia traced designs on the deck with a pointed fingernail, discreetly savoring her gain. So absorbed was she that she failed at first to heed the stiffening breeze, the movement of the sail. Sally reached for her with an exclamation of alarm, but she was already scrambling blindly to the edge, and at the boat's sudden roll, she pitched offside into the trough of the waves.

Before realization generated its current of activity on board, Sally was in the water after her, striving with lithe young strength to subdue her frantic struggling. The dinghy was loosened and boarded, the *Jezebel* turned in her course. Blair Holden's voice rose in violence above the waves his powerful stroke was cleaving.

"Sally, you little fool, don't try to swim with her. Just hold hard!"

Later, the rescue accomplished, and recovery on the way, he came below, as contained in manner as though no prisoned emotions had gained utterance, but their revealing echo lingered. A tactful flurry of words greeted him.

"I love commotion," said Sally, doing her bit. Enveloped in a slicker, she had been watching the color filter into Julia's face on the pillows. "Please make some more over us. Another blanket for Julia and something simple and expensive for me."

A masculine chorus humored her. "Sally, I'll award you my opera hat. Biggest head size in town. Give the girl a cigar. Sally, we must do this more often . . ."

A bitter little voice, rising from the berth, routed their nonsense.

"I do hope Blair didn't spoil everything by getting there too soon. It was so screamingly melodramatic. One howling like a madman and the other . . ."

"Perhaps I am a madman," interrupted Holden evenly.

"The superior Holden madness," snapped Julia, all discretion washed away. "Well, you can convalesce right now. I'll help you."

"Do," agreed the man. His voice sagged under the sudden weight of two leaden sentences. "Perhaps you're right, Julia. We'll go away when you wish."

"So soon?" demurred Mrs. Fenwick quietly.

THERE WAS STILL her houseparty to be faced, though but a thin pretense of endurance remained. Ever since the colony was young, summer had ended its sojourn at the Fenwicks'. And Anna Fenwick seemed in no mood for further deviation from fixed orbits.

Her town house, with stairs from France

and cypresses from Italy, was agreeable to Julia, but the cottage adjoining the country club holdings, grey with shingles from the Northwest woods, was something quite different. A spreading fir tree supported some of its weathered roof, worn chintz chairs most of its guests. A tangle of vines scrambled over the walls and swung on the old garden gate. Flowers straggled vagrantly to the edge of the cliff.

The party, begun as its hostess dictated, was soon becalmed in constraint. Julia's discontent was impossible to lift, Sally's gaiety too significant, Holden's restlessness too fevered.

"You have your grandfather's look," Mrs. Fenwick told him as he paced from window to window, staring into the dusk. "Do you think you have a touch of equinox?" she continued solicitously.

He gave a short laugh, but the tension in his face did not relax, and presently he fetched up another window and stayed there.

A rocket of light raced across the heavens and exploded into shattering thunder. Brief and furious, the storm broke. Julia, hands over her ears, clamored for locked windows and closed doors. The light in the room gave way to the pale, licking flame above. Candles were marshalled.

Rigid in a big chair, Sally clasped her hands tightly together. She and Blair Holden had made games out of storms in their nursery days. Sound and fury always pleased them, she reflected bitterly. Involuntarily her glance strayed to Julia, and in penance for certain thoughts, she essayed a little encouragement.

"Our storms are harmless," she explained. "Once Blair and I got caught in the middle of the harbor, without gas, on just such a night. A freighter was coming in from the Orient . . ."

"Can't you ever reminisce about anything but my fiancé?" demanded the other acidly.

Holden wheeled on her, havoc in his face, but before he could speak, Mrs. Fenwick had intervened.

"Why should she?" she enquired, her impressive brows arching. "Blair and Sally always shared their tempests."

Holden strode quickly from the room, to stand on the edge of the verandah. Beyond it, the wind drove a silver torrent of rain over the old sundial and lashed the waves high against the cliff.

"Weren't we silly?" Sally's answering comment came in slow, careful syllables. "A loud noise and we thought we were living."

"Probably you were, in your way," Goaded by her discomfort, Julia's offensive became more deliberate. "Just revelling in some of that Holden madness you're all so proud of."

Her words pressed vehemently against an electric silence, like a belated signal. An incalculable force instantly was released.

"Mad, is it?" challenged an unearthly echo. The look of a devil on his fine dark face, Blair Holden appeared fleetingly in the door. A wicked black eyebrow, a satanic flash of teeth jeered at the room and vanished. From the garden came a piercing yell to mingle with the conflict of rain and sea and wind. Other yells spattered against the night. Those within, leaping to their feet, sank down again as a good English boot hurtled through a window.

"It's Blair," said Mrs. Fenwick, with a companionable glance around her. "The storm may have upset him."

Tommy Layton, reconnoitring, announced that the anointed fool was dancing unshod in the rain.

"The pneumonia gavotte!" snorted Terrence Paxton, happily swaying out of a window. Crowding to the verandah steps, everyone beheld, in the phantom light seeping from the clouds, a shadowy figure in the throes of a curious rhythm.

"Eliyah . . ." A prolonged howl throbbed upward. "I am the Rain God . . ."

BEAUTY CULTURE

A DEPARTMENT OF STYLE, HEALTH AND PERSONALITY . .

The Perfect Co-ed

by ANNABELLE LEE



Fifty years ago the ideal girl looked like this (above). But today she's freer, more athletic, less burdened by clothes. (at right). Photograph of modern girl courtesy the Jaeger Company of Canada.

SHE'S A REAL Canadian. Just discovered by Dr. Edwin Gordon, Medical Adviser to Women at the University of Toronto. And she's the kind of person Dr. Gordon has been looking for, and despaired of finding, during the sixteen years she's examined between forty-five and fifty thousand college girls. She's brimful of vitality and the joy of living. It's the first thing you notice about her, Dr. Gordon says. She's mentally and physically alert, interested in all the things that a normal young woman should be, and well adjusted to life. She's like a beautiful piece of statuary, only more so, because she is living. Her face might not be considered by the Hollywood beauty scouts as a rare find, but her body works like a perfect piece of machinery . . . it's a pleasure to see her in action. The muscles move smoothly, easily. Her build is symmetrical, and she is so well balanced and poised that she can forget about herself completely. She's not living beyond the danger line . . . she follows a normal diet and takes a lot of exercise, plays games and walks.

And the most important thing about her is that she's perfect for *her*. I don't know what her arm and leg measurements are or what the tape-line says about her waist. I do know that whatever it is, it's her gauge—not that of any other girl. But there is a standard of perfection for every woman—a vital, exuberant state of well-being and beauty that must be measured in the light of personal limitations and capabilities and potentialities. And it's a hundred to one the average woman doesn't come up to it.

The most important thing to realize about physical perfection is that the body is a functioning mechanism. If it doesn't do its work well, it's falling down on the job, no matter how lovely to look at it may be. [Continued on next page]



"How long since your husband said 'You do look lovely today'..." asks Jane Seymour

Don't you think, in your unselfish care for your husband and your children, you sometimes forget what a tonic it is to look beautiful and attractive yourself?

How long is it, for instance, since you gave your skin a little REAL care? No, I don't mean perfunctory putting on and wiping off of cleansing cream or dabbing on vanishing cream to patch up a shiny nose. I mean, a little daily treatment—with a real plan in it—so that each step does your skin definite and VISIBLE good.

It's so easy, and it's such fun, too, to see the skin respond by looking younger and fresher under the treatments. Suppose, for instance, you started by cleansing your face thoroughly, every night, with my Cleansing Cream and Juniper Skin Tonic. Then pat your face with my Orange Skin Food. I cannot recommend this preparation too highly. It penetrates right below the surface, and feeds the under layer of the skin. Never be too tired to use it, because it means new life to your looks. In the morning brace your skin with more Juniper Skin Tonic. If you'd do this, FAITHFULLY, in only a short time you'd look so radiant that your husband would be forgetting his newspaper, and asking who the strange lovely woman was sitting in front of him!



Ask for my preparations at any smart cosmetic counter, and also for my book "Speaking Frankly". You'll find it entertaining reading, and so helpful in choosing just the right beauty aids to suit your own needs. If you have any difficulty in obtaining it, please write me: Jane Seymour, Lumsden Building, Toronto — mentioning your dealer's name, and I will gladly send you a copy with my compliments.



TRADE MARK

Jane Seymour
BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

An Interesting Canadian . .

Because she's been connected with more women's organizations than any other woman in the Dominion.

Because she was graduated from Oxford and won her "double blue" for tennis and ground hockey when most women were still sitting in the parlor, serving tea and honey.

Because she's a member of the Toronto City Council and a keen, public-minded citizen . . . yet can make a delectable cake before breakfast.

MRS. PLUMPTRE



Photograph by Violet Keene

THERE IS NO nonsense about Mrs. Plumptre. Small, sensible and sympathetic she is considered an executive genius and has probably been connected with more women's organizations, Dominion, provincial and municipal committees than any other woman in the Dominion. Wife of a canon in the Anglican Church, she is an untiring worker immersed in the furtherance of social welfare and education. Yet if she asks you to her home for tea, the chances are that you will be offered cake she made before breakfast, and her greatest pride is in her son and daughter: Professor Plumptre of the Toronto Faculty of Education and Mrs. Tyrrell, of Kirkland Lake, formerly of the Physical Education Department of Western University.

Granddaughter of a bishop, daughter of the rector of Hamborough, near Oxford in England, she grew up in a family of seven brothers and sisters and three cousins. The boys attended Eton, Cheltenham, Charterhouse and Marlborough. There were many different points of view, and her father, broadminded and intellectual, encouraged argument over the dinner table with the schoolgirl daughter home for the holidays from Lansdown at Weymouth. There she led in tennis and ground hockey and eventually became Head Girl. One brother is now Bishop Wynne Willson of Bath and Wells, another Canon Wynne Willson.

J. R. Marriot—who later gave the same advice to Vera Brittain, author of the much-discussed "Testament of Youth"—persuaded the future Mrs. Plumptre to try for an Oxford scholarship. She was admitted to Somerville College, Oxford, in 1899, and majored in modern history, political economy and political science. While at Oxford she obtained her "double blue" playing tennis and ground hockey for her college and university, and also played on the county teams.

Married from university, Mrs. Plumptre came directly to Canada with her husband then Dean of Wycliffe College, later rector of St. James. Both her children were born in Montreal when Canon Plumptre was assistant at St. George's Church and where Mrs. Plumptre was actively interested in church work. She became president of the Anglican Women's Missionary Auxiliary, treasurer of the Diocesan

Society and secretary of the Anglican Literature Society.

Before the war she was also national secretary for the National Council of Women, vice-president and chairman of the Immigration Committee of the Y. W. C. A., and worked with Lady Pellatt on the organization of the Canadian Girl Guides.

During the war, Mrs. Plumptre was attached to the head office of the Red Cross and acted as chief secretary until two years after the Armistice. She was president of the Ontario Division and of the Toronto Branch.

Early in the fall of 1918 she was appointed by the Union Government to the Canada Registration Board, and also to represent the women of the Dominion at the National War Conference in Ottawa.

In 1926, Mrs. Plumptre was first elected to the Toronto Board of Education on which she remained until 1934. During this time she became chairman of all standing committees and later in 1933 chairman of the Board.

In 1931, Mrs. Plumptre represented Canada at the Assembly of the League of Nations. In 1934 she represented her country at the International Red Cross Conference in Tokyo. She became a member of the National Adult Education Committee and is present president. In 1936, she was elected as Toronto Alderman for Ward Two and to the City Council.

During the past year, Mrs. Plumptre has been chairman of the Housing Committee, so actively urging the city to take steps to provide low-cost dwelling places. She has been a member of Dr. Bruce's special committee since its inauguration.

Methodical, keen minded, she rises early—7 a.m.—works hard and retires around 12.30 or 1 a.m. She has no embarrassment in working—the only woman—on a committee of men. "Too much emphasis has been placed on the man and woman aspect in the past," she says. "It never occurs to me. I find it is far more important to have a common interest." She stresses the idea that "the best appeal for any cause is to the higher impulses. You can assume on good grounds that the majority of people are interested in what is right and just."

WEDDING RING—by Amy Campbell

I did not think to ever wear
My wedding ring alone,
Proud of its slender, circling gold
In meaning of its own.
I thought my mother odd that she
Forgot her other rings
At times, and looked detachedly
Upon their colorings.

But now I see how tender years
A loveliness impart
To wearing of this ring alone
As pledge of hand and heart.
No symbol this of passive mood,
Or years' accustoming,
But stress upon a living dream
Laid by a marriage ring.

THE FAVORITE BEAUTY SOAP OF CANADA'S LOVELIEST MOTHERS



"EDWARD, DIANE AND I

USE *Palmolive* EVERY DAY

TO KEEP OUR SKINS SMOOTH AND FRESH"

SAYS *Iris Gardner*

Prominent Winnipeg Socialite

"No wonder so many people compliment us on Edward's and Diane's lovely complexions," adds Mrs. Gardner. "They use Palmolive just as eagerly, and just as often as I do."

Clever little children. To keep their skin as soft and smooth as their lovely mother's, they follow her advice, and use Palmolive, the one leading soap made with gentle Olive Oil.

"The Palmolive Beauty Treatment is so simple, so effective" says Mrs. Gardner

For your face, throat and shoulders, and for your bath. Gently massage into your skin a warm, rich Palmolive lather. Cleanse the pores thoroughly. Rinse with warm water, then with cold. That's all there is to this simple beauty treatment. Yet there is no surer way to real, all-over skin beauty. And here's another beauty hint, Palmolive, used as a shampoo, keeps your scalp healthy, hair soft and lustrous.

Olive Oil is Important

Remember, costly Olive Oil, so good for delicate skin, is the reason Palmolive cleanses deeply, and at the same time soothes and refreshes your skin. Use Palmolive regularly. Get some today and start your skin on the way to real, all-over loveliness.

DR. DAFOE SAYS

"At the time of the birth of the Dionne Quintuplets, and for some time afterward, they were bathed in Olive Oil... When the time arrived for soap and water baths, we selected Palmolive Soap exclusively for daily use in bathing these famous babies."



A HAPPY ENDING FOR EDNA... *by Colgate's*

It looked for a while as though Edna was going to miss that promotion. She could handle the job but her boss just wouldn't recommend her...

until she saw her dentist...

MOST BAD BREATH BEGINS WITH THE TEETH



Check your breath with Colgate's toothpick test!

Bad breath can so easily spoil everything for you. Don't let it. Try this test! Simply clean between your teeth with a toothpick or some unscented dental floss. If it reveals small food deposits—if it has an unpleasant odor, it means that you are suffering, dentists say, from the most common cause of bad breath... improperly cleaned teeth.

CLEAN YOUR TEETH THE COLGATE WAY

With Colgate's Dental Cream brush thoroughly the upper teeth from gums down, lower teeth from gums up. Then rinse your mouth. After that put a bit of Colgate's on your tongue and take another sip of water. Gargle well back in the throat, then flush the water through your teeth. Rinse with clear water.

You get these Colgate results. Colgate's penetrating foam gets into all crevices and between the teeth, even where the toothbrush cannot reach. It dissolves odor-breeding food deposits and washes them away.

Colgate's safe polishing ingredient keeps your teeth white and sparkling. Colgate's delicious peppermint flavour leaves your mouth refreshed and your breath fragrant.

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK COLGATE'S GUARANTEE!

Use one tube of Colgate's. Then, if your teeth are not cleaner, whiter than before, return the empty tube to Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont. We will send you immediately, twice what you paid.



The average co-ed has good general health. The average Canadian girl has good health. But her standard is too low. Of the defects discovered by Dr. Gordon in her years of examining, practically all of them ought not to have occurred. There is little organic trouble. Bad position while sitting, standing, walking and lying has been responsible for much of the deviation from perfection. And nearly all of it can be corrected.

Fundamentally, it's a matter of feet. The incorrect use of the foot, the wrong type of shoe, cause a lot of unlovely carriage, and make way for trouble in those inevitable forties and fifties. The spinal column has to make too many adjustments when the weight of the body is thrown out of focus. Ligaments and joints are unduly strained. Consistent wearing of high heels is one trouble. A shoe that isn't properly fitted is another. A well-made, well-fitting shoe that won't get out of shape has an amazing effect on the general health of a woman. And there are as different styles in feet as there are in bodies.

Then there's the question of legs. Sometimes heavy legs are hereditary or it's a matter of glands. But if they're naturally too fat, or badly formed, swimming is the great aid to leg beauty. It's recommended strongly for co-eds.

THE AVERAGE girl today has seen and profited by the diet mistakes of the faddists of five years ago. She has learned too, dangers of eating between meals and of too rich foods. But her great weakness is a lack of balance. She doesn't figure out the necessary hours of work, sleep, study, and play to keep her mind and body adjusted. And while her youth may take care of today's overspending of energy, she is laying up trouble for middle life. Sleep is largely an individual matter... the need varying from seven to ten hours. And after a time the body demands rest if it doesn't get sufficient. But the business of learning to relax is an important and neglected one. Even the young girl should learn to take a short rest period during the day—to forget work or play, to be alone if possible, to lie stretched out if it can be managed, for from ten minutes to half an hour. She shouldn't talk—if possible, she shouldn't think—in that time. It does wonders in conserving energy.

The fact that so many Canadian college girls come through as well as they do indicates what fine stock they come from. But it's a question whether they'll stand the strain of such a hectic program of living in years to come. It's difficult, I know, but wise to try to remember, in the gay, mad rush of the 'teens and twenties, that one

wants to feel with Christina Rossetti, "When I am old, my dearest, sing no sad songs for me!"

"All I can do besides pointing out definite defects or troubles to the girl I examine," says Dr. Gordon, "is try to help her learn to take stock of herself. To find out her own possibilities. To know the safety point to which she can stretch... and beyond which she must not go. To make her see that twenty years from now she may be a broken, ailing old woman instead of the alert, vital centre of a family and community, taking all the rich enjoyment out of middle life that is her due."

LEARN TO PLAY! says the doctor. If she had her way there would be a large playing field beside every school, college and neighborhood for women of every age. Because physical exercise is tremendously more valuable if done in the open, and almost useless unless it's done with enjoyment. She would like to see what would happen to one generation of girls if they got outdoors enough. Two hours at least, each day, is important. Some muscular activity is essential. Mental attitude has so much to do with it that dancing, if a keen pleasure, is good exercise. Walking is excellent—but not if the walker slouches along the street with a flat chest and the liver contracted and the feet flat. Arms should be swinging, head held up, legs stretched and body held in an easy but upright position.

It's the exceptional young woman who can stand up under the regime of really professional sports, and often a sedentary life following very active sports does considerable harm. Badminton is grand for winter. Tennis and golf are aces for summer... the latter particularly since it can be played with zest from the sixteens to the sixties. Carelessness of elimination is a fault for which women cannot be condemned too harshly. Good habits in this respect—careful, thoughtful regard for the functioning of the bodily processes—will be a boon as years go on.

Every year Dr. Gordon finds her crop of co-eds improving. The flat chest so fashionable in post-war days, is gone, and there's no dangerous binding of bustlines. Clothes are made to be light, airy yet warm and well fitted. When it's very cold, college girls put on their woollies and feel snug. There was a time when they didn't, and one extra cold winter found the doctor with many frozen knees to treat. That was in the ultra-short skirt era.

The college physician tells her co-eds to drink plenty of water. Most women don't. And it's a good thing to remember, re all sorts of indulgences, that full maturity isn't reached until twenty-five.

Win this lovely "Babykins" Doll!

A BIG, pink-skinned, dimpled "Babykins" dolly, that's as cute as a real baby—practically unbreakable, 17 inches high, has eyes that close, with real lashes, and movable head, arms and legs. Finished in absolutely natural tints. Made in Canada, too, by skilful Canadian workmen.

You Need Not Spend a Cent

You can have "Babykins" for your own—without cost, delivered postpaid to your home—if you will send us two One-Year subscriptions to Chatelaine at One Dollar each. You can get these subscriptions from friends, neighbors or relatives—but please remember, subscriptions from your own home, or which your parents have paid for, will not count. "Babykins" is a reward for securing subscriptions from other people.

Write the names and addresses of the subscribers clearly on a plain sheet of paper, and your own name and address. Pin this picture of "Babykins" to it and mail it with the \$2.00—and in a short time this lovely dolly will be yours!

JEAN TRAVIS, CHATELAINE, 481 University Ave., Toronto





Did you ever see sweeter wedding attendants? The girls she left behind her in this case wear cloque cotton seersucker with rows of lace, embroidered dot organdy with ruffles and a mousseline de soie frock that is very dainty. They're smart for dancing, too.

Romance follows June . . . the fashions follow romance . . . and right on their trail is Chatelaine's New York style correspondent, Kay Murphy. She's got the summer picture for you, in its every enchanting detail. Her Fashion Shorts are your tips on how the new clothes will look — and why.

lean toward nude — it doesn't muss up the way white does, and has a "town" look about it . . .

No matter what else you get this summer, be sure to have plenty of colorful "accessories" — for this year you'll see so many little outfits that are really made with the accessories that go with them. One fashion fad that will go places is the matching turban and sash, with a corsage to go with them . . .

Am seeing them in gaily colored polka dots and in Roman stripes — later on they'll also be coming around in pastels, to brighten up your white dresses —

You can have a lot of fun making the turban and sash yourself, and then matching them up with a "boughten" boutonniere.

Well, it's "bare your head" again this summer, gals. The theme has come from Paris and we'll all follow suit — Berets, tricorns, sailors, oh, every kind of shape, yet nearly all of them have the crown cut away, to show your pretty curls —

And now they have the calot — a skull-fitting cap on which you'll generally find a big bunch of flowers, or a couple of gardenias. So smooth-fitting are the hats that, at first glance, you'd think the flowers were on your hair . . .

And for you sports-loving gals — the untrimmed calot, generally of soft suede or silk, in bright colors, will be grand to pop on your head for your outdoor sports, or for riding or sailing.

The open season for crowns comes apace . . . ribbons and bows, flowers and scarfs add to the enchantment of ensembles which include hats definitely air-conditioned. Tops for summer!



Have you any butterflies up your way? I mean fashion butterflies. Schiaparelli started the theme, and now every place you turn you see butterflies on printed dresses — huge feathery butterflies used as a corsage, or maybe your turban, sash and hanky made of butterfly-patterned crepe or cotton . . . Some of you ladies with time on your hands and a knack for hand painting can trace a large butterfly on a plain-colored scarf or sash, and then paint in the butterfly colors . . . They're doing it down here, and believe me, it costs p-l-l-lenty . . .

The "ice cream" colors have stepped into the fashion picture and many lassies prefer them to the paler pastel colors — banana, vanilla, maple walnut, raspberry and pistachio are some of the more important "ice cream" shades . . .

I had lunch t'other day with a big fashion expert from Paris — one of those lassies who make or break a style — She said: "Style is 80 per cent grooming—the 20 per cent is enough for clothes."

Now, that's something to think about — Grooming means carriage, skin, hair, hands—properly combined colors —

So see to it that you use up a large part of your style energy in being "groomed" —

Because it is summer, and you feel warm and tired and "slack" — don't let it show in your grooming —

'Cause you can have so much more fun if you're dressed for it!

Your Skin Responds with Beauty to this GERM-FREE care!

"I was heartbroken about my rough, blemished skin. Then my aunt, whose complexion is smooth as a young girl's, begged me to try Woodbury's Germ-free Cold Cream."



Woodbury's Cold Cream
helps to guard from blemish
and to soften lines.
Vitamin D ingredient
stimulates the skin to breathe

GERMS are unfriendly to the delicate skin. Just waiting for some crack in its surface, or pores that are clogged, to set up a blemish-infection. So be modern. Use beauty creams that stay germ-free as long as they last. You'll find the name "Woodbury's" on the jar.

Less threat of lines and dryness when Woodbury's Cold Cream soothes and softens your skin. Less chance for germs to cause ugly blemishes! This cream arrests germ-growth as it softens. Its germ-free ingredient helps keep the skin clear.

And now Woodbury's Cold Cream contains another protective element that all skins need . . . Vitamin D. This vitamin wakes up the quick-breathing process of skin cells. And when the skin breathes fast, takes up oxygen quickly, it retains its youthful vitality.

Use Woodbury's Cold Cream to keep your skin soft, young-looking, clear. Use Woodbury's Facial Cream as a powder base, to hold make-up smoothly. Each of these famous beauty creams only \$1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 15¢ in jars; 25¢, 10¢ in tubes.

MADE IN CANADA



MAIL for 10-PIECE COMPLEXION KIT!

It contains trial tubes of Woodbury's Cold and Facial Creams; guest-size Woodbury's Facial Soap; 7 shades Woodbury's Facial Powder, including the new "Windsor Rose." Send 10¢ to cover mailing costs. Address: John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Dept. 743, Perth, Ontario.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Province _____

New kind of "Sun" Treatment helps correct BLACKHEADS, BLEMISHES



World-famous Woodbury formula with "Filtered Sunshine" Vitamin D Brings Skin Improvement Quickly

"GIVE my skin a mild sun treatment as I wash and bathe? How marvelous!" That's what women said when they heard the news of Woodbury's "Filtered Sunshine" Vitamin D ingredient. For every woman knows that the Sunshine Vitamin is closely related to the health and beauty of the skin.

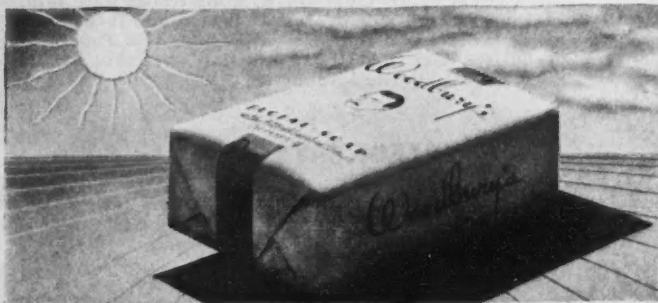
Contributes to Skin Health

In keeping with the most advanced scientific knowledge of skin care, the original Woodbury formula—which was first created by a skin specialist—is now enriched by pure Vitamin D.

If your skin shines with oiliness, is flecked with blackheads and blemishes, try this famous soap today! It gently cleanses your pores of skin-coarsening wastes. And its lather supplies the Vitamin D which your skin drinks in. Hundreds of biological tests by a leading university confirm that the Vitamin D in Woodbury's is absorbed by the skin.

Think what this scientific beauty care can mean to your complexion! With faithful use of Woodbury's, coarse pores tighten. Blackheads fade. Blemished skins grow fresh and clear again.

Prove it to yourself! Woodbury's is now only 10c a cake at all drug, department, ten-cent stores, and at your grocer's, too. Get 3 cakes this very day!



Contains
"Filtered
Sunshine"
Vitamin D

Woodbury's Facial Soap now 10¢

MADE IN CANADA



The smartest things you'll see on any avenue, these early summer days . . . linen jigger coats, cut short; silk linen sport suits, gay hostess coats for the very young and sheer dresses with wide-shouldered capes.

FASHION SHORTS

by KAY MURPHY

So many of you will go gloriously to the marriage altar this summer that I'm hard put to it to tell you just what to wear —

The classic white satin is, of course, the most suitable dress for a formal bridal — and they are making them with the train on the jacket so that, when the wedding bells have ceased to ring, you have a lovely formal satin dress — and the jacket with its train may be, if you're sentimental, packed away for the bridal of that little daughter-to-be . . .

If you plan a "garden" bridal, the lovely nets or mousselines de soie will be very smart and girlish looking . . . And if you want to be married in your going-away costume, I suggest a soft sheer, with a cape to match . . .

How is your cotton wardrobe coming along? The linen outfit is taking all the bows — especially those where two colors are used — like a rust-colored swing jacket over a champagne-colored linen dress, or a chamois-colored cape over a black linen frock.

So many of the cottons go in for splashy flower designs . . . and are they stunning! The dotted Swiss muslins make elegant little party frocks, too — seeing many of them with dozens of ruffles on the skirts . . .

The real old-fashioned pink and blue — two colors that are very flattering to the average girl — will be important this summer, as will also be maize, aqua and, of course, the inevitable white.

Now please don't get into the habit of thinking that, because it is definitely a cotton summer, "any little cotton will do" — Most all the cotton fabrics are popular, but they must be well cut and finished neatly, and have little touches, such as pockets set sideways, or zippers in contrasting colors used as trimmings, or buttons of an unusual design and contrasting color . . . see that something different appears on your little summer dresses.

If you're one of those lucky ladies who can run up a dress while waiting for the kettle to boil — take a little more time with it. For the summer dresses will be very trim and carefully planned as regards color, design, pattern and trimming . . . In fact, there is almost a "formal air" about them.

For that good summer dress, you'll be in step with Paris if you wear net — cable net, or fish net or any of the members of the net family, either in silk or cotton . . . I'd advise a plain shade and then add on a plaid or polka dot taffeta sash in a bright contrast . . .

Have you a light-colored summer coat? The "jigger" length — about 32 to 36 inches long — is the darling for the warmer days, with cooler nights — or if you prefer a cape, they're very well thought of in the land of fashion . . .

The nude color, which may be worn with light or dark dresses, will be found to be very practical as well as good looking. Of course, white will be THE summer coat color . . . but I

Tip-toe on a young girl's head, the culot works hard as a smart little chapeau from morning till dinner time. Veiled, for tea, flowered, for luncheon. Rigidly plain for sports.





The bridal party . . . all in white, from the ruffled frocks of the little flower girls, to the picture costumes of the bridesmaids (over hooped petticoats of lace) and the traditional satin of the bride's gown. Tiny hats of violets and matching flower muffs, for the attendants, and Talisman roses for the smiling bride, introduce a note of color in the picture.

All costumes from the dress salons for girls and grown-ups, at Simpsons, Toronto.

by
CAROLYN
DAMON

- 1 Evening slips, crepe or satin. . . . 3.98
- 1 Negligee, crepe or satin, lace-trimmed or tailored. . . . 10.00
- 1 Flannel dressing gown. . . . 7.00
- 1 Pr. lounging pyjamas, printed crepe. . . . 10.00
- 1 Pr. mules, to match negligee. . . . 3.00
- 1 Pr. leather boudoir slippers. . . . 2.00

A List of Flatware Suggested for the Bride
A good silver at cost of about \$100. (82 pieces).

- | | |
|------------------|-----------------------|
| 8 Teaspoons | 8 Dinner knives |
| 8 Dessert spoons | 8 5 o'clock teaspoons |
| 8 Soup spoons | 8 Salad forks |
| 8 Dinner forks | 8 Butter spreaders |
| 8 Dessert forks | 1 Butter knife |
| 8 Dessert knives | 1 Sugar spoon |

Or 54 pieces costing about \$60. This consists of:

- | | |
|--------------------|----------------------|
| 8 Knives | 8 Salad forks |
| 8 Forks | 8 Butter spreaders |
| 8 Dessert spoons | 1 Sugar spoon |
| 8 Teaspoons | 1 Butter knife |
| 2 Vegetable spoons | 1 Large serving fork |
| 1 Gravy Ladle | |

Table Linens

- 2 Luncheon sets, colored borders, size 52 x 52 inches, six napkins included. . . . ea. \$1.60 and \$2.00
- 1 Damask cloth. . . . 5.00
- 8 Napkins to match. . . . 3.30
- 1 Madeira tea cloth. . . . 3.00
- 6 Madeira napkins to match cloth. . . . 1.20
- 2 Bridge sets, 4 napkins included. . . . ea. \$1.50 to \$3.00

Scarves

Italian embroidered scarves, dresser size, 75 cents each, chiffonier, 85 cents each. Lace scarves—dresser scarves, \$1.50 and chiffonier, \$1.25.

Pillow Slips

- 2 Pairs fancy embroidered slips. . . \$1.50 pair
- 4 Pairs plain pillow slips. . . . \$1.00 pair

Sheets

- 4 Pairs sheets, hemstitched, 81 x 100 inches \$4.00 pair
- 72 x 100 inches \$2.75 pair

Blankets

- 4 Prs. flannelette blankets. . . \$3.15 pair
- 2 Prs. white wool blankets with colored borders, size 60 x 84 inches, \$7.50 pair, or size 72 x 84 inches. . . . \$9.00 pair
- 1 Fancy Mossfield blanket (available in all pastel shades) size 60 x 84 inches. . . \$5.00
- 72 x 84 inches. . . \$6.00

or

- 1 Wool-filled comforter, celanese silk cover reversible, size 36 x 72 inches (available in all pastel colors). . . \$11.00
- 1 Down comforter. . . \$19.50 up

Spreads

- 1 Celanese taffeta or rayon spread, size 72 x 108 inches or 90 x 108 inches. . \$5.00
- Swiss net lace spreads. . . 3.00
- 1 Candlewick spread. . . \$6.00 up

Pillows

- 1 Pr. pillows. . . \$4.50

Towels

- 6 Pr. bath towels. . . \$1.50 pr.
- 6 Pr. hand towels. . . \$1.00 and up
- 3 Pr. guest towels. . . \$1.00 and up
- 6 Finger towels. . . \$0.50 each
- 24 Tea towels. . . \$0.30 each
- 12 Glass cloths. . . \$0.35 each up
- 2 Bath mats. . . \$1.50 and \$2.00
- 1 Seat cover. . . \$1.35 up
- 6 Wash cloths. . . \$0.10 up

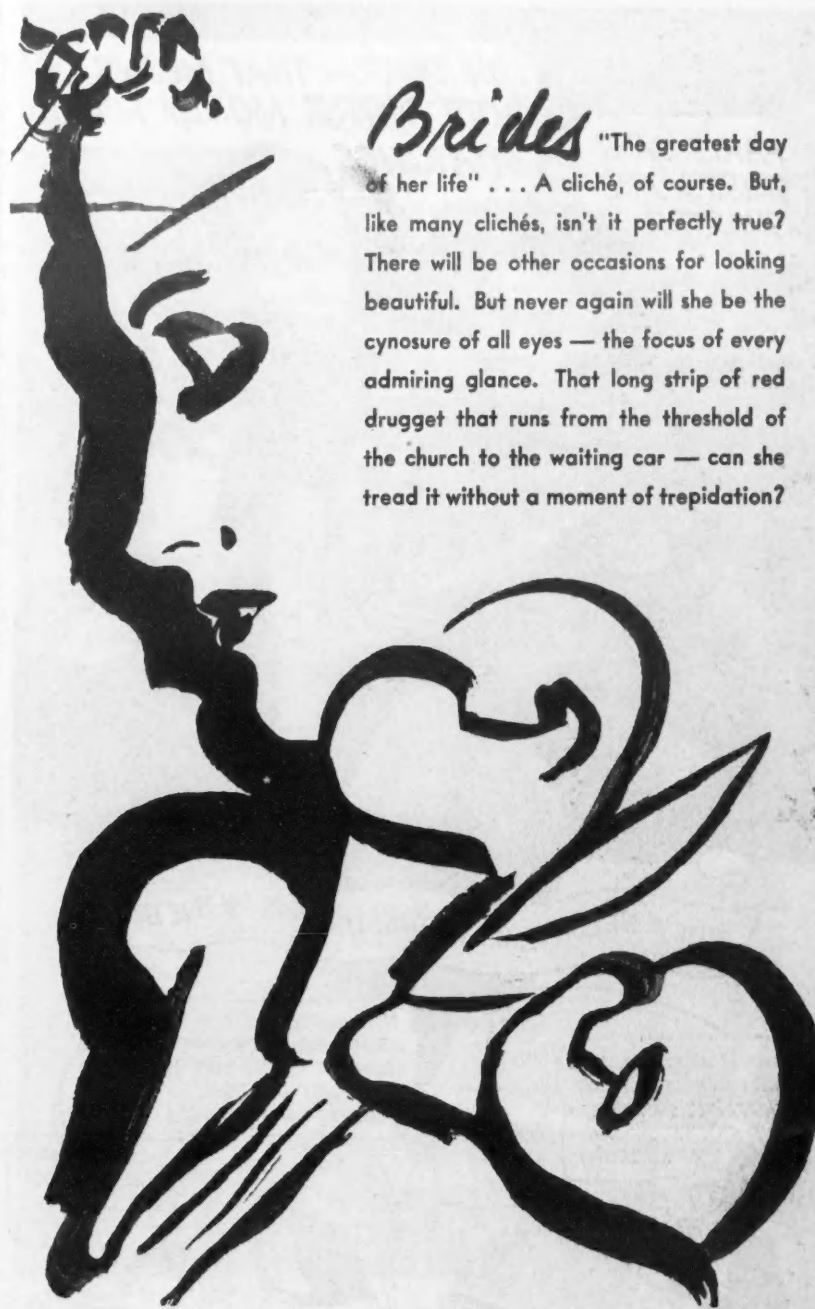
Mattress Covers

- Double bed size. . . \$1.30
- Twin bed size. . . 1.20

THE BRIDAL PROCESSION AT CHURCH

1. Bridegroom enters with best man from front vestry.
2. Ushers go up the aisle first.
3. Bridesmaids follow by twos from back of Church.
4. Maid of honor comes next.
5. Matron of honor follows her.
6. Then comes the flower girl.
7. Last the bride enters on her father's left arm. At the altar her father turns his daughter over to the waiting groom.

Brides "The greatest day of her life" . . . A cliché, of course. But, like many clichés, isn't it perfectly true? There will be other occasions for looking beautiful. But never again will she be the cynosure of all eyes — the focus of every admiring glance. That long strip of red drugget that runs from the threshold of the church to the waiting car — can she tread it without a moment of trepidation?



She can, and she will be lovely always, for

she is a regular visitor to the Elizabeth Arden Salon and continues the good work in her own home — cleansing her skin, night and morning — toning it, to keep it firm — soothing it, to ward off ugly lines . . . The final touch of glamour is provided by Elizabeth Arden's much talked of "New Complexion".

CLEANSING

Ardena Cleansing Cream . . \$1.10 to \$6

SOOTHING

Ardena Velva Cream . . . \$1.10 to \$6
Orange Skin Cream . . . \$1.10 to \$8

TONING

Ardena Skin Tonic 95c to \$15

NEW COMPLEXION

Poudre d'Illusion \$1.90 and \$3
Cameo Illusion Powder . . . \$2 and \$3

Elizabeth Arden

ELIZABETH ARDEN OF CANADA LIMITED, TORONTO

LONDON

NEW YORK

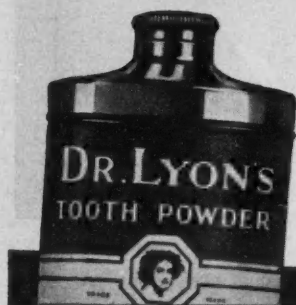
TORONTO

PARIS

Do as your dentist does—



USE POWDER



100% CLEANSING PROPERTIES
Twice that of tooth paste
NO ACID, GRIT OR PUMICE
Cannot possibly injure or scratch the softest enamel
OUTLASTS TOOTH PASTE 2 TO 1

There is nothing known that will clean and polish teeth so quickly and leave them so gleaming white — as **POWDER**.

That is why your dentist, when cleaning your teeth, as you know — always uses powder.

As it is only the powder part of any dentifrice that cleans, a dentifrice that is **ALL POWDER** — just naturally cleans best. Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is **ALL POWDER** — 100% cleansing properties. This is more than twice the cleansing properties of tooth pastes.

Dentists everywhere recommend Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, because — teeth simply cannot remain dull and film coated when it is used. Dr. Lyon's cleans off all stains and polishes the teeth in a harmless and practical way that leaves them sparkling — many shades whiter.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is a special dental powder developed for **HOME USE** by a distinguished

practicing dentist. Free from all acids, grit or pumice, it cannot possibly injure or scratch the softest enamel. Even as a neutralizer in acid mouth conditions, Dr. Lyon's is just as effective as Milk of Magnesia.

Dr. Lyon's keeps your teeth **REALLY CLEAN** and clean teeth mean — firm, healthy gums and the least possible tooth decay. It leaves your teeth feeling so much cleaner, your mouth so refreshed, and your breath so sweet and pure.

Brush your teeth with Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder regularly — consult your dentist periodically — and you will be doing **ALL** that you can possibly do to protect your teeth.

Once you use powder you will never go back to tooth paste. Thousands are switching to Dr. Lyon's daily.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is not only doubly efficient, but it costs only half as much to use. Even a small package lasts twice as long as a tube of tooth paste.

DR. LYON'S TOOTH POWDER

MADE IN CANADA



SUGGESTIONS FOR A MEDIUM PRICED TROUSSEAU

THE OLD-FASHIONED hope chest had its points. You accumulated stuff for years and when the wedding day rolled around you were pretty well stocked up on the so-much-of-these-and-those that were the backbone of the trousseau. Today it's oftener a flurry of fittings and shopping, a round of linen hunting and blanket buying.

And nowadays trousseaus, like everything else, are budgeted. Set within certain limits, anyway. If you're having a moderately priced one, it may be difficult to know just how much one needs of things, and what, approximately, should be spent on them. So *Chatelaine's* Fashion Editor offers you here a suggested guide for your trousseau buying. Go over the list carefully, make allowances for your own budget and your already acquired wardrobe and linens and silver, and then fill in the blanks. The prices offered are in all cases simply suggested amounts, not at all actual prices of actual things. But you'll find that almost anywhere in Canada you can get the listed article somewhere around the listed price.

And the clothes suggested, are, of course, just by way of example. I hope you'll find the list useful.

- 3 Afternoon dresses, one a print, two plain, one fairly tailored and dark, the other not so tailored, and light—suggest turquoise, rose, etc. . . . \$13.00 \$20.00 \$30.00
- 1 Light-weight wool dress, tailored. . . . \$16.00-\$17.00
- 1 Boucle suit. . . . \$20.00-\$29.50
- 1 Evening dress, very formal and with jacket; or an evening dress and extra dinner dress. . . . \$16.00-\$35.00
- 1 Evening wrap, either long or three-quarter length, with full back. . . . \$29.75 (without fur)
- 1 Plain coat, suitable for wearing over dresses or suits. . . . \$25.00 up

- 1 Tailored suit. . . . \$25.00 up
- Sweaters. . . . \$2.98 up
- Blouses. . . . \$2.98 up
- Skirts—plain or plaid. . . . \$2.98, \$3.98, \$4.98
- Jacket—plain—to wear with plaid or tweed skirt. . . . \$6.00

Accessories

Make some color the centre in order that you may be able to wear the same accessories with all your daytime clothes. By all means have coat and suit in the same color, or different tones of the same color.

- Shoes to match evening dress. . . . \$7.50 up
- Walking shoes with cuban heel. . . . \$6.00, \$7.50, \$10.00, \$12.00
- High-heeled shoes, pumps, etc. . . . \$5.00, \$7.50, \$10.00, \$12.00
- Hats—2—tailored and plain, to be worn with suits and tailored dress. \$5.00, \$7.50
- 1 Ultra smart hat to be worn with other dresses. . . . \$7.50
- 1 Leather bag—color of coat and suit. \$4.95
- 1 Evening bag, quite plain. . . . \$2.95 up
- Evening gloves—kid or suede. \$4.50, \$6.00
- 1 Pr. fairly wearable gloves, such as peccary or string. . . . \$2.50, \$4.50
- 1 Pr. plain pull-ons, suede or kid. . . . \$2.50, \$3.50
- 6 Prs. hose (daytime wear). . . . \$1.00 a pair
- 2 Pr. evening hose. . . . \$1.50 a pair

Lingerie, Mules, etc.

Bridal set in satin or crepe as follows:

- Gown, trimmed with white or ecru lace. . . . \$4.00
- Slip to match. . . . 3.00
- Pantie set. . . . 3.00
- Teddy. . . . 3.00
- Pyjamas. . . . 5.00
- 3 Gowns, each. . . . 4.00
- 4 Pantie sets, 2 at \$2.98 and 2 at \$1.98
- 3 Slips. . . . \$2.00 and \$3.00

TAKE IT IN ANOTHER NOTCH

That's what summer styles say about your belt . . . and your waistline generally. You'll find your sport things fitted, if they're smart



Slacks are Sleeker

Look at the molding through the hipline. See how much more carefully it is done than it was last year? Slide-fasteners help to make the waistline snugger than ever before—and the blouse or sweater conforms too. It has lines—not looseness. An uplift bandeau and a pantie girdle would be a help, under cover.



Princess Lines for the Beaches

Even your bathing suit snugs around the waist—here's one of the latest with a princess line and therefore close-fitting diaphragm silhouette. The bust is molded almost like a dress—and often as not you'll have it in cotton or some such fabric that clings when wet. The beach coat, too, if you wear one, will be slenderly molded to your figure. For this one you'll be able to get a well-made brassiere built into your suit—or the kind you can wear underneath, non-showing. And if you're really a bit heavy about the hips and yet want to unfold like a flower in the sun, come summer, get a rubber pantie girdle for wear under your suit.



Sportswear is Snugger

That's because of the peasant line. The more you go in for peasant lines, so good this season, the more carefully you want to point out that it's just a disguise. So you make your figure very ladylike, indeed. Sportswear is softly fitted, often with princess lines, or full-skirted, tight-waisted. A soft, comfortable girdle of elastic fabric, with perhaps a light boning over the abdomen, will be your best bet for a foundation. Try a long-line brassiere—or if you like it, a soft all-in-one garment.



Jackets are Waistline Conscious

They're shorter and snugger, these brief coats that will pay so important a rôle in the summer sport picture. See the high revers and high pockets? Both accentuate the bustline. And a nipped-in waistline is an outstanding feature. You'll find your bolero centres attention on the waistline, too—and accentuates the hips. Wear a high-waisted girdle to get the tight waist effect.

*I was Never
So Comfortable*

... AND I'M TELLING YOU
NOTHING CAN COMPARE TO THE
3-WAY PROTECTION OF KOTEX

Morning at the Club—

① CAN'T CHAFE

The sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft downy cotton to prevent chafing and irritation. Thus Wondersoft Kotex provides lasting comfort and freedom. But sides only are cushioned—the center surface is free to absorb.



Then out for dinner

② CAN'T FAIL

By actual test Kotex absorbs many times its own weight in moisture! A special "Equalizer" center guides moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives "body" but not bulk—prevents twisting and roping.

③ CAN'T SHOW

The rounded ends of Kotex are flattened and tapered to provide absolute invisibility. Even the sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown, reveals no tell-tale lines or wrinkles.

3 TYPES OF KOTEX
ALL AT THE SAME LOW PRICE

Regular, Junior and Super—for
different women, different days.

"They go together"

QUEST and KOTEX. Quest is the new positive deodorant powder for sanitary napkins . . . Buy it with Kotex.

KOTEX BELTS—to make Kotex comfort complete. Narrow, adjustable, pinless.

AND NOW KURB—New discovery that offers relief for regular pain and for other pains. Smart, handy, container that can be carried in purse.

**WONDERSOFT
KOTEX**



BUT IT NEEDN'T, MRS. BROWN! LISTEN IN ON THIS STORY



Saves stocking elasticity
—cuts down RUNS



Crisis at Eleven

(Continued from page 16)

boys simply absorbed life through their brown and freckled skins. No wonder, thought Herbert Dutton, that he had been unable to remember his own first solemn conversation with his own father. In plain English, it had made no impression.

He cut off short with Toddy. He said: "That's fine, son. I—well, I'm glad you know as much as you do. Just keep your head, that's all. Don't be dared into doing anything you think isn't right, and you'll be okay."

It was only then that Toddy's father remembered Smirpy Smith. The recollection was a jolt. If boys absorbed things from other boys—well, there was still a job of talking to be done.

Said Herbert Dutton then, carefully: "Anything you want to ask me, Tod? I mean is there anything you want to get off your chest?"

Toddy's active toe began boring more actively into the rug.

"Did you hear me, Tod?"

"Y-yes, sir." The eyes remained down.

"Don't worry, youngster. After all, I'm your old man. If you can't talk to me who can you talk to?"

"That's right," said Toddy, addressing his busy toe.

"Well, son, what is it? You know you don't have to pull your punches when you're talking alone with me. Let's have it. Is it—is it something to do with your friend Smirpy Smith?"

The bowed head nodded a just perceptible affirmation.

"Something you're finding a little hard to tell about, Tod?"

Another barely perceptible nod.

A warmth flooded through Herbert Dutton. Whatever Toddy's problem was, it was going to be unbothered to him and to him alone. At last he was going to be able to fill the part of a father in the truest and finest sense of the word. He reached out instinctively to draw Toddy close. Momentarily he held him so, the sturdy little body warm against his breast, and the moment was precious.

"Now let's have it, Tod."

The boy gulped, wavered. "W-well, dad, it's been bothering me quite a lot."

A long pause.

"I—I didn't want to tell mom."

Another pause.

"She wouldn't understand," Toddy added then.

Herbert Dutton smiled affectionately. This, definitely, was going to be man-to-man stuff. Whatever it proved to be, he knew he would be able to help. He said carefully, "Maybe you're right, Toddy. Maybe she wouldn't understand."

Toddy eyed his father bleakly. "It—it's sort of serious, dad."

"Shoot," said Herbert Dutton, and held the boy close again.

"Well, you see Smirpy says—well, all the fellas say the same thing, only Smirpy started it—"

"Keep it coming, Toddy. The way to get something off your chest is to get it off your chest."

Toddy braced himself visibly. As his father had done earlier he caught in a long breath, held it, finally expelled it.

"I've been scared, dad. I mean—"

"Keep it coming, Tod." Herbert Dutton patted his son's small hip.

"Well, Smirpy says—" Abruptly the words burst out in a flood. "Smirpy says a quarter allowance isn't enough up there, on account there's an ice cream place across the lake. So, dad, while I'm up there at camp—just for the two weeks—can I have fifty cents a week? Gee, dad, I wouldn't ask you except this is special."

Canadian Radio Stars say—CHOOSE YOUR MAKEUP BY THE COLOUR OF YOUR EYES!



"WONDERFUL EFFECT"

Says Blue-eyed BILLIE BELL, CBC Star. "At Last! Makeup that matches" . . . Face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow and mascara, all keyed to your personality colour, the colour that never changes . . . the colour of your eyes.



"SENSIBLE"

Says Brown-eyed JEAN HAIG, National Radio Artist. "It is a natural makeup . . . one that glorifies you." No longer does your rouge fight your powder and lipstick. Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup is a complete ensemble of makeup that matches.



"GORGEOUS"

Says Blue-eyed KATHLEEN KIDD, famous CBC actress. Glamorous stars of stage, screen and radio, those who know the value of beauty, enthusiastically welcome this improved scientific method of makeup. Nine out of ten women who have tried Eye-Matched Makeup, say it makes them lovelier.

Ask at your own drug or department store . . . they'll recommend Marvelous, the Eye-Matched Makeup . . . tell you to buy the Dresden type face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow, mascara if your eyes are blue; Patrician type, if they're gray; Parisian type for brown; Continental type for hazel. Full size packages, 65c each.



65c EACH

MARVELOUS
The Eye-Matched Makeup
by RICHARD HUDNUT
OF CANADA



Bare-backed and
light-headed . . .
That's your cue
for a gay and
golden summer



Here Comes
the Sun!

Can You
Take It?



Colorful, easy-to-make
sport and sunning togs
that will get you ready
for happy days by land
and sea.

These are Chatelaine pat-
terns and may be ordered
from leading stores or
direct from Chatelaine Pat-
tern Service, 481 University
Ave., Toronto, Ont. When
ordering, give the number,
size and style desired.
Price of patterns 15 cents.
Patterns described on page
87.

A Girl Who Gets Around

Will find a selection like this very, very useful for her summer fun and games. Cheap, too. And it's a neat little wardrobe for that important two-weeks-of-adventure. It has a gay feeling that makes it perfect holiday togger.

Why not use navy as your basic color throughout for daytime? Take the jigger-coat suit, for instance. The shoes, scarf, gloves and hatband might be done in navy, effectively, with a dress of hyacinth or forget-me-not or Lido blue. The two blue shades are extra good. And if you're given to a sense of gipsying, have a hankie in that cool, fresh orange ice shade, or in raspberry, with your scarf dotted to match. Then there's the afternoon frock, neatly sashed and collared in polka dots. Why not the frock in navy and the sash, collar and cuffs navy polka dotted in white? Shoes and, if necessary, bag, gloves and hat will go with both. But the turban is sweet, isn't it?

The dance frock is in the new Schiaparelli ankle length — full skirted and puff sleeved. Just the thing to panic them at the country club or the lakeside inn. That's the nicest thing about it — its versatility. And it takes to a soft ninon or a crisp marquisette or one of those gay dotted muslins or cottons with equal charm. Make it in the softest, loveliest blue or in flame or raspberry. And remember, yellow is a favorite. Or do it in violet and green.

And just to complete your outfit — here's your summer sleep suit as well. Make it of cool, gay stuff — and wear it for lounging as well.



930



921



929



786



These are Chatelaine patterns and may be ordered from leading stores or direct from Chatelaine Pattern Service, 481 University Ave., Toronto, Ont. When ordering, give the number, size and style desired. Price of patterns 15 cents. Patterns described on page 87.

It's their Birthday.. *but Your Gift!*



Photograph
copyrighted by
NEA Service,
Inc.

Mothers—ACCEPT THIS "DIONNE BIRTHDAY BOOK"

THE whole world shares a thrill of joy as those darling Dionne babies toddle past their *third* milestone—"Bigger and better than ever"!

"Lysol" disinfectant celebrates with a birthday gift to *you!* Dr. Dafoe's own thrilling story of the methods used in bringing up his five famous little wards. Illustrated with many of their most appealing photographs! *Free* to users of Lysol.

Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe talks to mothers on the radio (Columbia network and CFRB Toronto) every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning. This is the only book containing the important information he has broadcast, and many additional facts of fascinating interest.

Since the day the Quins were born, May 28, 1934, "Lysol" has been the only disinfectant used to help keep their surroundings *hygienically clean* . . . one of

the important measures directed toward the prevention of Infection. Are you taking this simple, but scientific, precaution in the care of your *own* baby?

You owe it to your family's welfare to keep their surroundings *hygienically clean* with "Lysol" disinfectant. Use "Lysol" in *all* your household cleaning. Add "Lysol" to the laundry tub for washing towels, bedding, handkerchiefs, etc., especially when there is sickness about. "Lysol" adds no work; hardly any cost—because it is highly concentrated. Get "Lysol" *to-day* and keep your home "Hospital-clean".



FREE!

To everyone sending in a panel from a "Lysol" carton and coupon below, we will mail a copy of Dr. Dafoe's book absolutely free and postpaid. Send for your copy to-day!

LYSOL (Canada) Limited, Dept. B-6,
9 Davies Avenue, Toronto 8, Canada.

I am enclosing a panel from "Lysol" carton. Please send me a FREE copy of The Dionne Birthday Book—"The Country Doctor Talks to Women".

Name.....

Street.....

City.....Prov.....

YOUTH IS ONLY AN OUTLOOK



920



923



931

And we've picked out a young wardrobe for the sort of woman who doesn't let her clothes or her ideas get frumpish, just because she's got some sons and daughters in collegiate or university. For sport, we'd suggest the linen suit, 920, done in that lovely fady sort of blue with a darker shade belt and hat and bag. Or in pale yellow, for goodness sake, with burgundy for accessories. It's one of the most stunning of the season's combinations. Then there's a second softer version, for your club or shopping or dining. Make it in navy with white polka dots—or are you up to brown with yellow or a purply red with onion skin? Why not in one of the nice sheers—a soft net or a sheer crepe—And you might wear a crisp piqué scarf instead of the dotted one.

This definitely afternoon frock for warm summer days—Number 923 is ideal for afternoon teeing and bridging. Get it in a pastel cotton with a piqué or organdie bow and you'll find you can feel gay and giddy without looking in the least kittenish. It would be lovely in linen, too . . . you might try it in a pale green with bottle green gloves and hat or with brown and beige. The summer dinner, dancing or evening gown, 931, would be distinctively smart in black net or organza with a white figure. Or are you the type to wear it in cornflower blue chiffon over deep beet-red slip? It's a striking combination. Purply reds are being worn with mint green, too—and looking very gay. Or it would be very graceful in a black Chantilly lace, and if you want to be especially festive, do a border of deep cyclamen pink and pale green net around the bottom.

These styles are Chatelaine Patterns. They may be obtained from stores in most cities, or direct from the Chatelaine Pattern Service, 481 University Avenue, Toronto. Back views and material requirements appearing on page 87.

edge of Canadian politics, but I learned from my husband, that almost coincident with the discovery of gold in the Klondike, in 1896, there had come a change in Dominion Government, that, after eighteen years in opposition, the Liberals had come into power. They hailed this new Eldorado as a God-given opportunity to place many of the eager office and job seekers—the usual camp followers of political upheavals. Then, far more than now, it was: "To the victor belong the spoils."

At first, the government was in the hands of the North West Mounted Police and administered by Major Thomas Morro Walsh. Well they fulfilled their task. They made short shrift of the criminal element, in marked contrast to the uncontrollable lawlessness of Alaska.

In 1898, by Dominion Act of Parliament, the Yukon Territory was created. It comprised a tract of land, over two hundred thousand square miles, that portion of the North West Territories bounded on the north by the Arctic Ocean, south by the province of British Columbia, east by the height of land between the Yukon and the Mackenzie rivers, and west by Alaska. This "Yukon Act" also provided for the establishment of a territorial government consisting of a Commissioner, appointed by the Dominion Government, a position similar to that of Lieutenant-Governor, and an appointed council of ten, inclusive of the chief officials of the Territory—the Gold Commissioner, Senior Judge of the territorial court, Registrar Land Titles, Comptroller and Officer Commanding North West Mounted Police.

During the War the office of Commissioner was merged with that of Gold Commissioner, and today, the council is composed of three elected councillors from the districts of Dawson, Whitehorse and Mayo—the reduction in numbers due, of course, to the decline in population.

Establishing this first civil government meant the letting of numerous contracts for erection of public buildings—post offices, courthouses, administration buildings and an elaborate government house at Dawson. Soon a Commissioner and large staff were installed, with fitting pomp and considerable expense.

This official residence, situated on a prominent site, at the confluence of the rivers, was a splendid specimen of "contractor's art," and was one of the sights of the country. It was ornate to the superlative degree, loaded with fancy fretwork of fantastic design. On either side of the third story were great boxlike ornaments, which in those days were derisively called "ballot boxes," in reference to alleged ballot box frauds. (Following a fire, some years later, the house was remodelled somewhat after the colonial style.)

I often used to walk by this mansion and deplore that only the prosperous and important were entertained there. I wished that its doors were thrown wider—open to the real makers of the Yukon—the miners, prospectors, and other folk, who had sacrificed so much and had so few comforts or lovely possessions. Little did I think the time would come when I should see this wish fulfilled, that I, as chatelaine of Government House, should have the power to carry it out.

THE YEAR George Black and I were married, 1904, the country was in the throes of another bitter election campaign. The local Liberals were divided into two camps, the notorious "Tabs" and the "Steam-Beers," so named because their leader was the president of a brewing company. This independent wing of the Liberal party joined with the Conservatives, to form an "Independent" party to oppose the election of the leader of the Tabs.

A local newspaper disclosed a plot of the Tab tactics to win the election. This was to post voters' lists for public inspection, a short time before election day, and later to revise them, striking off enough names of opposing voters to guarantee their victory. There ensued a terrific row. It was

"open season" for hunting enumerators. A committee of two well-known citizens was appointed to get in touch with the senior judge of the territory, who had appointed the enumerators. The returning-officer was rounded up. An angry and excited mob followed the three down the street. Suddenly a rope was produced and the crowd seized the ashen-faced, trembling returning-officer and quickly slipped it around his neck, to the cries of "String him up! String him up!" They were about to do it, too, on the nearest telegraph pole, but the committee stepped in and told them to "cut out the rough stuff." A number of enumerators fled, with their lists, to the Mounted Police Barracks for protection from the now thoroughly aroused public.

A larger committee was appointed—clergymen, lawyers, doctors, merchants and miners. Things reached such a crisis that one of the clergymen said to the Commanding Officer of the Mounted Police: "When I came to the North I brought along a rifle and a lot of ammunition. I have that rifle hanging on the wall of my study in good condition. I have ammunition. If it becomes necessary, I'll take that rifle down and use it. There are hundreds of men on the creeks, just waiting for a telephone message to come to town and bring their rifles; so don't think this is a bluff." For weeks a guard of Mounted Police patrolled the residence of the nervous senior judge.

The combined "Steam-Beers" and "Tories" elected their candidate with a big majority. The back of the ring was broken and since then the government of the Yukon has been "spotless," compared with the days when the Tabs ruled the land.

As my husband was going in for a political career, I stood ready to do my womanly bit, which meant cooking meals for his supporters, and attending political meetings. In the ensuing years, he was elected to the Yukon Council three times, once by acclamation.

In his political career my husband lost only two elections. Every election night we were at home to our friends, who were invited by a newspaper notice. From two to four hundred came—supporters to rejoice and even nonsupporters to commiserate. I prepared for two days—cooked hams, chickens and turkeys for real "he-man" sandwiches. Even today I'd hate to put a plate of decorated, one-bite, open-faced sandwiches of the fashionable kind before a sourdough. I never could survive his dirty look! I made gallons of salads, dozens of cakes, and quarts of punch, "wet" and "dry."

DURING THIS period of my life, and for years afterward, we, as a family, regularly spent two to four weeks each spring and fall shooting and fishing. Rolled in our sleeping bags or fur rugs, we slept on bough beds, in the open in fine weather, under cover when it was raining. We did our own cooking, replenishing our larder with the fish we caught, or the wild fowl or big game we shot. Generally we pitched our main camp on the bank of some stream, and from there travelled up and down in our canvas canoes.

On one of these trips I actually shot my first bear. It was not a large bear, nevertheless it was a bear, and I was inordinately proud. After returning to town, a friend was having tea with me. She congratulated me on my accomplishment, and as Donald entered the room, said to him: "Aren't you proud that your mother really killed a bear?"

"Oh, I dunno; it was a mangy old thing that no one else wanted."

His answer was true—the pelt wasn't much good.

BY 1910 the golden days of the Yukon began to wane. The gold fever had worn itself out. The population dwindled to six or seven thousand.

During the winter season there was comparatively little law work, and my husband decided we should go "outside" for

BEFORE RETURNING TO LONDON FOR THE CORONATION

THE BEAUTIFUL, YOUNG *Duchess OF Leinster*



*Tells you how
she cares for her
glamorously clear,
smooth skin*



Her Grace—one of the three Premier Duchesses in the British Isles—in the white satin Court gown she wears under her Coronation robe. "A treatment with Pond's Cold Cream is more than a cleansing. It makes my skin feel invigorated and look brighter. I use Pond's Cold Cream night and morning."

Snapped at the Ritz-Carlton during the Duchess's recent visit on this side.

SHE stands for hours in Westminster Abbey the day of the Coronation, in a robe of velvet and ermine—jewels flashing from coronet and necklace—her lovely skin clear and luminous against its brilliant setting.

Of all the peeresses in attendance, none is lovelier than the slender, young Duchess of Leinster.

During her recent visit on this side, the Duchess said: "Pond's Cold Cream is a complete facial treatment. I use it for the most important occasions."

The Duchess follows this daily method:—

Every night, smooth on Pond's Cold Cream. As it softens and releases dirt, make-up and skin secretions—wipe them all off.

Now pat in more Pond's Cold Cream—briskly, till the circulation stirs. Your skin feels invigorated.

Every morning (and before make-up) repeat... Your skin is smooth for powder—fresh, vital looking!

Day and night, this rousing Pond's treatment does more than clean your skin. It invigorates it. Fights blemishes, lines, coarse pores. Get a jar today. Soon see your skin growing lovelier!

Send for SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

Pond's Extract Company of Canada, Ltd., Dept. CF, 90 Brock Ave., Toronto, Ontario. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ Province _____
Made in Canada All rights reserved by Pond's Extract Co. of Canada, Ltd.

IT'S TANGY,
IT'S SPICY, IT'S
REFRESHING,

SAYS BEATRICE IMHOFF,
OF LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

A Chicagoan, Miss Imhoff was
chosen "Miss Illinois" by the
American Legion, while in High
School.

A WORKING GIRL
CAN CERTAINLY
APPRECIATE ITS
ECONOMY,

SAYS IDA VOLLMAR
OF LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

She is a New York girl with natural
blonde hair. Fond of dancing and
badminton.

When are you going to give your teeth the *Beauty Bath* New York models use?

You'll have a treat—an entirely new and delightful experience—when you use Listerine Tooth Paste. Fragrant, tangy, milky white, refreshing as a shower . . . such is the solution that sweeps your mouth and teeth when you employ this dainty dentifrice.

So noticeable are its beautifying effects that exotic New York models—the most critical of tooth paste users—call Listerine Tooth Paste their beauty bath for teeth. One after another, with unrestrained enthusiasm, they declare it gives to teeth a radiant flash and brilliance, a lasting whiteness that ordinary dentifrices do not match. Why not lay aside the dentifrice you are now using and try this modern beauty treatment?

Buy a tube today and see what an improvement it makes in the looks of your teeth. In two big economical sizes, 25¢ and 40¢. LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO. (CANADA) LTD., Toronto, Ont.

Now, a SOAPLESS tooth powder!



More than 1/4 POUND of tooth paste in the
double size tube 40¢ • Regular size tube • 25¢

MADE IN CANADA

My Seventy Years

(Continued from page 22)

Together we studied the birds, canoed and tramped far and wide, as he photographed our feathered friends—with fine results. We learned their migratory habits, followed their flights, and there is no finer place in all the world, than the Valley of the Yukon, to see birds at their best, especially in the spring, in their new and beautiful dresses, ready to make love, go housekeeping, and raise a family.

WHAT WONDERFUL times we had! So fond did the boys become of our new friend, that they began to ask: "Mother, when are you going to marry Mr. Black?" and I would answer: "Did George Black give you two-bits today?"

For once in my life I let my head govern my heart. It took me two years to make up my mind.

We were married on August 1, 1904, at my home, Mill Lodge, my husband's parents, his uncle, his brother, and my boys, and a very few dear friends, being present at the wedding.

My wedding dress, made by Redfern, New York, was a very beautiful creation of pearl grey velvet, and I laugh to myself now as I recall it. The floor-length skirt, lined with blush pink silk, was gathered into a sixteen-inch yoke, with rows and rows of shirring, and fell in a short train. The high-necked bodice was fashioned with a lace yoke over blush pink silk, the leg-of-mutton sleeves being fastened tightly at the wrist with trimming of lace and pink silk piping. I carried a "granny muff" of flat pink roses, with long loops of pale pink chiffon reaching almost to the floor, while cosily nestled among the roses were three small birds, one white, one pink and one pale lemon. I wore a Merry Widow hat made entirely of pink roses, raised at the left side with a bandeau, on which were three little birds, like those on the muff. It all sounds too ridiculous now, but at the time the outfit was thought to be very swanky.

Among other dresses in my trousseau, was a white panne velvet, made in princess style, with puffed sleeves; low on the shoulders, and finished with a fichu of real lace that had trimmed mother's wedding gown. I shall never forget wearing it for the first time at the "Bal Poudre" in Dawson, that winter of 1904. I had powdered my hair, built it high on my head with innumerable puffs, painted my cheeks and lips, besides using several black patches and carrying an old-fashioned tiny lace fan that had belonged to grandmother. As I entered the hall, Madame Bergholz, mother of the U. S. Consul in Dawson, sitting next to Mrs. Wood, wife of Col. Z. T. Wood, O.C. the R.C.M.P. in the Yukon, said: "What a beautiful woman! Who is she?" and receiving the reply, "Why, that's Mrs. George Black," remarked, "Impossible! I've known her for years." Mrs. Wood thought the joke too good to keep, and passed it on to me.

Early in the fall we moved into Dawson from my place on the river, and settled down in a two-story house which we bought from Herbert Hulme, K.C., who had built it when he took his bride to the Yukon several years before.

From that time on life seemed to flow as easily and normally as it does with the average married couple.

I AM a firm believer in the principle that married couples, from the beginning, should be in complete harmony in religion, in country and in politics. So immediately after my marriage, without any compunction, I became an Anglican, an Imperialist and a Conservative.

Being an American, I had little knowl-



Don't experiment in dyeing BLACK

Be sure of success
with Diamond Dyes

The test of a dye is in the quality of colour it gives. Every woman knows that nothing is so cheap looking as black that is not a true black; that has off-casts of green, bronze or purple. Use only the dye that can give a full, true, even black—Diamond Dyes! No dullness, no off-casts. The reason for Diamond's superior quality of colour is that it is richer in the finest aniline dye-stuff obtainable. And they're so easy to use—no soapy scum even in hard water. Don't experiment. Ensure success by using Diamond Dyes!

DIAMOND DYES

MADE IN CANADA

Natural Loveliness is the VOGUE today

• Be naturally colorful, but avoid that "made-up" look. Accentuate your own individual coloring in your lips, cheeks, and skin. The Color Change Principle available in Tangee lipstick, powder, and rouge brings out your own natural coloring—makes you lovelier—more appealing.



Begin Today to Be Lovelier

Tangee your lips—don't paint them. Tangee simply intensifies your own natural coloring.

Because Tangee Face Powder blends with your complexion it makes your skin look smooth, natural—ends that "powdery" look.

Your cheeks must be natural too—Tangee Rouge in Creme or Compact blends with your own skin tones.

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
Ends that painted look

★ 4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP KIT

Palmer's Ltd., 750 Vire Street W., Montreal, Can.
Rush Miracle Make-Up Kit containing miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. Send 15¢ (stamps or coin). C-6-37

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Prov. _____

FOR A TIME I made my headquarters at Field, the little railway village under the frowning dome of Mount Stephen. As I wandered up and down the tracks, I became acquainted with the railwaymen and schedules of way freights. Whenever I wished to be picked up, I signalled them, by placing in the middle of the track a piece of white cotton tied to a stick. At first the men were alarmed at my solitary trips and warned me that I might meet tramps and hobos. But I never met any dangerous individuals. I often shared my lunch with wanderers who seemed to be on the road for the sheer love of it. In this district were wonderful orchids—the rare white cypripedium passerinum, coral root, lady's tresses, calypso and fragrant white bog orchid.

When I left Field, I worked my way down to that world-famed beauty spot, Lake Louise, with its borders and terraces of brilliant-hued Arctic poppies, ranging from purest white to deepest orange, enhancing the grounds of a spacious mountain chalet. Here, I noticed that pansies grew almost as large as in the Yukon, while luscious wild strawberries were an unbelievable size.

Of course, it was but a step to "Banff the Beautiful," where I remained many weeks, the railway placing at my disposal spacious rooms in its fine hotel that commands a magnificent view of the Spray and Bow rivers. Father joined me here and many delightful tramps we had far and wide over mountain paths. I recall being asked by the railway officials to "look over, and give suggestions for the de luxe camp, prepared for the Rothschilds, miles from any habitation, in the mountain fastnesses. It seemed to me to have every luxury—real beds, collapsible bathtubs, tables, chairs—all toted by pack ponies.

SUMMER WANED, and with the first breath of fall, the hardy goldenrod, purple fleabane and wild aster, followed the golden gaillardia, harebells, orchids and mountain lilies. Soon the mountainsides glowed with gold and red autumn foliage, and it was time to go home.

I had had such a glorious summer that I was eager to pass its joys on to others, to tell them that similar pleasures are within the reach of all. Who does not love flowers? And the mere gathering is the first step in a series of fascinating nature studies. Mothers who are often at their wit's end to keep children busy, should send them picking flowers and show them how to press and mount them. Patience, fresh flowers, absorbent cotton (second grade), blotting paper and cardboard are all that is needed. Here are the directions:

1. Place blotting paper on cardboard and lay flowers between alternate layers of cotton and blotting paper, taking care to tuck tiny wisps of cotton between petals of many-petalled flowers.

2. Press under medium weight.

3. Open in ten or twelve hours, to see if flowers are in good shape. If very moist, replace upper layer of cotton with fresh supply, press again lightly until dry.

4. When flowers are dry, remove all cotton threads with moist finger and thumb, using great care, as dried flowers are fragile and break easily.

5. When pressing lady slippers, stuff pouch with tiny wad of cotton.

6. When preparing to mount flowers, sweep in background of suitable coloring on water-color paper.

7. Study flowers with a view to using a wash that will best bring out the natural colors of the flowers.

8. Paste flowers on card, with paste made from flour, to which may be added one-fifth mucilage, and a liberal amount of salt.

9. Wash in shadows to make flowers stand out.

10. Cover with maline, pink, white or yellow, and your "artistic flower" will be ready for the mat and frame.

11. In making score or place cards, maline is unnecessary, but narrow, bright-colored ribbons add to the effect and general beauty.

My summer's work brought an offer from the Belgian Government to do similar work for it. This would have meant spending three years in that country, and at the time I did not feel that I could break up my home and leave my growing boys so, with reluctance, I declined the offer.

In 1924 and 1925 I prepared other exhibits for the Canadian Pacific Railway, which they sent to the Wembley Exhibition.

WHEN I RETURNED to Vancouver, I found my husband in the throes of the Dominion election campaign—the famous Reciprocity election of 1911, when the Laurier Government went down to defeat on that issue. George, himself, was not running, but he was stumping up and down the country, working night and day for the Conservative party, and "Harry" Stevens, who ran, and was elected for Vancouver Centre.

Echoes of the issue of this approaching campaign had reached me in Banff, when father was visiting us. He had received a letter from Uncle Charles Morse, saying:

"There is an election campaign on in Canada. The Government is advocating reciprocity between Canada and the United States. We have halted our building in Montreal and will do nothing in Toronto until after the election, for if reciprocity goes through it will not be necessary to carry on in Canada."

(Little did I think then that this letter, a quarter of a century later, would become the governing factor in my recent decision to vote against the Reciprocity Bill in the Canadian House of Commons.)

In 1912, George was appointed Commissioner of the Yukon Territory, and we were delighted to return to the North, to live again in the country we loved so well. Looking over my journal of this period, I find:

"A public reception was tendered us a few days after our arrival, and was a huge success. Almost a thousand people attended—and they say Dawson is on the down grade!"

I enjoyed my four years as chatelaine of the Commissioner's residence. It was a spacious sixteen-roomed house, with large drawing-room, reception and living rooms, kitchen, pantry, etc., on the first floor; bedrooms and writing room on the second, and, on the third, billiard room and servants' quarters. We had a staff of butler, cook, upstairs maid, gardener and assistant. As no money had been allowed for renovation for years, we found, on taking over the place, that it was badly run-down. Actually there were cracks in the kitchen and attic, so large that one could see outside. But I was soon heart and soul in the fixing of it.

A few weeks after our arrival we gave our first public reception and it lasted from 8 p.m. until the last guest departed at 5 a.m. Almost six hundred attended. I had made up my mind that this beautiful "house of the people" should be open to all who wished to come. Again I quote from my journal written at the time:

"No one must think that either George or I will ever forget our friends of '98."

Preparing for an indefinite number of guests, with no precedent to guide me, was an anxious bit of organizing, the only help from George being: "Madam, you run the house the way you like; but see that you have plenty to eat and drink."

Very much to the disapproval of our German cook, and the ill-concealed amusement of the butler, I gave orders for two thousand sandwiches, forty cakes, twenty gallons of sherbet, and the same quantity of salad. Some friends helped me make twenty pounds of homemade candy, and there were the "makings" of gallons of punch. I insisted that my orders be carried

L I G H T E R T H A N W A T E R

MORE FLASHING than ever, brief and sleek in the one-piece suits, modest and dignified in the two and three-piece garments.

They add a new sensation to swimming, the unretarded glide, . . . dry comfort for sun bath and beach sports . . . yielding crinkled texture in combinations of color and white . . . lovely in Coronation gold, glowing in St. James rose . . . keen in Windsor red, charming in Royal blue, matching Aristo bathing caps and beach bags . . . and Aristo Drizzle Capes in pastel and coronation shades.

Other Aristo lines as carefully designed . . . household aprons and gloves, shampoo capes, Aristo vulcanized clothing, Aristo bridge table covers. Aristo baby pants, crib sheets and nipples.

ARISTO
Rubber Swim Suits
The Canadian General Rubber Co., Limited
Galt, Ontario

Dear Betty -

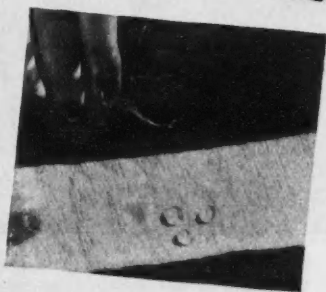
Remember our conversation the other day? Here's something I just found which tells why Modess is so much softer and safer than those pads you've been in the habit of buying!

Read this, my girl! See what you've been missing by not buying Modess!

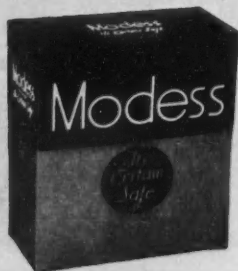
R. H.



Look at the fluffy, soft-as-down filler in a Modess pad! Compare it with that of any ordinary pad! It's easy to see why Modess never becomes harsh and rasping in use... why it doesn't chafe!



And—test the moisture-proof backing inside the Modess pad! Drop some water on it. See why Modess is called the "Certain-Safe" napkin. Wear side marked by a blue thread away from the body and sure protection is yours.



Modess
SANITARY NAPKINS
Softer! Safer!

a year, while he studied and took the law examinations on the local statutes in British Columbia.

In 1909 we went to Vancouver, and during 1910 and 1911, I went on one of the happiest missions of my life: gathering wild flowers for the Canadian Pacific Railway.

It was my Yukon wild flower work that was responsible for this commission to gather and mount wild flowers of British Columbia, for exhibition purposes in Canadian Pacific Railway stations and hotels.

My love of wild flowers had led me to study their habits and haunts. I was always thrilled with the finding of new specimens. It became my hobby to press and mount them on water-color backgrounds, calling this pursuit "artistic botany"—for in no way do I claim to be a scientific botanist. Friends became interested in my work and began to bring all kinds of flowers to me. Women's gatherings—teas, sewing meetings, clubs—asked me to give talks, which I soon found were more appealing when illustrated.

A great impetus was given my zeal, when the Yukon Government offered a prize of two hundred dollars for the best exhibit of native flowers. I worked for months preparing one, in which I assembled four hundred and sixty-four varieties. I planned to show as many specimens of the far North as I could; to demonstrate what could be done with them from an artistic standpoint; and to stress the scientific angle, by mounting whole plants with roots exposed. I made a harp of four-leaf clovers, with strings of the finest grass; "Odd Fellows" links of canary creeper; and a heart of pink and white immortelles. I was frankly pleased with my lovely display, and evidently the judges were, for I won the prize money. The exhibit was taken to the Seattle fair, in 1909, where it received much notice and advertised Yukon flora far and wide.

After we moved to Vancouver, one day I had as a luncheon guest, Mrs. Hayter Reed, well known for her work in the interior decorating of Canadian Pacific hotels and chalets, of which her husband was manager. For place cards I had some Yukon pressed flowers, mounted on water-color paper, with pretty ribbon bows. Mrs. Reed admired them and suggested the possibility of assembling floral exhibits for the railway, which she thought would have considerable value in interesting tourists. The idea "clicked," and, after adjusting my household arrangements, I was soon on my way.

Among my many delightful experiences in carrying out this work, was a trip through the Fraser River Canyon, by railway motor, which provides a glorious view in every direction. As I travelled through this stupendous grandeur I was filled with the joy of living, a reverence for the Almighty, the Creator of this wondrous beauty. Unconsciously my lips formed this heartfelt prayer of thankfulness: "Oh, God, how good it is to live! How wonderful are thy creations! How small a thing am I."

I begged my driver to stop a few moments, that I might gather the wild forget-me-nots, the gorgeous yellow buttercups, the dainty harebells and maidenhair fern, growing profusely on the embankments above and below, sometimes in such tiny niches in the rocks that I was filled with amazement that so much beauty could be nourished, seemingly on air.

Along the railway tracks, in countless numbers, were blue, long-stemmed, scented wood violets, putting to shame their California sisters; tiny white violets, their timid, modest growth suggestive of the cloister, and in marked contrast to their brazen yellow brothers, who seemed to scoff at prayers and beads, as they flaunted in the breeze. I have always thought flowers were like human beings. I have often watched the dainty harebells, in their God-given beauty, bending over a little stream, turning their delicate heads from side to side, almost singing with the sheer joy of being.

WHAT AN IMPROVEMENT
Maybelline
DOES MAKE!

Eyes framed by long, dark, luxuriant lashes—twin pools of loveliness! They are yours instantly and easily with Maybelline Mascara, either Solid or Cream form. Here is the very essence of romantic charm.

Maybelline is harmless, tear-proof, non-smarting. Not waxy, beady or gummy. Applies simply, smoothly, gives a natural appearance. Tends to make lashes curl. More than ten million beauty-wise women from Paris to Hollywood use Maybelline regularly. 75c everywhere. Black, Brown or Blue.

Use the smooth Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil and creamy Maybelline Eye Shadow in flattering shades that harmonize with the mascara. Generous introductory sizes of all Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids obtainable at 10c stores.

TODAY—discover this thrilling way to lovelier, more enchanting beauty—with Maybelline—the eye make-up in good taste!

DON'T CUT CUTICLES



This clever new preparation removes tough, dead cuticle without scissors, and at the same time keeps nails flexible and easy to shape. It brings out their natural beauty. It is a cuticle remover, a cuticle oil and a stain remover, all in one.

You may not have time for long, expensive manicures, but with Manicare you simply brush your fingertips a minute a day, to keep nails nice. No hangnails or brittleness. 39¢ at druggists. Double-Size Jar 68c.

Cuticura MANICARE

TO CAMP OR CONTINENT
Wherever You Go... You Need
CASH'S
WOVEN NAMES

So that loss or dispute at home or abroad is impossible. Instantly identifies the owner. Permanent. Neat. Economical. Easily sewn on or quickly attached with Cash's No-So Cement. From your dealer or direct.

TRIAL OFFER: Send 15c for one dozen of your own first name and sample tube No-So Cement.

CASH'S
17 GRIER ST.
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

CASH'S	3 doz - \$1.50	6 doz - \$2.00	NO SO Cement
NAMES	9 doz - \$2.50	12 doz - \$3.00	25¢ a tube

CORNS REMOVED WITH CASTOR OIL

PREPARATION

Say goodbye to dangerous razors and clumsy corn-pads. A new liquid KORN-KING ends pain in 60 seconds. Dries up the peskiest corn, callus or wart. Contains pure castor oil, iodine and camphor. Absolutely safe. Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau. Easy directions in package. 25c bottle saves untold misery. Druggists hand back your money if it fails to remove any corn, callus, or wart.

KORN-KING

HELPS PREVENT
BLACKHEADS
BIG PORES AND
OTHER BLEMISHES

Cuticura's amazing medicinal action helps win and keep skin loveliness. Cuticura Soap deep-cleanses pores, helps refine skin texture. Cuticura Ointment relieves externally caused blemishes, soothes irritation. Each 25c.

CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT

MADE IN CANADA

We Built for the Children

(Continued from page 19)

spread table and friends laughing and talking in the circle of light. Childish heads bent over homework. Father reading his paper in armchair comfort. Spring flowers poking up in the front garden. A swing under the trees. A porch for summer night parties. Leaves for the children to rake in the fall. A dream of home as old as love itself . . . and seemingly hard to do on a small income. But it can be managed. Moderately priced homes need not be ugly. We built a house for our children. We actually got all the things we wanted and it's working out just as we had it planned.

NO PROVISION is made for children in the average house for rent or for sale. Modern kitchens are planned scientifically to make it easy to cook meals, serve them and clear the dishes away afterward. But have you ever seen a house planned to make children—the very reason most of us build homes—comfortable, safe and happy, with as little trouble and work to their mother as possible? Neither had we. So we decided to build a house around our children. They are practically babies now, —seven, five and two—but we visualized for twenty years ahead in building our house and we think it will be as adequate when they are young adults as it is now when they are small.

A playroom close to the kitchen where mother could keep an eye on them—and where they could keep a watchful eye on mother!—seemed to be the first requirement. In this sunny room with its wide windows, both viewing the street, all their belongings are kept, except their clothes, upstairs, and their outdoor toys, in the basement. Toys fill a curtained chest of shelves. A tall chest of shallow drawers holds small toys, drawing equipment, books and all other treasured "junk." A low table and stout kindergarten chairs accommodate the baby and the five-year-old boy, while a higher table provides a writing and drawing space for the school-girl. A couch with cushions and a motor rug lend themselves to the multitudinous demands made of them in "pretend" games.

This playroom has a cupboard with a low shelf to hold outdoor rubbers and house slippers for rainy days. A shelf and rod halfway down enable the small ones to put away their own scarves, mittens, berets, coats and sweaters. A higher shelf and rod keep some things out of the baby's reach. In the cupboard, too, is an opening to the laundry chute so that wet diapers and blankets of a young baby can be deposited quickly in the basement laundry. The downstairs lavatory is just across the hall from the playroom. A low mirror and a bowl at medium height make it possible for them to tidy up for mealtime without help. Drinks of water, cups of water for painting and for "tea" parties, and a cloth to wipe up water accidentally spilled, can all be obtained without bothering the mother busy in the kitchen.

In the early autumn and late spring, when the furnace is out, the playroom and kitchen are easily heated by the kitchen range. When visitors arrive for tea or a meal, our own children and the visitors' children can be entertained and fed in the playroom. This room has easy access to the basement stairs and the children can go down there to ride their tricycles and to play active games. No matter how untidy it is, the playroom can be shut off from the casual caller's view by simply locking the front playroom door, letting the children come and go through the kitchen. I don't know how mothers manage to keep homes neat, and let the children have a good time, when there is no playroom. Except

when Dorothy studies her piano lessons, or David answers the desk telephone for me, or Diane goes in to say goodnight to daddy, there is no real need for the children to use the living room at all except when we all want to be together. When their father is home and is too tired to enjoy the children's hubbub, it is an easy matter to close all downstairs doors, leaving the vacuum of the hallway between father and the noisy children. Both can thus be happy in pursuing their individual moods. Mother pursues hers in the kitchen!

WHEN THE CHILDREN are half grown, we plan still to keep this room for them and their friends. We shall change the furnishings, install a second radio, perhaps, but the room will still be there for their exclusive use when they are home. Perhaps, when they are still older and want to entertain their friends with more formality than the present dining alcove provides, we may make the playroom into a lovely small Colonial dining room with corner cupboards, wainscoting and beautiful wallpaper. It can still be a second living room after mealtime and when the children want to entertain occasionally in the large living room, I'm sure that my husband and myself can have a comfortable, quiet evening in the dining room with our books, papers and radio.

If you study the plan of the house, you will see how ideal the living room with its wide porch and the garden beyond will be for young people's parties (as it is now for our own gatherings). The L-shaped living room is actually large for a house 32 by 26 feet and in effect is even larger. The wall between the living room and the kitchen is composed nearly entirely of cupboards and drawers, all opening both ways. Dishes, silver and linen are put away clean on the kitchen side and taken out for use in the dining alcove, thus facilitating the serving of food when the family entertains.

We haven't a single French door in the house, except that leading from the living room on to the porch. It gives me an uneasy, exposed feeling to be sitting in a room and know myself observed from the hall or another room. I think the children may feel the same way about it when they are entertaining their friends in years to come. We have used Colonial six-panel doors throughout. On the back porch we have closed in the open end to maintain our own and our neighbor's privacy, even though we put a high window in the wall to give more light and air.

Upstairs we have four bedrooms, a sewing room and a bathroom. The little girls' room with its two clothes cupboards—no arguments about belongings when these two are growing up!—is across the hall from the boy's room. The bathroom is of easy access between the two rooms and there is no danger of their falling down the stairs at night. If there is illness, having the rooms so close to the bathroom, should make it easier for us to take care of them. Each cupboard has both high and low hooks and rod so that the children, even now, can hang up their own clothes. There is a laundry chute in the girls' room and a baby's wet things can be easily dropped into the basement.

Every bedroom upstairs has two windows, providing cross ventilation, so that doors may be shut on the family without loss of fresh air. If the younger girl wants a room of her own later, we have a fourth bedroom to use as we wish. In the meantime, it can accommodate guest or maid. It is apart from the family bedrooms, and a wall at the top of the stairs makes it impossible for the occupant to be seen downstairs as he moves from bedroom to bathroom. Each of the bedrooms likewise has base outlets so that student lamps may be plugged in when high school and university life brings more homework. Before we leave the upstairs, may we point out that our bedroom is at the top of the stairs, a strategic place for a parents' room to be when young people begin to stay out later at night! [Cont'd next page]

MAKE-UP REVOLUTIONIZED!



LADY ESTHER ANNOUNCES TWO, NEW MAGICAL SHADES OF FACE POWDER!

Two Amazing New Shades That Are Literally Transforming in the Beauty They Give You Under the Most Searching Sunlight or the Unkindest Artificial Light!

By Lady Esther

Two new shades of face powder, the like of which you have never before seen!

Two new shades that give face powder a magic that has never before been known!

To look at these shades in the box you would just think them two new strange shades of face powder. You would never imagine them to have any marvelous effect.

But they are literally transforming! They do things for you that face powder has never been known or dreamed to do. (I do not merely claim this, I have proved it on the skins of more than 10,000 women.)

These shades impart the full magic of color. They do not confine themselves to your skin or your face. They extend themselves to your whole personality. They definitely flatter. They definitely "glamorize." They create a new "YOU"!

They are striking examples of the power of color!

A Dramatic Shade for Day

Daye and Nihte I call these new shades of mine.

Daye is primarily for daytime wear. It is a luscious golden tone, magical in its effect. It is a dramatic shade. It is young and exciting. It gives you the freshness of a Spring morn, the glow of the heart of a rose. It creates a gay beauty that is preserved under the most glaring sunlight.

A Romantic Shade for Night

Nihte is primarily for night-time wear. It is a romantic shade, suggestive of moonlit waters and soft music. It casts a pearly radiance about you. It gives your skin a transparent look, as if the moon shone through it. It creates a soft ethereal beauty that can challenge the most unsympathetic artificial light.

At My Expense

These new face powder shades and their effect can no more be described than can a radiant dawn or a glorious sunset. They have to be seen to be appreciated. That's why I offer to send a liberal trial supply to every woman in America.

Just send me your name and address and by return mail you will receive generous packets of both Daye and Nihte shades. Try on each shade, Daye during the day and Nihte at night. See what each does! Step up your appearance, your whole appeal. You will be more than surprised and delighted with what your mirror shows you and your friends tell you.

Mail coupon today for your free packets of my new Daye and Nihte shades of face powder.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (2-22) **FREE**

Lady Esther, Toronto-12, Ontario

Please send me trial packets of your two new face powder shades, Daye and Nihte.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Province _____

HAPPINESS AT STAKE!



*Sue's in a "close-up"—
too bad if she had Cosmetic Skin*

EXQUISITE smooth skin wins and holds romance. So don't let Cosmetic Skin develop—tiny blemishes, enlarged pores!

Easy to guard against this danger! Use cosmetics all you wish. But before you put on fresh make-up—ALWAYS before you go to bed—use Lux Toilet Soap. Its ACTIVE lather leaves no hidden traces of stale cosmetics, dust or dirt to choke the pores.

9 out of 10 screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap!



I USE COSMETICS BUT
I'M TAKING NO CHANCES
WITH COSMETIC SKIN.

I USE **LUX TOILET
SOAP** FAITHFULLY



**MERLE
OBERON**
SAMUEL GOLDWYN STAR

out to the letter, feeling that a failure to have enough to eat, at my first reception, would indeed be a calamity. There was very little left—only enough sherbet and salad for lunch next day, half a fruit cake, about a pound of candy, while fresh sandwiches and coffee were made for the select fifteen or twenty who remained to "talk the party over" in the early morning hours.

Aside from the supervision of the preparation of food, I directed half a dozen helpers to get the place ready for the reception; moving furniture, putting up flags, while I personally decorated the refreshment tables, in the dining room, and in the writing room upstairs, which opened on a verandah. For the former I chose a color scheme of scarlet and white, carried out by bowls of scarlet poppies and maidenhair fern (from the small Government greenhouse) and wide bands of scarlet satin ribbon, placed on a white cloth, from corner to corner, where they were tied with large upstanding bows. In the upstairs room I had a color scheme of pink and white—cut glass baskets of sweet peas in these colors, bows of ribbon, white lace cloth, and candies.

All was in readiness at 2 p.m., after which I had a nap; then George and I had a light supper brought to our rooms before dressing. The first guest arrived at 7.55 p.m., and from that time on a steady stream kept coming and going. We took up the rugs at midnight, as we planned to close the affair with a dance, having engaged a five-piece orchestra.

When it was over, I was satisfied, especially when the remark of a well-known "Tab" was repeated to me: "Well, the Blacks didn't have to go to Government House to learn how to entertain; they always did keep open house."

I concentrated on the garden from the viewpoint of pleasure as well as beauty. I went into consultation with the "royal gardener," who also attended the furnace. (This latter was no small job either, as we burned wood, to the cost of twenty-two hundred dollars each year.) We decided to enlarge the greenhouse, add a vegetable cellar, and raise our own vegetables.

We had a wonderful back garden, and grew, out-of-doors, celery, radishes, turnips, carrots, rutabagas, beets, beans, peas, salsify, potatoes, squash and vegetable marrow. I also sent outside for many pounds of mushroom spawn, which was broken up all over the grounds, and even today, when the Anglican hostel cultivate the garden, I believe they get a lot of mushrooms. In fact, I have never known mushrooms to grow to the size and flavor that they do in the North.

I cannot say that our garden was economical, but it did give everyone a great deal of pleasure.

In the greenhouse we had wonderful crops of tomatoes and cucumbers. In fact, the northern tomato is just a little bit meatier than any I have ever tasted.

We transplanted into the garden, wild currant bushes and wild raspberry canes. Under cultivation both strains improved and each year we had unusually good yields both for the table and for jellies.

Our flower gardens were places of beauty. We began transplanting not later than the twenty-fourth of May, but we also found it possible to winter out-of-doors many bulbs, corms and roots. In the spring the gardens were a blaze of color with daffodils, tulips, iris, jonquils, lilies of the valley and even the old-fashioned bleeding heart. As the summer advanced we had every known variety of flower found in eastern gardens.

Against the house I always had canary creeper, trailing nasturtiums, delphiniums, which came up every year in a magnificent range of blue, pink and mauve colorings, and snapdragons. Along the fence we planted sweet peas of every hue, the vines often growing to a height of twelve feet. Behind the residence, on either side of the long path leading to the Commissioner's office, were borders of California, Shirley and Oriental poppies in countless color shades. (Continued on page 84)

*Avoid
DRY SCALP*



*IF YOU WOULD
HAVE
Lovely
Luxuriant Hair*

● Your hair needs constant care in this climate where dry winds, brilliant sunshine and extremes of heat and cold tend to dry out the natural oils, leaving the hair unruly and brittle, the scalp dry and scaly.

Here's a simple home treatment. Part the hair and sprinkle "Vaseline" Hair Tonic right onto the scalp, then massage well with the finger tips. Follow with shampoo. Then note the difference. The scalp is soft and pliant. The hair becomes lively, lustrous and manageable.

Two sizes, 45c and 75c. Three times the quantity in the larger bottle. Write for **FREE SAMPLE** bottle to Chesebrough Mfg. Co., 5520 Chabot Avenue, Montreal, Que., Dept. C-6.



Vaseline
TRADE MARK
HAIR TONIC

**FRECKLES MUST GO
When OTHINE Is Used!**

Apply this dainty cream tonight... and for several nights thereafter. See how rough and freckled skin will be transformed into lovely, clear smoothness. Othine Double Strength is no experiment! 25 years of steady demand prove its popularity. Get Othine from your drug or department store.



Sold on money-back guarantee. 2718A

OTHINE
DOUBLE STRENGTH
for FRECKLES

**WAKE UP YOUR
LIVER BILE—**
And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning
Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Harmful poisons go into the body, and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't always get at the cause. You need something that works on the liver as well. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up". Harmless and gentle, they make the bile flow freely. They do the work of calomel but have no calomel or mercury in them. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name! Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c.

An Interesting Canadian . .



MRS. JOHN SCOTT

Because at 82 she's in the front ranks of those who fight to get the vote for women in Quebec.

Because she wanted to sit in the legislature grounds wrapped in a shawl placarded with "Votes for Women" when the bill was up last year.

Because, a weekly bread-baker and a keen and canny housewife, she's one of the best arguments for her cause. Because she has a grand sense of humor and wants to write a book about the funny side of the feminist fight.

By Irene R. Wolff

Photograph of Mrs. Scott by Rice Studio Limited, Montreal.

AT EIGHTY-TWO Mrs. John Scott is working like anything to get votes for women in the province of Quebec. It's a habit she acquired forty-five years ago when she joined the newly organized Women's Christian Temperance Union, the first organization to have women's suffrage as one of the planks in its platform. If you think she's lost any of her bright enthusiasm or determination in that period, you should have seen her a few years ago, when she begged her fellow-workers to allow her to sit in the grounds in front of the Legislative Buildings when the vote on women's suffrage was coming up. She wanted to wrap herself in a shawl and wear a large placard bearing the legend, "Votes for Women," around her neck. She was very let-down when they wouldn't let her do it.

As Isabella Macmaster, Mrs. Scott came to Canada from Glasgow in 1874, at the age of nineteen, with her parents, and settled in Scotstown, Quebec. She later married John Scott, a lumber merchant of that little place named after his father. It was when Mrs. Middleton, of Quebec, organizer of the W.C.T.U., stayed with Mrs. Scott's family on her visit to Scotstown to address a meeting in the church there, that Mrs. Scott got her first glimpse of the world that might be open to women.

She tells how "I, brought up in the good old Scottish tradition of regarding my father as the centre and head of everything, felt my heart in my boots as I followed up the aisle this woman, who dared to think women ought to vote. However, at the end of that meeting, I walked out of the church, chest thrown out and head held high." And she's been holding her head high and fighting for women's rights ever since.

Not only for the franchise, but for everything pertaining to the betterment of the position of women and the equality of the sexes, does Mrs. Scott work. She sang a song of thankfulness when the chartered accountants opened their doors to women,

and she believes lawyers and architects in her province should do likewise. "Isn't it logical that women should be allowed to design the houses in which they are to pass their days?" she asks. And she saw her principles score another victory when Lydia Gruchy was ordained into the United Church of Canada, and therefore the right of women to be ministers of the Gospel established.

Yet nobody ever looked—or was—more domesticated than this little Scots grandmother, surrounded by photographs of her family. She busies herself in domestic occupations, and seldom does a week pass that she doesn't bake a batch of bread. "And I can make one dollar do the work of two better than most housewives today," she says. "I learned to in the stern school of necessity."

With her quaint humor and candor she believes that had women been the dominant sex, men would have had to fight just as hard to secure their rights. She doesn't think one sex is any better than the other. "But," she says slyly, "men didn't know what they were doing when they brought electricity and labor-saving devices into the home. They emancipated women."

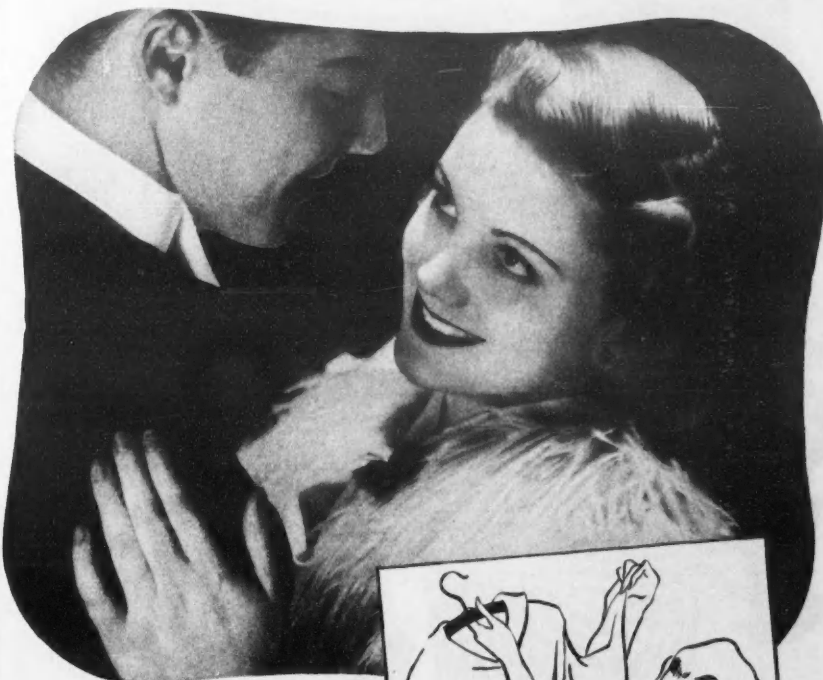
She's got such a grand sense of humor that she'd like to write a book about the funny side of women's fight for the vote. She's never missed the humor of it all as she worked and struggled. And when you ask her about her achievements, she doesn't think she's done anything until women have actually won the vote in Quebec, Canada's last stronghold of masculine domination. When she comes to the gate and St. Peter asks her what she's accomplished, she will say that she has failed, until that time. As to resting on her laurels . . . she says, "I must keep faith with myself. I have the misfortune to have been born with a Scotch conscience that forces me to do the things I do not in the least want to do." And so she keeps on working in the causes she holds most dear—and will, as long as she lives.

CHOICE—by Joan Eira David

The gifts of Spring are beautiful;
The misty veils of rain,
The golden gowns of yellow light,
The green shawls on the plain,
Rubies scattered joyously
In jewelled tulip beds,
Necklaces of hyacinth
Strung on airy threads,
Golden chains of daffodils,
Scarves of budding trees,

Coloured handkerchiefs of fields,
Combs of fragrant breeze,
Sashes of shy violets,
Bands of rainbow light,
Coverlets of blue, all stitched
With tiny stars at night,
Gifts of Spring are sweet and fair,
Among them all I rove,
But for my own, I choose a brooch
Of lilacs white and mauve.

Don't Meet that New Man



UNTIL YOU'VE MADE THIS "ARMHOLE-ODOR" TEST



dress. Every time you wear the dress, the warmth of your body draws out an intensified odor of stale perspiration.

Complete Dryness Necessary

Girls who have tried many ways to master the art of personal daintiness know that only one way is sure. Through embarrassment they have learned that quick, easy methods are unreliable. They insist now upon the complete protection of Liquid Odorono and gladly devote the few extra moments necessary to its use. Liquid Odorono not only keeps the underarm sweet, but completely dry, insuring both wearer and frock against the slightest possibility of "armhole odor."

The action of Odorono is entirely harmless to the underarm skin. It simply closes the pores gently in that restricted little hollow and diverts perspiration to surfaces of the body where it can evaporate freely before it offends.

Protects Lovely Garments

The dainty shades and sheer fabrics of your evening gowns will never be marred by ugly greasiness or discoloration from perspiration if you protect them with Odorono. And you will find dry-cleaning bills on your entire wardrobe considerably reduced.

Start today. Odorono comes in two strengths. Regular Odorono (Ruby colored) requires only two applications a week. Instant Odorono (colorless) is for especially sensitive skin and for quick use. Use it daily or every other day. On sale at all toilet-goods counters.

To make sure your natural charm will be unmarred by offensive "armhole odor," send today for sample vials of the two Odoronos and leaflet on complete underarm dryness.



MADE
IN
CANADA

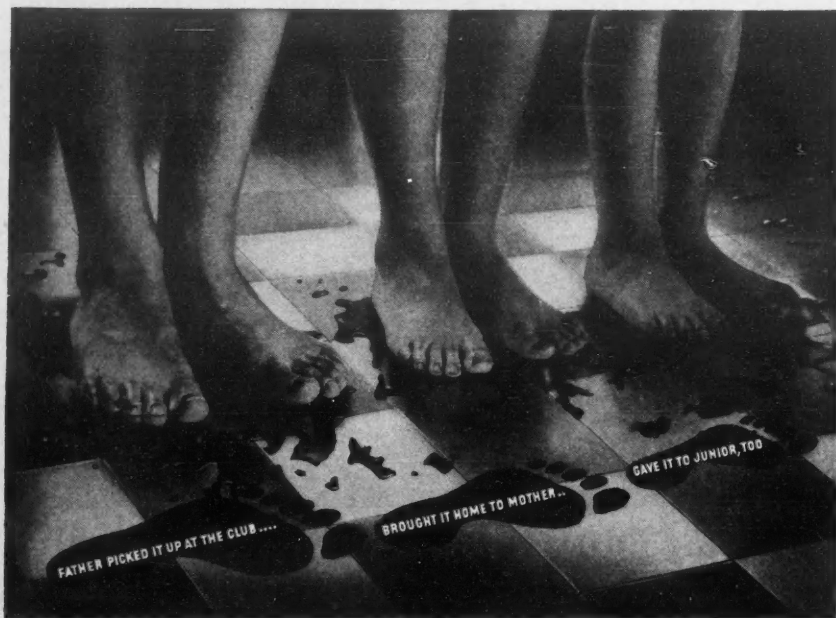
SEND 8¢ FOR INTRODUCTORY SAMPLES

RUTH MILLER, The Odorono Co., Ltd.
Dept. 6Z-7, P.O. Box 2320, Montreal, Canada

I enclose 8¢, to cover cost of postage and packing, for samples of Instant and Regular Odorono and descriptive leaflet.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Prov. _____

Home life of A CARRIER★



Get rid of ATHLETE'S FOOT

THOSE who carry Athlete's Foot injure others as well as themselves, yet there are millions of people today who neglect that itching, burning condition of the skin between the toes.

Hence, wherever they tread bare-foot they spread the insidious infection—in club locker-rooms, bath houses, on the edges of swimming pools, even in their own bathrooms where their families fall prey to the digging, boring fungus.

Don't be a carrier! The moment you suspect Athlete's Foot, douse your toes and feet with cooling, soothing Absorbine Jr. Relief from itching is speedy.

Red skin brands the Carrier

Why not play safe and examine the skin between your toes tonight? Is it red, irritated, does it itch? Then the prompter you are with Absorbine Jr., the better off you are.

Otherwise, more serious trouble may follow, because the fungus of Athlete's Foot digs its way deeper and deeper into the skin—causing it to turn unwholesomely white and moist, to peel and crack open and often become painfully raw.

Absorbine Jr. destroys the Fungus
Even in advanced stages of Athlete's Foot, Absorbine Jr. relieves the condition and helps to soothe and heal the damaged tissues. If, however, you feel your case is really serious, by all means consult your doctor in addition to the use of Absorbine Jr., morning and night.

When you buy, insist upon genuine Absorbine Jr. and accept no imitations offered as being "just as good." This famous remedy has been tested and proved for its ability to kill the fungus when reached, a fungus so stubborn that infected socks must be boiled 20 minutes to destroy it.

Absorbine Jr. is economical to use—it takes so little to bring relief. Also wonderful for bites of insects, such as mosquitoes and jiggers. At all druggists', \$1.25 a bottle. For free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., 242 Lyman Bldg., Montreal, Canada.

★"CARRIER" is the medical term for a person who carries infection. People infected with Athlete's Foot are "carriers." They spread the disease wherever they tread barefoot. That is why reports state that a large proportion of the adult population suffers from Athlete's Foot at some time or other.

ABSORBINE JR.

(MADE IN CANADA)

Relieves sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, sprains and Sunburn



ONCE THE HOUSE was built, we went to work on the grounds, with the children again being considered. A picket fence at the front, a six-foot board fence at the back and our two neighbors' fences enclosed our lot, 66 by 110 feet. Our children could play without danger from dogs or street traffic. We built a cement walk, wide enough to take tricycles and roller skates, from the side steps to the garage door. By adding a wing of cement to either side of this walk, just below the steps, a turning place was provided for the wheel toys. Young David dashes along the walk on his tricycle, makes a swift turn, rides straight into the garage, where he turns again, and rides back. When my husband leaves the garage in the morning, I put a two-by-four across the wide opening so that the children can still have light and fresh air and yet not ride their tricycles into the lane. Two swings in the two-car garage make it a popular rendezvous on rainy summer days. Needless to say, the two-car garage was built to take care of a second car when the children are old enough to acquire one.

The empty space in front of the garage, between the sidewalk and the side fence, twelve feet wide, belongs to the children for hopscotch, a teeter-totter and all the games they play with boxes, tin pails and shovels. This play space can be surveyed from the kitchen window. On the opposite side of the house will be my old-fashioned flower garden, a rectangular border of tall flowers and shrubs surrounding a small green lawn—a quiet spot for tea on summer afternoons—while at the back of the lot, in full view of the living porch, will be a wide, smooth lawn suitable for badminton or croquet. In the meantime, it is a kitchen garden.

Choosing the building lot itself was important. First of all, we selected the school we wanted our children to attend. Then we looked for a lot which would allow them to go to school without crossing a street-car track or a heavy-traffic lane. We found it on a quiet, established street. Our lot, although we are on top of a hill, is nearly level, which made for economy in "landscaping" and allowed us, too, to plan for outdoor games. We are five blocks from a good shopping area, a half-block from the street car. This will probably be a comfort ten years from now when one of our girls comes home alone on the street car after dark. Five blocks away, down the hill, is a beach, patrolled by a lifeguard. The hill down which we walk is a street closed by the police in winter for sleigh riding. Three short blocks away is a large city park with tennis courts, baseball field, lacrosse box and supervised playground. We are half a mile from school and church, and five miles by street car from the heart of our city.

APPROXIMATELY \$40 a month carries the house. We are paying the \$2,500 mortgage off at the rate of \$150 a year, plus six per cent interest. Taxes last year were \$125; water rates, \$15; insurance, \$10.50, and the interest on our own money invested at the current bank rate of one and one-half per cent, \$30. As the mortgage interest grows less with succeeding years, taxes and other upkeep costs will probably mount, so that it will continue to cost us \$40 a month until the mortgage is paid. But \$12.50 of that monthly sum is investment. In the meantime, we have the comfortable feeling of being settled, of having our roots deep in a home of our own, of playing, in a small way, a responsible part in the community.

I am glad we have our own home while the children are young and so engaging. Think of all the images they are painting for us to remember when we are old in this very house! When the children themselves look back on what we hope will be a happy childhood, won't their memories be a little sweeter because we have surrounded them with the best we knew—simple beauty, homely comfort, quiet permanence—as warm assurances of our love?



Corns Come Back Bigger, Uglier — unless removed Root* and All

● Don't take chances by paring corns at home. Corns come back bigger, uglier, more painful than ever, unless removed Root and All. End that corn for good with this new, double-action Blue-Jay method. Pain stops instantly, by removing the pressure. The corn lifts out, Root and All in 3 short days. (Exceptionally stubborn cases may require a second application.) Blue-Jay is a tiny, modern, scientific corn plaster, held snugly in place by Wet-Pruf adhesive. Try this Blue-Jay method now.



*A plug of dead cells root-like in form and position. If left may serve as focal point for renewed development.



GRAY HAIR

● Quickly and safely you can tint those streaks of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. BROWNATONE and a small brush does it. Used and approved for over twenty-four years. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Economical and lasting—will not wash out. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Easy to prove by tinting a lock of your own hair. BROWNATONE is only 50¢—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.



- Nugget gives a glowing, lasting polish
- Preserves the leather
- Prolongs the wear



NUGGET

There's a Nugget Shade for every shoe made

to watch your step, aren't you? Some men are funny about married women."

Dilly kissed him again. "Darling," she said, "he's not that type at all, and he's my only conquest since marriage and he's leaving town next week. Let me make the most of him."

"Sure," said Paul. "Oh, sure, but watch your step."

AND THAT, she thought sitting across from Ellis Reid in the Oriental Room on Friday night, was the first silly thing Paul had ever said. If anybody was funny about married women it was Jack Sprague and Charlie Brock and Bill Wesley, not this nice spontaneous person in the nice crisp haircut smiling into her eyes as if she were just any girl he happened to like, not somebody labelled wife. You wouldn't for a moment want to be married to him, she realized. He was a little too gay and charming for a permanent diet and he wasn't by any means as nice as Paul but he was pretty nice, and could he ever dance. She thought again what a comfort that you could after all be married and civilized enough to have other men friends.

Everything was funny, everything was fun, everything they talked about was interesting. It was a splendid evening and when he held her hand on the way home she let him, for lots of men had held her hand before she was married and why, for heaven's sake, not after? It would have been prudish to object.

"Don't think," she said standing on the doorstep, searching at the bottom of her bag for her key, "that it hasn't been perfectly charming, Mr. Reid, because it really has, you know."

"Hasn't it?" he agreed simply and took the key from her and opened the door. "Problem," he said grinning, "shall she ask the young man in?"

Aha, Jack Sprague, you old grandmother you, she thought and, "No problem," she said quickly, "she always has."

"Will your maid be shocked?" he asked.

She didn't answer for a moment. She was reading a slip of paper on the hall table, crumpling it in her hand, "I doubt it," she said finally, thinking that it would be perfectly absurd to put him out just because Jenny had been called home. It would look a little disgustingly pointed.

"Let's go look in the icebox," she said, "if it isn't too insulting to your dinner. I'm starving."

"Dilly," he said instead of answering, "you're much too nice to be somebody else's wife," and drew her to him quite naturally, and kissed her.

How silly, thought Dilly, liking the kiss, to pretend that married women never want any man to kiss them but their husbands. It's very pleasant and very flattering. But that, she thought almost immediately afterward, is about as much as they do want, an idea which didn't seem to be occurring to Ellis Reid at all.

"Please," she said, "stop, Ellis. Don't be absurd." She wasn't furiously angry, she found and her blood wasn't running cold. She was just rather annoyed and wondering what to do in case he got difficult which it looked as if he were going to, for.

"Stop, Dilly," he was mocking her smilingly, "don't you be absurd."

She found she was beginning to get angry after all. "Don't you think you'd better go?" she said coldly.

"Well, Dilly," he was looking straight into her eyes, smiling, "you invited me in, and here I am. What is this, Dilly, stage fright?" and he started kissing her again.

She could scream and rouse the neighbors of course, but wouldn't they love that? What could she do? Why hadn't she been content to stay home and darn Paul's socks? Why hadn't she been content with nice, safe, dull men like Jack Sprague and Charlie Brock and Bill Wesley . . . men that would . . . men that . . .

She turned her face suddenly up to Ellis with a little smile. "You're ruining my hair," she murmured. "Let me go fix it . . . just a moment, please, Ellis?"

"Just a moment?" he questioned, releasing her slowly.

"Just a moment," she gasped and made for the stairs.

"And I suppose," she murmured savagely to herself while she fumbled for the phone book by her bed, "he's got me half way into a negligee by now, the ape."

WI-3948, she dialled hurriedly. Brbr-brbr-brbr-brbr-brbr. If Jack Sprague was out . . . brbr-brbr-brbr . . . and he was . . . well that was just dandy. She put her hands to her face for a moment thinking desperately, wishing desperately that Paul had never gone away, wishing that he would appear out of space, then began turning over pages again.

MU-3247. Brrrrr-brrrrrrr—University Club," said a sleepy voice. "Brock? No, Mr. Brock isn't in, any message?"

"No," said Dilly in a small voice and hung up and reached apprehensively for the book again. If Bill Wesley was out it would have to be the neighbors. She and Paul could always move afterward, of course . . . but he couldn't be out . . . they couldn't all be out. She dialled again.

Brrr-brrrrr-brrrrr. "Hello."

"Bill," she gasped her relief into the phone. "Is that you? This is Dilly Deacon."

"Dilly Deacon," he said, "what's the matter? Are you sick?" "No," she was still gasping, "but Paul's in Detroit and your friend Ellis Reid is downstairs on my sofa and he won't leave. I thought maybe," she hesitated, suddenly wondering just what she had thought, "I thought maybe you could do something," she finished lamely.

"Reid," said Bill Wesley, "Good heavens, Dilly," then there was a silence, then, "We'll be right over."

"We?" Dilly almost shouted. "Use your head, Bill," but he had hung up.

SHE SAT THERE on the edge of the bed wondering what Paul would say to all this, and who *we* were and what she was going to say when they arrived and what she was going to do till they arrived, and what Paul would say. This, she told herself drearily, was the most awful mess she had ever been in, and why. She hadn't done a thing, not a thing. It wasn't fair. She sat there thinking those things till she heard a taxi stop outside the building, but when the bell rang her finger was on the buzzer and then her hand was on the door knob.

"Hello, Dilly," a whole chorus of hearty male voices seemed to be talking. "We were going by and saw your light. Where's Paul?" and in walked the three dullest men she knew, blond Bill Wesley and red-haired Charlie Brock and black Jack Sprague, and Bill Wesley was hissing something that sounded like, "Act surprised for goodness' sake."

She felt like rushing into all six of their arms and bursting into tears but she heard herself ad libbing instead.

"Simply grand . . . Come in . . . Paul's away . . . Ellis Reid . . . Oriental Room . . . considering scrambled eggs . . . how about you?"

"Fine," murmured Bill Wesley and strolled into the living room. He hadn't a coat or hat, she noticed, neither had the other two.

"Why hello, Ellis," he said amiably. "Didn't expect to find you here. How are you?" and sat down.

"Hello, Reid," said Charlie Brock following him and reaching for a cigarette, "got a match on you? Thanks," and he sat down. "Hello, Reid," said Jack Sprague, "you must feel set up. Paul doesn't trust the little woman with just anybody," and he sat down.

"Dilly," said Bill Wesley comfortably, "did I hear you murmur something about a scrambled egg. We're kind of poker starved, to tell the truth."

BUT ELLIS REID didn't think he could stay for scrambled eggs. He had a hard day at the office tomorrow, he told them all, but it had been sweet of Dilly to have dinner with him. [Continued on page 50]

Where Footwork Counts...



There's a secret to making a Cleaner for white kid shoes which not only cleans without effort but also dries to a non-streaking white. This secret is known by the House of Meltonian, famous in England for more than a century. This Summer, try Meltonian White Kid Cleaner and notice how it doesn't rub off! For sports shoes of Buckskin or Canvas, you'll be delighted with Meltonian Liquid White. At good shops everywhere.

MELTONIAN WHITE KID CLEANER



JOSEPHINE: *Poor Lizbeth... she simply hasn't any men friends.*

CAROLYN: *It's the same old trouble*. . . she can't hold her friends because she can't hold her breath.*

*For halitosis (unpleasant breath), there's nothing like LISTERINE

When is a Woman on the Shelf?

by SUSAN BROWN

IS it when telltale rolls of fat begin to appear in the wrong places? Is it when ugly little lines start running across a face that might have launched a thousand ships? Is it when the hair grows grey and the muscles get flabby?

Sometimes "Yes," but not always. A woman may have all of these faults but if her charm persists she is welcome, often sought after.

The thing that really puts so many women on the shelf—so many young women, mind you—is a trouble that often isn't sus-

pected at all. I speak of the condition of the breath.

Why so many women, otherwise fastidious, dare to assume their breath is without reproach is quite beyond me. Dozens of my friends offend this way, then wonder why they are out of the social swim.

Are you one of those forgotten women? I trust not. After all, is there any excuse for the breath being anything but pleasant when Listerine, the quick deodorant, is probably sitting right on your bathroom shelf, inviting regular morning and night use?

BE POPULAR; GET RID OF BAD BREATH

The insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath) is that you yourself never know when you have it. And even your best friends won't tell you. Why risk this humiliating condition? Why guess about the condition of your breath when you know that Listerine Antiseptic, used morning and night, halts fermentation, the major cause of breath odors and quickly

overcomes the odors themselves. No fastidious person neglects this pleasant morning and night precaution with Listerine Antiseptic.

LAMBERT PHARMACEUTICAL CO. (CANADA) LTD.
Toronto, Ont.



LISTERINE... the quick deodorant

MADE IN CANADA

Wives are Sacred

(Continued from page 13)

and the second time, "The men at the office told Bob," and shuddered. When Bob Bentley asked if she was cold she said no, just someone dancing over her grave, and asked him how the son and heir was getting along, and shuddered again.

She danced with Bill Wesley, too, and was standing in a pause in the music wondering what else she could tell him about Paul except that he had bought some new plaid shorts that were very becoming and grinning to herself at the thought, when a strange voice behind her said, "Hello, Wesley."

"Hello, Reid," said Bill Wesley looking past her head. "Didn't know you were in town." Then there was a pause and then he said rather shortly, "Dilly, may I present Mr. Ellis Reid. This is Mrs. Deacon, Ellis."

"How do you do," said Dilly thinking as she heard Mr. Reid say yes he was just in town for a few weeks, "So I bore them so they don't even want to introduce their friends to me." But then Mr. Reid said, "Will you dance, Mrs. Deacon," and the music was starting.

"What'll I say to him?" she thought, a thing Dilly Willis of a year ago would never have thought, and looked up with a remark about the weather on her lips and found he was looking down with the original Bill Wesley admiring expression.

"Deacon," he was saying frowning, "What Deacon? Not Paul Deacon?"

"The same," said Dilly a little wearily, "and you were old college room mates."

He laughed. "No," he said, "I'm afraid I can't tell you about Paul when he was a little boy. He's a good egg though. How do you like him as a room mate?" The admiring look was still there. Dilly couldn't believe her eyes and looked again to make sure and then looked down in pleasant confusion, and, "Aha there, Bill Wesley," she murmured to herself.

"I like him fine," she said, and wondered if this man could really be as nice and normal as he seemed. "I knew you didn't go to Queen's," she said experimentally. "you dance more like a McGill man," and, "Aha, Charlie Brock," she thought as he drew her a little closer at the end of a stroll and said, "Well, you dance as if we'd danced together a lot. I wish we had."

"That's not a bad wish," she said, and smiled again because she was having fun, more fun than she'd had at any party since before she was married. She had forgotten, she told herself, what fun a dance could be, and was it this man who was different or was it those others.

When he said abruptly, "How about lunch Tuesday and we could catch up? Would Paul mind?"

She smiled still again and almost triumphantly, because this now was the way marriage ought to be, and said, "Oh, Paul's a modern husband. I think it might be arranged."

She told Paul all about the lunch before and afterward, and Paul laughed at her and called her a predatory female. "But is it because you really want to, Dilly?" he asked curiously, "or just part of your marriage vow."

Dilly laughed, too, and thought how marvellous he was and kissed him. "Partly marriage vow, I think," she said, "but Ellis Reid is nice. We'll have to have him to dinner with some attractive single girl soon and let you see. You needn't fix me up with Jack or Charlie or anyone when you're in Detroit Friday," she added triumphantly, "I'm going to have dinner with Ellis Reid."

"Oh," said Paul, and he stopped laughing. "Listen, lamb," he said, "you're going

CRAWLED UPSTAIRS ON ALL FOURS

Owing to Rheumatism in Her Knees

It was not a very dignified way of going upstairs, but she had rheumatism in her knees, and it was the best she could do, at the time. Since then, she has been taking Kruschen Salts, and now feels much better. Read her letter:—

"I had very painful gout in my big toe and could only get upstairs on all fours owing to rheumatism in my knees. It is over three years ago since I commenced taking Kruschen Salts. I must say on damp days I still have a little gout, but my knees are quite better. I am over 60 years of age, have a complexion like a girl's and feel very fit. I am fully repaid for taking a half teaspoonful of Salts each morning in a cup of hot water."

—(Mrs.) A.W.

The pains and stiffness of rheumatism are frequently caused by deposits of uric acid in the muscles and joints. The numerous salts in Kruschen assist in stimulating your liver and kidneys to healthy, regular action, and help them to get rid of the excess uric acid which is the cause of so much suffering.

Mercolized Wax



Keeps Skin Young

Absorb blemishes and discolorations using Mercolized Wax daily as directed. Invisible particles of aged skin are freed and all defects such as blackheads, tan, freckles and large pores disappear. Skin is then beautifully clear, velvety and so soft—face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. At all leading druggists.

Powdered Saxolite
Reduces wrinkles and other age-signs. Simply dissolve one ounce Saxolite in half-pint witch hazel and use daily as face lotion.

The Bishop Strachan School

College Heights, Toronto

Established over 70 Years

A Church of England Residential and Day School for Girls

Kindergarten to Junior and Senior Matriculation — Household Science, Art, Music, Physical Education with indoor and outdoor sports.

Principal: Miss E. M. Lowe, B.A.

Vice-Principal: Miss Rosseter,

Cheltenham and Froebel Institute.

For Calendar apply to Bursar.

ROYAL VICTORIA COLLEGE

McGILL UNIVERSITY MONTREAL

FOUNDED AND ENDOWED BY THE LATE RT. HON. BARON STRATHCONA AND MOUNT ROYAL

Recently enlarged fireproof building, thoroughly modern equipment. For women students, resident and non-resident, preparing for degrees in the Faculty of Arts (B.A., B.Sc., B.Com.) and in the Faculty of Music.

A limited number of Scholarships and Bursaries.

Applications should be made early.

For all information apply to THE WARDEN



THE BABY CLINIC

Conducted by John W. S. McCullough, M.D.

ENLARGED GLANDS

A CHILD three years old was brought to me a few days ago because of enlarged glands in the neck. The glands are the size of beans and are not adherent to the skin. There are no other enlarged glands. The child is in the best of health, is very active, has had no other diseases and examination reveals no other disease. A Mantoux test was markedly positive. There is no history of tuberculosis in the family. An X-ray of the chest failed to show any disease there. The question arises: what is the cause of the enlarged glands and what should be done about them?

While there are other causes of enlarged glands than tuberculosis, the positive test indicates that there is tuberculous infection somewhere in the child's body. The Mantoux test is a simple, harmless, and effective test of tuberculous infection. It consists in the injection into the superficial layers of the skin of 0.05c.c. (a few drops) of diluted old tuberculin. A positive reaction consists in thickening and redness around the site of the injection. Every person showing such a reaction has tuberculous infection somewhere in the body. Such a reaction in this child means that the child has had a dose of tuberculosis. This need not cause undue alarm. Only about 1.03 per cent of children who develop such a first infection up to the age of fifteen years, die of tuberculosis.

The enlarged glands in this case may indicate an infection of the tonsils, but the tonsils should not be removed unless they show evidence of disease.

This child has had a dose of tuberculosis, which may have come from unsuspected tuberculosis in some of the child's associates. It may have come from the use of unpasteurized milk. The source of the trouble should be found and the contact broken. The milk supply should be investigated and all milk used by the child should be pasteurized or boiled. The great object in such a case is to prevent further dosing with tuberculosis. Beyond this the child should be well fed, should live in the open air as much as possible, should be protected against other infectious diseases. As the child approaches fifteen years of age there should be periodical medical examination including X-ray of the chest in every six months or a year. The glands should be left alone unless they become adherent to the skin, or unless they are rapidly enlarging. In such event they

should be removed and examined for tuberculosis or other infection. The essentials in such a case are: first the prevention of further dosing with tuberculosis and the development of resistance to disease by good food, plenty of rest and sleep, outdoor air, in short the care which every child should have. The circumstances indicate that a cheery prognosis may be given the parents, with a warning that neglect of the child may be disastrous.

YOUR QUESTION BOX

Question—My grandchild has the habit of sucking his tongue. He is two years old and I fear that the habit will spoil his looks. If you will please give me advice about this I should be grateful.

Answer—As a rule these habits of small children are made worse, or at least no better, by any attention given them. I should advise that nothing be done about it. As he gets older, keep him so busy with play, and other occupation, that he will forget about the habit. It can do no great harm.

Question—I have taken charge of a baby girl, born March last. She weighs only 4½ lb. and sleeps all the time having to be wakened to be fed. Do you think she is premature? She is very constipated and the navel protrudes. She has a bright red rash around the neck. Would cod-liver oil and orange juice be good for her?

Answer—At one to two months, the baby should be fed cows' milk 15 oz., water 15 oz., and granulated sugar or corn syrup two level tablespoonfuls in seven feedings. Cod-liver oil one teaspoonful before each of three feedings. Orange juice is begun at three months. Milk of magnesia and mineral oil are the best laxatives for a baby. If motions are hard, an ounce of warm olive oil injected into the lower bowel will help. She is probably premature. For the rash, apply zinc oxide ointment and for the protruding navel enclose a large celluloid button between two layers of surgeon's plaster and strap the button over the projection, with the plaster reaching half way round the body. This may be replaced when it becomes dirty, by another appliance of the same kind. (Continued on next page)



1. From the very first day of his life a baby lives in a SPECIAL world. Everything he gets is made especially for him

2. SPECIAL soap and powder to keep him clean and comfortable.



3. SPECIAL foods to keep a youngster thriving.



4. And a SPECIAL laxative to keep the body healthy... Castoria.

What a grand start a modern youngster gets!

EVERYTHING MADE ESPECIALLY FOR HIM...
EVEN TO A SPECIAL LAXATIVE!

YES, even a special laxative.

After all, he is only a tot. His system isn't sturdy enough for the hurly-burly effects of an "adult" laxative... even when given in "smaller doses".

That is the reason why many doctors often suggest Castoria. For, as you know, Castoria is a child's laxative pure and simple—made especially and only for children.

It couldn't possibly harm the tiniest infant system because it contains no harsh "adult" drugs... no narcotics... nothing that could cause cramping pains.



It works chiefly on the lower bowel. It gently urges the muscular movement. It is SAFE... mild... yet thorough. A famous baby specialist said he couldn't write a better prescription than Castoria.

It is also important to remember that a child should take a laxative willingly. Doctors say the revulsion a child feels when forced to take a medicine he hates can throw his entire nervous system out of order. That's why even the taste of Castoria is made especially for children. They love it.



More than five million mothers depend faithfully upon Castoria. They keep a bottle in the house always. Why not stay on the safe side and keep a bottle handy in your home?

Ask your druggist for the thrifty Family Size Bottle today.

CASTORIA

The laxative made especially for babies and growing children

Castoria trade mark registered in Canada

Use Lawrason's Snowflake



Lawrason's Snowflake lightens kitchen work. It cuts grease and makes washing of dishes, pots and pans easy. Lawrason's Snowflake sterilizes and leaves a clean smell.



Bathtubs, basins, tiled walls and fixtures really glisten when cleaned with Lawrason's Snowflake. It softens bath water and eliminates the ring around the tub.



Reduce your laundry costs with Lawrason's Snowflake. It softens the water and cuts your soap bill in half. Clothes last longer because less rubbing is required.



Leaves That
Clean Smell

Also FLUSHO—Cleans Toilet Bowls

For the Daughters Bless 'em



Full directions on page 87.

Chatelaine Patterns Price 15c.

57



Dear Baby:

"Tell mother you want HEINZ STRAINED FOODS

Tell her you'll love the natural colour and flavour. That you'll thrive better on them because they're garden-fresh and scientifically cooked to keep in the vitamins so often lost in home cooking—vitamins you need.

Tell mother there's every kind you like. Remind her that Heinz Strained Foods carry the Seal of Acceptance of the American Medical Association's Council on Foods and the Heinz 57 trademark. Mother knows what that means."

Mother—write for booklet "Questions and Answers about Heinz Strained Foods". H. J. Heinz Co., Toronto.

11 KINDS—all are unseasoned: Spinach Carrots • Green Beans Peas • Tomatoes • Beets Vegetable Soup • Mixed Greens • Apricots & Apple Sauce • Prunes • Cereal.



HEINZ
STRAINED FOODS

MOTHERS FEEL SAFER

One Mother writes: "With a family of children constantly getting scratches, cuts, or bruises, I have proved Mecca an invaluable healer. I cannot praise it too highly. I keep a tin of Mecca upstairs and another downstairs." 62

"MECCA" OINTMENT



YOUR BABY

At Teething Time . . .

If baby loses that sunny smile, grows fretful and feverish, the little system may need the gentle help of Steedman's Powders. Steedman's, the standby of mothers for more than 100 years, promotes regular bowel action, cleanses the system, relieves colic and feverish conditions. A safe laxative for babies and growing children. At your drug-gist's.

FREE Sample and Booklet

"Hints to Mothers" on request. Write John Steedman & Co., Dept. 8 442 St. Gabriel Street, Montreal. 68

Give **STEEDMAN'S**
From
Teething to Teens **POWDERS**
Look for the double EE symbol on the package.

A CH
me a
glands
of bear
There
child is
has ha
reveals
was m
of tub
the ch
The q
the en
done a
Whi
glands
indica
tion so
Manto
effecti
consist
layers
diluted
consist
the si
showin
infecti
reactio
has ha
not ca
per ce
first i
years.
The
indica
tonsils
show
Thi
losis,
pected
associ
of un
troub
broke
gated
be pas
in suc
with
should
air as
tected
the cl
there
inatio
every
shoul
adher
rapid

The Blue Cat-Bit

by Anne
Elizabeth Wilson



Who was exactly the kind of animal to make a sick little person well, and a well little person happy, as he will tell you

He had one long ear like a rabbit and one short ear like a kitten. And he did give you some water when you asked for it. He reached behind him for a tall glass.

THIS STORY about "The Blue Cat-Bit" may amaze you, but it's true. Yisobet really saw him, because he and lots of other little make-believe animals like him often come to children to comfort them when they're very ill and lonely, only grownups never see them at all, and seldom believe about them anyway. If Yisobet hadn't thought to make a picture of him with her crayons, he never would have come true, that's certain. But one thing grownups sometimes do believe, as they did in this story, is that Blue Cat-Bits and things like that, *do* help children to get well, even if *they* don't see them. (That is, if they're wise.) The grownups that belonged to Yisobet were awfully clever, because they made The Blue Cat-Bit turn real—and that is how, in the end, Yisobet was able to walk right across the floor and pick him up in her arms . . . but I'm getting ahead of the story.

Yisobet had never been very sick before. Never, since she was just a little baby, had she been fed with a spoon. Sometimes now it was the spoon, and sometimes it was a thing that looked like a doll's teapot with a long, cold snout. It clicked against her teeth and tasted like her tooth-mug at home. But whatever they put in it, tasted just the same, like the flour paste her mother used to make for their scrapbook. And there were only the littlest drops of warm water, or a tiny bit of ice to suck in a piece of cheesecloth. They wiped her mouth out with a piece of wet cotton and she sucked that too, when she could. She was always thirsty and very, very hot. She remembered that when (it seemed ages ago) she used to run and play and get awfully warm, her hair was always cool and damp around her face. She thought perhaps if ever she *could* run and jump again, there might be cool drops on her forehead now. But of course, she could hardly lift even her arms, much less kick up her heels, and anyway, there were mounds and mounds of white bedclothes

everywhere. You couldn't even wiggle your toes because they were so far away, a mile maybe. Sometimes they weren't even your toes—they were somebody else's. You couldn't even have your own toes.

You had white angels bending over you with topknots on their heads—white topknots like a chicken's red one, only theirs were always white. Everything was white. All except The Blue Cat-Bit, and that's one reason why Yisobet loved him so.

Lots of people, who have never been sick, might think the Cat-Bit just a funny little thing; but she thought him beautiful, because he helped to make her well. In the first place, there was his color—buff with big uneven markings of the brightest blue. He had one long ear like a rabbit and one short ear like a kitten, and a small, round fluffy tail. He also wore a collar with red stones in it, and he had the sweetest voice.

THE FIRST night Yisobet saw him, he was swinging away off at the foot of her bed, watching her to see if she would notice him. Finally, he stopped doing flip-flaps, and she said, "Come here."

That was the nicest part of it all. Whatever you asked the Cat-Bit to do, he *did* it.

"Now," said Yisobet, when he came up and sat on her chest, "give me a drink of water." (Nobody, not even the topknot angels, would give her a drink of water.) But he reached behind him and brought out a tall glass of the clearest, coldest water, and she reached out her own hand and drank it.

"Put it away," she said. "Don't let them see it, or they might not let you in any more. Why aren't you white?"

"Because," he answered in that lovely voice of his, "because I'm The Blue Cat-Bit."

"You're just my darling," said Yisobet. "Now, sing to me."

He sat back on his haunches and folded his paws over his stomach, took a deep breath and began to sing:

"I'm the Blue Cat-Bit but I never bite

"And I never was bitten, 'cause I never fight.

"I'm always blue 'cause I'm never white,

"And don't you adore my collar?"

"It's so pretty," sighed Yisobet, because she was beginning to fall into the coziest little sleep, and there were soft drops of water on her forehead. You see, after his song, the Cat-Bit began doing a dance around the bed and sprinkling her with his paws. He'd brought out another glass of water. Imagine! *Another* glass!

"Have you any more when that's gone?" she asked, half asleep.

"Hundreds," whispered the Cat-Bit, smoothing back her hair with his little wet paws. And then he touched her on the cheek with his cool wet nose, and she was *sound* asleep.

THE NEXT morning, it must have been morning for she'd slept so long, she asked the topknot angel if she'd seen him.

"Yes and no," said the angel. "We knew he was here, though, because you're so much better."

"He had lots of water," said Yisobet.

"Yes," said the angel, "and he left some for you." So she propped Yisobet up and gave her a long, long drink. That's what it meant to be a friend of The Blue Cat-Bit.

"Is he coming back?" asked Yisobet.

"If you need him," said the angel, "but he's very busy with the little girl in the room next door. He's working very hard to get her well too. But he left something else for you." The angel touched her topknot and put it on straight and reached behind her and brought out a bottle.

"That doesn't look like his bottle," said Yisobet.

"You wouldn't hurt his feelings by not taking it when he left it for you?"

"Well, I wouldn't take it out of a spoon anyway," said Yisobet. "He'd give me whatever it has in it out of a glass."

"Of course," said the angel. "I forgot."

That night Yisobet couldn't sleep at all. She wasn't hot any more, but her bones ached. Of course, she understood The Blue Cat-Bit was busy. So all night long she lay quiet, trying not to cry with the pains in her knees, and the hard lumps under her back, and finally, just at dawn, he came again.

"Just turn over, Yisobet," said The Blue Cat-Bit, and he reached behind him and took out another bottle. It had a lovely smell, like perfume. Then, with his soft cool paws, he rubbed her back and her little tired legs, and she fell asleep.

"But mind," he said over her shoulder, just before she closed her eyes, "you have to finish that *other* bottle."

"I will," said Yisobet.

"I'll leave you a tall tinkly glass," said The Blue Cat-Bit.

When she showed it to the angels, it proved that he had been there again, so they let her take what was in his other bottle right out of the *very same* glass.

"Did you ever see The Blue Cat-Bit?" asked Yisobet, speaking to one of the angels, when she was so much better she could sit up straight and her toes were so close she could touch them. (But still she couldn't walk on them no matter how much they rubbed them.)

"He comes and goes," said the angel, and her name was Sister.

"If you've never seen him, he looks like this," said Yisobet, and she took the crayons her mother had brought her and made a very good picture of him.

"I could get up and walk around on my two feet if I had *him* here," said Yisobet, "but now I'm afraid."

So for a long time Yisobet just sat up in her bed and they rubbed her legs that were so thin and so white, and tried to

[Continued on page 87]

"Such a jolly baby she is!"

"Always ready for a romp. We think St. Charles Milk has a lot to do with her perfect disposition."

HEALTHY BABIES are happy babies. And doctors recommend St. Charles Milk because it is so easy to digest.

St. Charles is pure fresh country milk evaporated just a few hours after milking time . . . its quality protected by Borden's under the strictest safeguards in the dairy industry.

Youngsters and grownups, too, can build health with St. Charles because it is irradiated by the finest method known to science for an extra supply of the important Sunshine Vitamin D.

St. Charles is better for babies and better for cooking and table use.

**Made in Canada since 1899*



Borden's ST. CHARLES MILK
THE BETTER IRRADIATED EVAPORATED MILK

Get TEXCRAFT for Your Children

TEXCRAFT has been welcomed as the ideal birthday gift, providing lasting interest to the young people. Ten big colored crayons enable any boy or girl to produce colored patterns on these outline sketches. Texcraft comes in a strong box, 16" x 12"; with a richly colored cover, altogether an excellent, educational, inexpensive birthday gift that is highly appreciated.

If your dealer cannot supply you enclose money order for \$1.15 and a Texcraft set will be mailed, post paid to any address in Canada.

Manufactured Exclusively for the British Empire by: **TEXCRAFT** 481 University Ave., Toronto, Ontario

The Smartest People use
SHU-MILK
to Safely
CLEAN and WHITEN
WHITE SHOES

Best Ever Used or Money Refunded

Question—My baby girl is five weeks old and weighs 9 lb., 5 oz. I have been nursing her with a supplementary feeding but do not seem to have much nurse. She sleeps well at night but in the daytime has gas pains and sour stomach. Would you advise me to wean her and would you send a formula for feeding?

Answer—I would not advise weaning the baby. Have her empty your breasts at each nursing. There is nothing like use to improve the flow of breast milk. If you must wean her, the proper formula for one to two months is: Milk 15 oz., water 15 oz., and two level tablespoonfuls granulated sugar in seven feedings in the 24 hours. Give cod-liver oil, one teaspoonful before each of three feedings. Most babies get gas and pains, green stools, etc., from over-feeding. Perhaps you can get along by using one to three or more feeds a day of above formula with the nurse.

Question—My boy is 13 months old and weighs 26 lb. His bowels are regular and he is a very good eater. He is a poor sleeper. For the first two hours after being put to bed he sleeps well. Then he turns on his stomach, pushes to the top of the bed with his knees drawn up. This continues for the rest of the night with outbursts of crying unless I take him into bed with me and keep him on his right side. He has a daily nap.

Answer—Your child is being overfed, especially in the evening. Twenty-six pounds is not a bad weight for two years. Cut down his food a bit and don't get him into the bad habit of bossing you into cuddling him to make him sleep.

Question—Please let me know if the diet of my eight-months-old grandson is suitable (diet outlined). He weighs almost 20 lb. and is well trained. His mother thinks he is not getting enough. Please advise.

Answer—The diet for from six to nine months is: Milk 30 oz., water 10 oz., and three level tablespoonfuls of sugar (granulated), or the equivalent of corn syrup. This in five feedings in the 24 hours. One or two rounded tablespoonfuls of well-cooked cereal at 10 a.m. and 6 p.m., if the child seems hungry. A rusk or zwieback after 10 a.m. feeding. Cod-liver oil one teaspoonful before each of four feedings until June 1. One ounce of orange juice with equal water at 9 a.m.

Mothers and some grandmothers, too, always think the baby is not getting enough. The best proof that it is, is a steady increase in weight. Your grandson is heavy enough for a child of eleven months.

Question—My baby, seven months old has weeping eczema. She has been breast-fed. Would you advise weaning her? If so, what shall I feed her?

Answer—I should not advise weaning until about the ninth month. From the sixth to the ninth month in addition to the nurse, give her one to two rounded tablespoonfuls of well-cooked cereal at 10 a.m. and 6 p.m. if she seems hungry. Pour over the cereal some boiled milk. A rusk or zwieback may be given after the 10 a.m. feeding. Continue the orange juice and give a teaspoonful of cod-liver oil before each of four feedings until end of May. For the eczema, simple measures are best. Try application of zinc oxide ointment. If you have further difficulties write again.

FOR EXPECTANT MOTHERS

Mothers desiring to receive the leaflets for Expectant mothers and advice about a layette should write to Superintendent, Victorian Order of Nurses, 281 Sherbourne St., Toronto. The Victorian Order have very kindly offered to supply this information to expectant mothers.



*We're lucky
being TWINS*

OUR MOTHER IS EXTRA CAREFUL

YOU'RE right, Davey and Phil! Twins are apt to be harder to raise than single brothers and sisters, so mother is especially careful. Like wise mothers everywhere, she never risks using ordinary soaps with harmful alkali for little garments . . . insists on Lux for everything that touches a baby's skin.

**WON'T IRRITATE
A BABY'S
TENDER SKIN**



MOSQUITOES WON'T BITE BABY

—if exposed parts are liberally covered with this safe, pleasant cream.

**Potter & Moore's
ANTI-MOSQUITO CREAM**



BABY'S HOT LITTLE HEAD IS A DANGER SIGNAL

WHEN your Baby's head feels hot to your hand you must do something. And do it quickly. Read what Mrs. B— of Enterprise does and what results she gets: "My baby's cheeks and hands were so hot I was frightened. I gave him a Baby's Own Tablet at noon and by after supper he was all better."

And a Toronto mother has this to say: "When little bowels are congested these grand little tablets move them without griping, relieving any feverish symptoms. My children's health is absolutely safe, while I have Baby's Own Tablets in the house."

They are sweet-tasting. Easy to take. Absolutely safe and harmless. Work quickly and can be given to the most delicate baby. Analyst's certificate on every box.

For upset stomach, constipation troubles and other minor ills of baby days, they are equally effective.

Your druggist is authorized by us to return your money if you are not satisfied with the results from Baby's Own Tablets. Get a box today. 25 cents.

Homeshopping



by M.
FRANCES HUCKS

Cheese

*Gives your menu a flair . . . makes hors d'oeuvres zestful . . .
adds glamour to milk soup . . . inspires asparagus and eggs
in casserole . . . touches dessert with a rich tanginess . . .*

CCHEESE has never had to take a back seat because it couldn't keep up with the times. It boasts many distinct types to begin with, and dozens of variations of each. And as sure as a new idea in meal planning or a novel serving trick appears, out steps another cheese variation which fits perfectly into the new scheme of things.

When such variety links up with perfect flavor, excellent nutritional value, year-round availability and exceptional convenience, there is no end to appetizing ways of working it into menus.

CHEESE AS AN APPETIZER. When it's a question of those tangy little mouthfuls which pave the way to the dinner proper, cheese is in its element: There are straws or sticks made by rolling grated, nippy cheese (seasoned, of course) into flaky pastry, cutting in long thin strips and baking in a quick oven. Serve these with tomato or fruit juice cocktail; this combination is the simplest and one of the best-liked dinner preludes I know. In an assortment of hors d'oeuvres, cheese, in different combinations, tops many a canapé, is a stuffing for celery and is often piped through a tube for garnishing. One canapé suggestion combines cream cheese and grated horseradish (about one-half cupful of cheese and four tablespoonfuls of horseradish). This mixture is spread on inch-wide fingers of whole wheat bread, toasted on the under side, then as a

finish two rounded strips of smoked salmon or two well-drained sardines are placed on each, with three or four capers between them. A variation of this combines the cheese with minced celery and uses tiny fillets of smoked herring on the top.

Cheese creamed and mixed with finely minced ripe olives and the faintest dash of onion is another topping, particularly good on crisp little cocktail biscuits.

For asparagus rolls, remove the crusts from very thin slices of bread and spread with pimiento-flavored cheese, moistened with mayonnaise. Roll each slice around a marinated asparagus tip, press the edge of each to secure the roll and toast in the broiler. Another toasted one uses cheese pinwheels as a basis. To make them, spread thin lengthwise slices of fresh bread with a well-seasoned cheese mixture, moistened to spreading consistency with mayonnaise or cream. Roll up like a jelly roll, having the roll from one to one and one-half inches in diameter. Wrap tightly in waxed paper or a damp cloth and chill. Cut in slices about one-half inch thick and wrap a narrow strip of bacon around the outside, securing with a toothpick. Toast in the broiler until the bacon is cooked. Then it's a smart idea to serve on colored toothpicks stuck into a rosy apple or one of those quaint little metal pottery or wooden figures designed for the purpose.

Different mixtures of cheese are good in celery—plain

or pimiento cheese, seasoned with salt, paprika and Worcestershire sauce; cream cheese and Roquefort combined or the prepared Roquefort spread; cream cheese mixed with anchovy paste and a dash of tabasco; cheese and peanut butter, mixed well and seasoned to taste.

CHEESE AND THE SOUP COURSE. Cheese goes in, on or with soup. A simple and quickly made milk soup uses cheese and a dash of onion and parsley for flavor. It's thickened with quick tapioca and is chock full of nourishment.

4 Cupfuls of whole milk
2 Tablespoonfuls of quick
tapioca
1 Teaspoonful of salt
Pepper

1 Tablespoonful of grated
onion
2 Tablespoonfuls of butter
¼ Cupful of grated cheese
2 Tablespoonfuls of
chopped parsley

Scald the milk, add the tapioca, salt, pepper and onion, then cook, stirring frequently until the tapioca is clear. Add the butter, cheese and parsley and cook until the butter and cheese are melted. Serve at once.

A sprinkling of grated, nippy cheese on soup is an Italian custom worth adopting. A hard Canadian Cheddar, Stilton or finely grated Parmesan is good to serve this way. Try it on onion soup, on cream of

[Continued on page 64]

The Picture of Happiness

"Thanks a million," the gentleman to the left is saying. And he really means it. You can tell by his smile. And you would be pleased, too, if you received such an inviting plate from so charming a lady.

There are really two pictures here—one of the happy people and the other of the good things that make them feel that way. The lady passing the plate knows her way about when it comes to salads—the bottles on the table clear up every doubt.

Take Heinz Vinegar for example. Unless you have tasted this intriguing essential of any first-class dressing, you can't imagine what an improvement really fine vinegar can make. Heinz offers three varieties—white—malt—cider. Whether it's a salad dressing that's being considered—or any food that calls for vinegar—the hostess can match the taste-preference of any guest with one of these three.

Olive Oil, too, counts for much in a dressing. Here, again, your choice is naturally Heinz pure Olive Oil, right from Spain where Heinz has a plant. The oil comes from plump, ripe olives, grown in orchards near Seville. It is clear, golden amber—rich with the pure olive taste.

Both the vinegars and the olive oil give you the 'nth degree in savour, in a salad, in cooking or in use at the table. Always order Heinz Vinegars and Heinz Olive Oil. You'll find there's true economy in buying the best.

"The Heinz Book of Salads and Meat Recipes"—a wealth of new ideas for salads, dressings, sandwiches, appetizers; lavish in meat cooking suggestions—ideas for feasts with left overs—quick one-dish dinners. A new and different kind of Recipe Book. Sent for 25c. Or, send 10c and labels from 3 tins of Heinz Soups. H. J. Heinz Company, Dept. C69, Toronto, Ont. **57**



FOR *Out-of-the-ordinary* MEALS

...CLIP THESE KRAFT CHEESE RECIPES

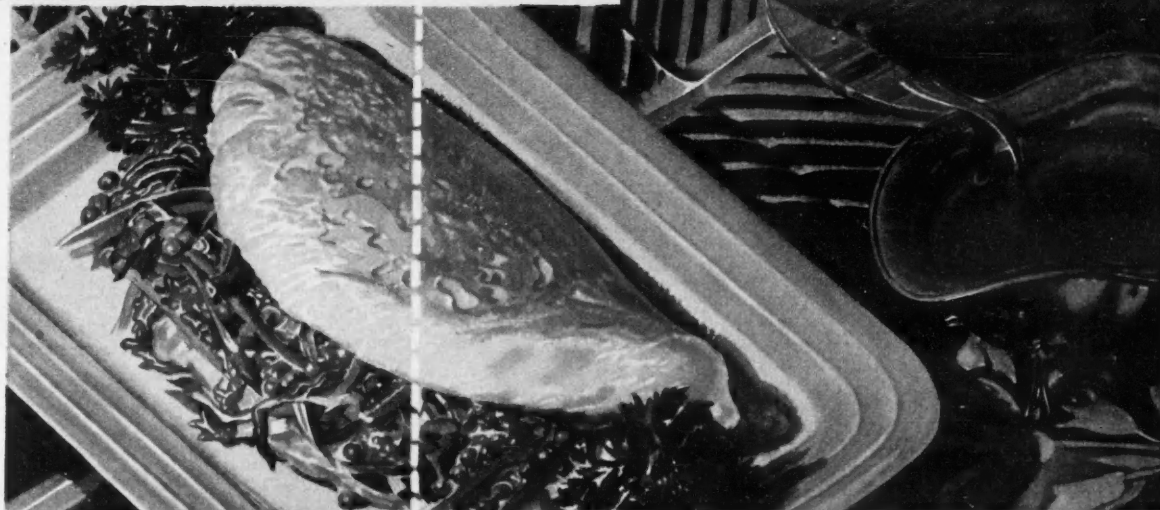
FILE-SIZE RECIPES; CLIP THEM AND SERVE A CHEESE DISH TOMORROW!

Washington Salmon Roll. Sift 2 cups flour, 4 tps. baking powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt. Cut in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter. Beat 1 egg, add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk; lightly mix into flour mixture. Roll out to a rectangle $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick. Spread dough with this mixture: $1\frac{3}{4}$ cups flaked salmon, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk, 2 tps. chopped onion, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tps. chopped parsley, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped sweet pickle, $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt. Roll dough like jelly roll; bake on buttered sheet 40 minutes at 425°. Slice and serve hot with this sauce: Melt $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Kraft Velveta in top of double boiler. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk gradually, stirring till smooth.



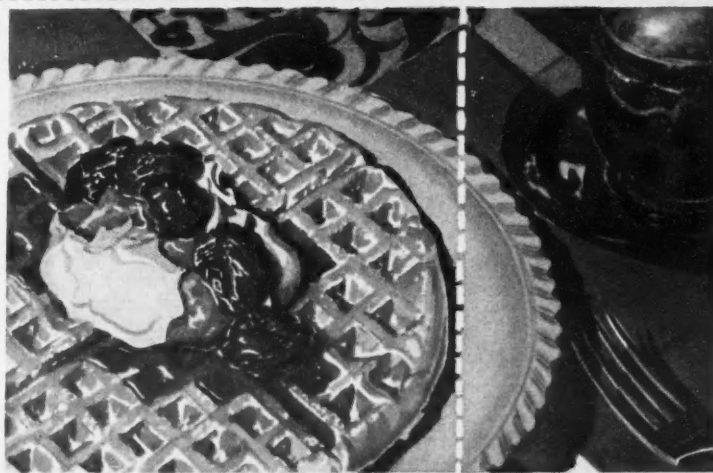
Cheese Omelet—Spanish Vegetables. For sauce: cook 2 c. canned tomatoes, and 1 tbsp. chopped onion slowly until thick. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ c. cooked green peas; and $\frac{1}{2}$ c. cooked celery and $\frac{1}{2}$ c. cooked green beans, both cut in thin strips. Season to taste.

Cook $\frac{1}{2}$ c. of milk, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tps. minute tapioca and seasoning 10 min. in double boiler. Add 1 tbsp. butter and 1 c. shredded Creamed Old English. Stir until smooth. Add 3 beaten egg yolks; fold in 3 beaten egg whites. Cook very slowly in buttered frying pan until omelet is "set". Place in very slow oven, 275°, until top is dry. Spread hot sauce over half of omelet, fold and serve.



Waffles with "Philadelphia" Brand Cream Cheese. Beat 2 egg yolks. Add alternately $1\frac{1}{3}$ cups milk and these sifted ingredients: 2 cups flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder, 2 tablespoons sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt. Add 6 tablespoons melted butter. Fold in 2 beaten egg whites, and bake. Slightly soften "Philadelphia" Brand Cream Cheese with a little milk. Serve it and strawberry jam with the waffles.

"Philadelphia" Brand Cream Cheese is the brand that's guaranteed fresh! Always look for the brand name on the silver-foil package.



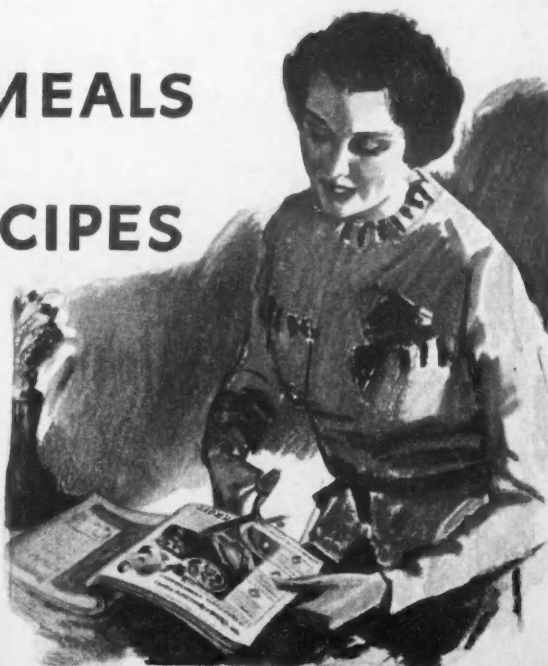
● With a little file of Kraft Cheese recipes you need never let your menus get dreary-dull! A Kraft main dish can make your whole meal seem new!

And, besides, that dish will supply many needed food values. For Kraft Cheese gives you the protein you expect in main dishes . . . energy units . . . Vitamin A. And it supplies a wealth of the valuable milk minerals, calcium and phosphorus. It takes more than a gallon of rich milk to make a single pound of Kraft Cheese!

So clip these recipes now. Watch for more of them in the magazines. And at least once a week, give your family an *out-of-the-ordinary* meal, planned around a nutritious Kraft Cheese dish.

Tune in on the Kraft Music Hall—Bing Crosby, Bob Burns and famous guest stars. Thursday nights, NBC.

The world's finest cheeses are made or imported by **KRAFT**





Photograph — Courtesy Robert Simpson Co. Ltd.

Electric Refrigerators

Offer . . .
Food Protection . . . Food Economy . . . Convenience
Better Meals . . . Simplified Housekeeping . . .

by HELEN G. CAMPBELL

THERE WERE 2,185,000 electric refrigerators purchased by housekeepers in 1936. Of this huge number, between 40,000 and 45,000 found their way to Canadian kitchens—about 17,000 more than the year before. Two million—think of that!—went to the United States and the rest to various parts of the world.

As it is now, only about 15 per cent of all the homes in Canada are equipped with this efficient and modern method of keeping foods, while over 41 per cent of American housekeepers enjoy its advantages. Now I don't begrudge our neighbors up-to-date equipment, but I do think that nothing is too good for Canadian chate-laines, particularly when it comes to those mechanical appliances that save time, work and money.

On this basis a refrigerator is an import-

ant item and a profitable investment. It provides the proper cold for maximum food protection, cuts food bills, gives you extra hours and allows you to keep cool in the face of emergencies. And now with modernization so much to the fore, more and more electric refrigerators are being installed as the up-to-date standard of efficiency.

This year's models provide many conveniences unthought of in the early days of manufacture when there was little more than a cold box and shelves. And each new feature does its share to simplify the work of meal preparation and service.

Even such things as door-opening devices have been improved, not just for the sake of appearance, but to make them easier to operate. Smartly designed handles that work at a mere touch and a foot pedal which releases at the slightest pressure—

Warm hospitality — and cool refreshment to prove it.



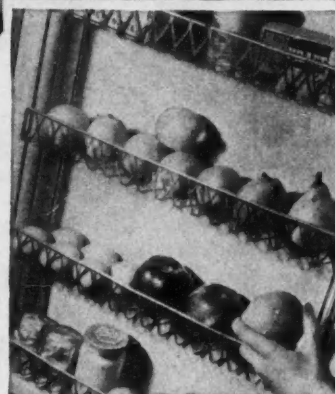
Illustrates two modern refinements — a tray release which eliminates tugging and a clever device for removing ice cubes with neatness and dispatch. The glass tray stores an additional supply.

what a comfort when your hands are full!

Interiors are carefully tailored for the greatest use of storage space and for flexibility of food arrangement. Shelves are removable and can be adjusted up or down to take care of small bowls or a twelve-pound turkey, as the case demands. Some are divided to be used full size or to give more room for tall bottles when desired. And there are sliding shelves to draw forward and bring the food within easy reach. Grids in the newer shelves are designed to prevent food tipping and are sturdily built to keep their shape under considerable weight. Some refrigerators provide auxiliary shelves which are useful as service trays.

Well-placed racks on the door leave more room in the food compartment and permit a more orderly arrangement as they are a suitable storage space for many small articles; lemons, eggs, a pound of butter or shortening and so on, are neatly taken care of here and easily accessible when required. Other utility racks or baskets which fit on the shelves are a convenience in storing many foods and transporting them to and from the sink or working centre.

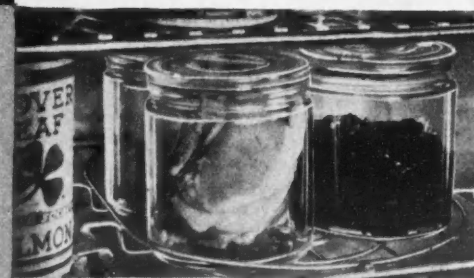
Covered containers especially designed for the purpose will not only preserve but revive salad greens to their original crispness. Sometimes in larger machines they come in pairs—one for vegetables and the other for tender fruits which need cool, moist air to keep [Continued on page 66]



Tailored interior! Neat storage trays ranged along the inside of the door increase the refrigerator's capacity and provide an ideal place for good things that come in small sizes

A well-designed freezing compartment with its quartet of small trays and a larger one, shown full of ice cream. The temperature control and cold storage tray are important features in food protection.

The covered refrigerator jars go round and round on a circular track built into this specially designed shelf. So all are easily accessible in orderly and convenient arrangement. No groping.



A full-width, covered container which slides out conveniently, like a drawer, and gives generous space for storing salad greens and other vegetables. Retains or restores their original crispness and keeps them garden-fresh

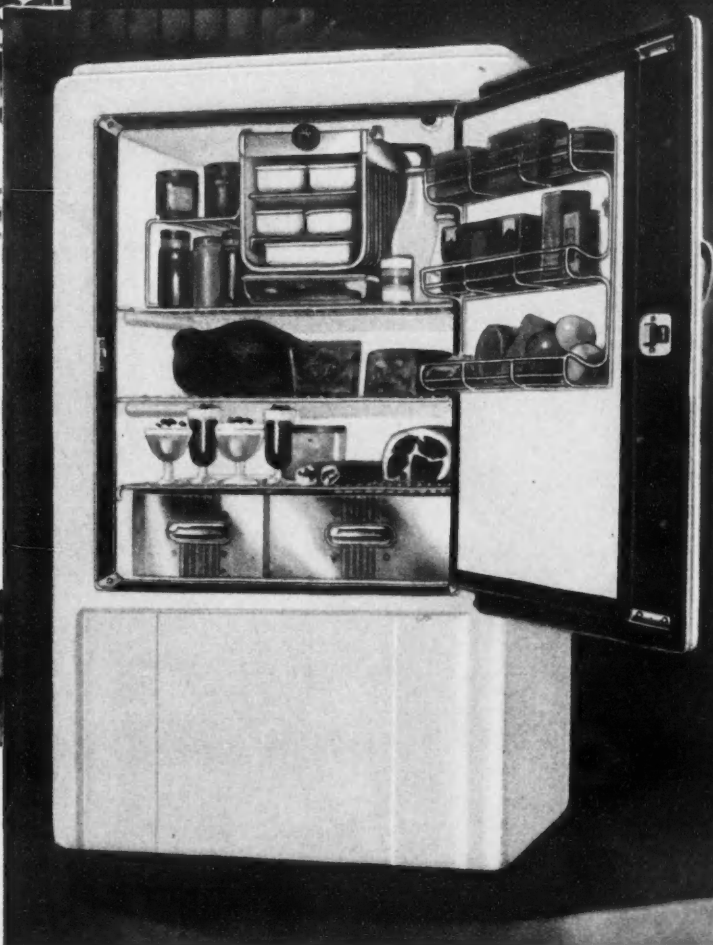




1 BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER	16 BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
Orange Juice Cereal Raisin Scones Jam Coffee Tea	Vegetable Soup Biscuits Banana and Nut Salad Spice Cake Tea Cocoa	Rib Roast of Beef Browned Potatoes Wax Beans Vanilla Ice Cream Strawberry Sauce Coffee Tea	Grapefruit Cereal Marmalade Bacon Toast Coffee Tea	Broiled Small Fish with Lemon Pineapple and Stuffed Date Salad Tea Cocoa	Tomato Soup Cold Roast Veal Potato Soufflé Corn Strawberry Shortcake Coffee Tea
2 Diced Pineapple French Toast Syrup Coffee Tea	Bacon Pan-fried Potatoes Cole Slaw Apple Sauce Cake (from Tuesday) Tea Cocoa	Celery Soup Cold Roast Beef Au Gratin Potatoes Buttered Onions Baked Tapioca Custard Coffee Tea	Pineapple Juice French Toast Maple Syrup Coffee Tea	Baked Stuffed Tomatoes Crusty Rolls Canned Pears Spice Cake Tea Cocoa	Liver and Bacon Scalloped Potatoes Spinach Lemon Snow Custard Sauce Coffee Tea
3 Stewed Prunes Cereal Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Beef Turnovers Brown Gravy Relish Pickle Fruit Cup Jelly Roll Tea Cocoa	Lamb Stew Dumplings Diced Beets Spinach Nut Butterscotch Pudding Coffee Tea	18 Orange Sections Cereal Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Clam Chowder Toasted Cheese Sandwiches Dill Pickles Apple Sauce Cake Tea Cocoa	Boiled Fresh Salmon Egg Sauce Parsley Potato Balls Mixed Salad Greens Apricot Tart Pie Coffee Tea
4 Grapefruit Juice Poached Eggs on Toast Coffee Tea	Asparagus Soup Spring Vegetable Salad Prune Whip Tea Cocoa	Oven-fried Fillet of Flounder Parsley Potatoes Baked or Stewed Tomatoes Baked Grape Juice Pudding Coffee Tea	19 Cereal with Fresh Fruit Hot Biscuits Honey Coffee Tea	Salmon (left-over) and Cucumber Salad with Watercress Brown Bread Sliced Bananas and Cream Tea Cocoa	Meat Pie Chili Sauce Glazed Carrots Creamed Celery Floating Island Coffee Tea
5 Stewed Rhubarb Cereal Bran Muffins Honey Coffee Tea	Parsley Omelet Brown Toast Canned Blueberries Tea Cocoa	Grilled Smoked Ham Creamed Potatoes Corn Lemon Chiffon Pie Coffee Tea	20 (Sunday) Chilled Watermelon Cereal Scrambled Eggs with Tomato Toast Coffee Tea	Cold Meat Relish Potato and Celery Salad Chocolate Cream Puffs Tea Cocoa	Baked Ham Slice with Savory Topping Creamy Mashed Potatoes Buttered Beets Fresh Fruit Cup Iced Loaf Cake Coffee Tea
6 (Sunday) Orange Halves Pan-fried Small Fish Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Ramekins of Chicken (canned) Celery and Green Pepper Hot Biscuits or Rolls Strawberry Tarts Tea Cocoa	Cream of Mushroom Soup Sliced Jellied Tongue Cabbage and Carrot Salad Tomato Sections Rice Mold with Fresh Pineapple Coffee Tea	21 Grapefruit Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Pork and Beans Brown Rolls Sliced Oranges with Coconut Cake Tea Cocoa	Mushroom Soup Grilled Lamb Chops Potato Cakes Stewed Tomatoes Quick Tapioca Cream Coffee Tea
7 Tomato Juice Cereal Toasted Rolls Jam Coffee Tea	Baked Macaroni and Cheese Lettuce French Dressing Bananas in Lemon Jelly Tea Cocoa	Grilled Sausages Mashed Potatoes Green Peas Cup Cakes Raisin Spice Sauce Coffee Tea	22 Stewed Prunes Fish Cakes Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Frankfurters Mustard Sauerkraut Rice Molds Fruit Sauce Tea Cocoa	(Vegetable Plate) Spinach Ring with Creamed Eggs Baked Potato Scalloped Corn Maple Cottage Pudding Coffee Tea
8 Half Grapefruit Bacon Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea	Creamed Eggs on Toast Green Onions Stewed Apricots Cookies Tea Cocoa	Mock Duck with Bread Dressing Baked Potatoes Beet Greens Rhubarb Crisp Coffee Tea	23 Tomato Juice Cereal Fried Ham Toast Coffee Tea	Pea Soup Raw Vegetable and Cottage Cheese Salad Prunes (from Tuesday) Muffins Tea Cocoa	Baked Lamb Roll Boiled New Potatoes Green Beans Blancmange with Fresh Pineapple Coffee Tea
9 Cereal with Dates Coffee Cake Jam Coffee Tea	Kidney Stew Rolls Cup Custards Apricot Sauce Tea Cocoa	Scotch Broth Baked Salmon Loaf Caper Sauce Julienne Potatoes Harvard Beets Diced Pineapple Cake Coffee Tea	24 Sliced Bananas Cereal Toasted Muffins Jam Coffee Tea	Spaghetti with Tomato Sauce Brown Bread Watermelon Tea Cocoa	Consommé Cold Sliced Lamb Roll Scalloped Potatoes Buttered Asparagus Deep Rhubarb Pie Coffee Tea
10 Orange Juice Cereal Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee Tea	Vegetable Soup Cabbage Salad with Diced Bacon Hot Biscuits Honey Tea Cocoa	Minute Steaks Mashed Potatoes Buttered Carrots Fruit Jelly Whipped Cream Coffee Tea	25 Orange Juice Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea	Celery Soup Jellied Vegetable Molds on Lettuce with Mayonnaise Pecan Tarts Tea Cocoa	Oven-cooked Trout French-fried Potatoes Cole Slaw Fresh Strawberry Ice Cream Wafers Coffee Tea
11 Sliced Bananas Pancakes Coffee Maple Syrup Tea	Fish and Chips Fresh Fruit Salad Nut Wafers Tea Cocoa	(Vegetable Plate) Casserole of Noodles with Cheese Spinach Baked Tomatoes Creamed Young Onions Gingerbread Hard Sauce Coffee Tea	26 Stewed Rhubarb Cereal Toast Coffee Syrup Tea	Fresh Bologna Mixed Pickles Pan-fried Potatoes Canned Peaches Cookies Tea Cocoa	Swiss Steak Mashed Potatoes Fresh Lima Beans Chocolate Cup Cakes Foamy Sauce Coffee Tea
12 Pineapple Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Conserve Tea	Cheese Soufflé Stewed Rhubarb Gingerbread Squares (from Friday) Tea Cocoa	Baked Cottage Roll Creamed Potatoes Boiled Cabbage Blancmange with Jelly Coffee Tea	27 (Sunday) Chilled Melon Bacon and Eggs Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Sea-food Salad Hot Rolls Diced Pineapple Iced Layer Cake Tea Cocoa	Fried Chicken Creamed Potatoes Grilled Tomatoes Chilled Baked Custard with Brown Sugar Topping Coffee Tea
13 (Sunday) Fresh Strawberries Cereal Savory Omelet Toast Coffee Tea	Cold Sliced Cottage Roll Pickles Sliced Tomato and Cucumber on Lettuce Ice Cream Small Cakes Tea Cocoa	Mixed Grill Parsley Potatoes Asparagus with Hollandaise Chocolate Marshmallow Roll Coffee Tea	28 Pineapple (from Sunday) Cereal Toast Coffee Honey Tea	Chicken Soup Cheese Toast and Bacon Raisin Scones Jelly Tea Cocoa	Pot Roast of Beef Boiled Potatoes Dandelion Greens Sliced Oranges and Bananas Cake Coffee Tea
14 Sliced Oranges Cereal Creamed Diced Cottage Roll on Toast Coffee Tea	Cream of Onion Soup Sardine and Sliced Egg Salad Baked Bananas Lemon Sauce Tea Cocoa	Hamburger Cakes Relish Sauce Lyonnaise Potatoes Green Beans Bread Pudding with Meringue Coffee Tea	29 Orange Halves French Toast Maple Syrup Coffee Tea	Cold Roast Beef Horseradish Lyonnaise Potatoes Strawberries and Cream Tea Cocoa	Pan-broiled Fresh Herring Au Gratin Potatoes Peas Fresh Cherry Roll Coffee Tea
15 Tomato Juice Bread and Milk Graham Gems Jam Coffee Tea	Asparagus with Cheese Sauce on Toast Stewed Rhubarb Cookies Tea Cocoa	Roast of Veal Mashed Potatoes Peas Grape Juice Bavarian Cream Coffee Tea	30 Stewed Prunes Cereal Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea	Shepherd's Pie Chili Sauce Lettuce and Radish Salad Baked Apple Tea Cocoa	Breaded Veal Cutlets Mashed Potatoes Boiled Cabbage Diced Fruit in Lime Jelly Whipped Cream Coffee Tea

The Meals of the Month as compiled by M. Frances Hucks are a regular feature of Chatelaine each month

First IN POPULARITY AMONG CANADIAN BUYERS



The Greatest Tribute Ever Paid to any ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR

WESTINGHOUSE sales records for several years past show that more people have bought Westinghouse than any other electric refrigerator in Canada . . . the most emphatic approval and endorsement which it is in the public power to bestow!

In the United States, the largest refrigerator order in the world's history was awarded to Westinghouse, for the U.S. Government's rehousing projects, on a strictly competitive basis of long life and economy.

Records such as these are convincing proof of the basic "rightness" and thoroughness of Westinghouse construction:—Precision-built mechanism, hermetically sealed and super-powered—adequate reserve performance for any emergency; Dual-automatic protection of both food and mechanism; All-steel cabinets with fully-sealed insulation; enduring quality that extends to the minutest hidden detail.

When you buy a Westinghouse Dual-automatic Refrigerator you are assured of unfailing food protection, fast-freezing of ice cubes and desserts, and the last word in convenience features. Your investment is protected by the integrity and reputation which are inseparable from the Westinghouse name. And you are sure of the **extra** dependability, long life and economy which make Westinghouse first choice of Canadian buyers.

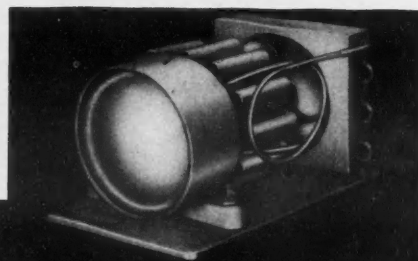
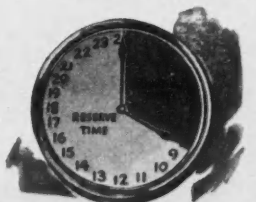
Westinghouse values have never been so great . . . or Westinghouse ownership so easy as right now. See your nearest dealer for details of the new 1937 Super-Power Models!

CANADIAN WESTINGHOUSE CO., LIMITED • HAMILTON, CANADA

Super Power

66% RESERVE

Under normal summer conditions the Westinghouse Hermetically-Sealed Mechanism operates only one-third of the time . . . leaving a reserve of 66% to meet any emergency or extreme of temperature. Super-Power assures dependable refrigeration . . . **fast freezing** . . . plenty of ice-cubes on the hottest day . . . and lowest operating cost. Get the facts before you buy.



Westinghouse

• APPLIANCES • LAMPS • RADIOTRONS

Safer Feedings for YOUR BABY



with *Libby's*
HOMOGENIZED
Baby Foods

HERE'S THE REASON

LIBBY'S Homogenized BABY FOODS may be fed MONTHS EARLIER

To protect babies against nutritional anemia many doctors recommend Libby's Homogenized vegetables as early as three months—weeks earlier than strained foods—to give baby the needed minerals. Your doctor will tell you when to start feeding Libby's Homogenized Foods to your baby.

Fewer Digestive Upsets with LIBBY'S Homogenized Foods

Babies are so little, so helpless — no wonder they're easily upset! No wonder mothers welcome Libby's Homogenized Foods! Their smoother, finer texture makes them much easier to digest. Clinically tested and approved by supervising specialists.



BABY gets MORE NOURISHMENT with LIBBY'S Homogenized Foods

Scientific tests show that Libby's Homogenized Foods are easier to digest than the finest strained foods. Baby gets far more nourishment from Homogenized fruits, cereals, vegetables and soup. And he uses much less energy in getting the valuable vitamins, minerals and other essentials needed to develop strong bones, firm muscles.

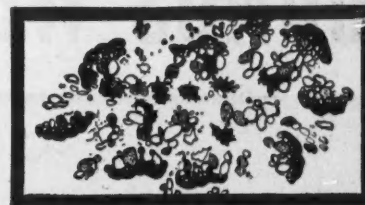
Made in Canada by

LIBBY, McNEILL & LIBBY OF CANADA LIMITED
CHATHAM — ONTARIO

Imprisoned Nourishment is Set Free by Homogenization



BEFORE Homogenization
Whole food cells like this are found in strained foods. Nourishment is imprisoned by a tough wall around these cells. Baby is robbed of food essentials he needs to build a strong body.



AFTER Libby's Special Homogenization
This is what happens to a solid food cell when it is Homogenized by Libby's Special process. Notice how the cell is "exploded". All nourishment has been set free for quick, easy and complete digestion.

Mothers—here is a great discovery which makes baby's solid foods finer . . . smoother . . . safer. Only Libby's exclusive method of Homogenization brings to mothers this better method of preparing baby's solid foods. Because scientific tests show that Homogenization makes baby's vegetables, fruits, cereals and soups far easier to digest, far more nourishing than the finest strained foods, and allows earlier feeding of a solid food diet—no wonder so many doctors recommend Libby's Homogenized Foods. Your doctor will tell you when you may begin to feed your baby Homogenized foods. Your grocer sells them, priced so low that your baby may have the health benefits of these fine foods every day.



17 FOODS IN 6 TINS

LIBBY'S Homogenized Foods come in 6 combinations—17 foods in 6 tins! Three or more foods in a single tin! This makes it possible to feed a balanced diet of solid foods at every meal.

6

BALANCED COMBINATIONS

(Ask for them by number)

- 1 Peas, beets, asparagus tips.
- 2 String beans, tomatoes, pumpkin.
- 3 Carrots, spinach, peas.
- 4 Cereal combination—whole milk, whole wheat, soy bean flour.
- 5 Prunes, pineapple juice, lemon juice.
- 6 Soup—vegetables, chicken livers, barley.



SO ECONOMICAL and EASY

All you do is heat and serve. Just open a single tin of Libby's Homogenized Food (instead of several) and in a jiffy you have a balanced combination of three vegetables ready to serve.

MOTHERS! Valuable Book

Libby, McNeill & Libby of Canada, Limited, Dept. C, Chatham, Ont.

Please send me, without charge, the new booklet "Safer Feeding for Your Baby."

Free

Name

Address

City Prov.....

Grocer's Name M237



What about the fixtures?

*What blinds will give
you the best view?*

*How do you treat
awkward windows?*

by HELEN G. CAMPBELL

The Institute continues its suggestions for

Window Treatments

Whatever style you choose, there is a more attractive effect when the holder is placed about one third of the distance from the bottom or the top rather than in centre position.

BLINDS—Though their main mission in life is to control light, window shades or blinds can be decorative as well as useful. There are several styles to prove it. Venetian blinds in a variety of colors which can be adjusted for different degrees of light and aid in ventilation of your room, accordion-pleated shades which are raised or lowered from the top or bottom for more or less sunlight and fresh air, flat blinds made of strips of bamboo or narrow wooden slats and roller blinds, designed on a common principle but uncommonly attractive in new materials and a variety of colors and patterns. Many of the newer blinds are washable which is an appealing feature to the tidy housekeeper.

Blinds should be set as close to the window as possible, inside the glass curtains. The ordinary roller type requires an inch of space while Venetian and pleated shades need additional allowance. If the architecture is such that they cannot fit in the reveal, hang them on the face of the trim. Then the glass curtains go next, often with a cornice or valance.

PROBLEM WINDOWS—Certain windows, because of their size, shape or location, present a special problem in dressing them. There is the arched window, the bay, the dormer, the awkwardly placed and others which require special consideration.

ARCHED WINDOW—There are three things you can do with this fellow—emphasize the arch in either of two ways or conceal it altogether. One [Continued on page 67]

IN WINDOW DRESSING don't, above all things, try to economize on fundamentals such as rods, rings and other hardware; well-made fixtures of the right type and fit are indispensable to a smart effect. True, their primary purpose is utilitarian but by giving the proper "set" to your curtains they lend finish and style impossible to achieve without them. They may be unobtrusive but never unimportant in successful treatment.

Adequate mechanism is available for any window and any drapery problem. And in all sorts of variety as to finish, size and design to suit whatever scheme you have in mind.

RODS—There are flat or round rods which may be cut to required lengths, single, double or triple extension rods with gooseneck ends, rods and tracks equipped with draw cords and pulleys, curved rods for arched windows and rods adjusted for bay window angles. Ornamental poles and rods are effective at some windows—wrought iron in a room with rough plaster walls and harmonious draperies, brass or chromium rods in a modern setting and painted, wooden poles against the informal background of a Colonial room. Choose them as you do accessories for your costumes, to add to but not overpower the effect.

SWINGING CRANE—These offer an inexpensive way of solving a commonplace problem as they do away with a rod across the window. They are often used successfully on French doors and in-swinging casement windows or in other treatments where you prefer to conceal the rod but omit a valance.

RINGS AND HOOKS—Different styles are made to suit different rods and curtain headings. There are rings of wood or metal to be sewn at the top when you wish them to show or at the back of a shirred heading, simple brass hooks for securing to the inner side of the pleat in the case of a pleated heading and others for the same purpose with metal stays to support a high heading. Some have pin attachments and some for use with heavy materials have prongs to help bear the weight. Rings should be of ample size to slide easily on the rods if draperies are to be drawn.

TIE-BACKS—Glass, chromium, brass, molded plaster, painted wire and wrought iron are used to fashion decorative tie-backs suitable for many treatments. Bands of the curtain material with small rings at each end to slip over a hook, serve the same purpose.



An ornated extension rod and a swinging crane for French doors and other window treatments.

Only the "SUPER-DUTY" FRIGIDAIRE WITH THE METER-MISER

Proves all 5 Basic Services for Super-Duty Refrigeration!

PROOF 1

GREATER ICE-ABILITY

Only Frigidaire has the
"QUICKUBE TRAY"
with Instant Cube-Release

ALL-METAL FOR FAST-FREEZING

Every ice tray, in every "Super-Duty" Frigidaire is a fast-freezing ALL-METAL QUICKUBE TRAY. Ends "Cube-struggle" and "Ice-famine." Amazing . . . how it instantly releases the ice-cubes, two or a trayful, as you need them! No melting or splashing under a faucet. Yields 20% more ice by ending this waste! Besides, Frigidaire freezes more pounds of ice, faster—and stores 100% more cubes ready for use! Gives you the MOST COMPLETE ICE SERVICE EVER KNOWN. See the PROOF at your nearest Frigidaire dealer's.



PROOF 2

GREATER STORAGE-ABILITY

Only Frigidaire has the 9-Way Adjustable Interior . . . with Full-Width Sliding Shelves, Cold-Storage Tray, Super-Duty Hydrators, that ALL adjust like magic for any size or shape of food! MOST COMPLETE STORAGE SERVICE EVER KNOWN.



PROOF 3

GREATER PROTECT-ABILITY

Only Frigidaire has the Food-Safety Indicator with Dial on the Door! Proves Safety-Zone Cold in food compartment even in the hottest weather. And you have 3 other zones of protecting cold—MOST COMPLETE PROTECTION SERVICE EVER KNOWN.



PROOF 4

GREATER DEPEND-ABILITY

Only Frigidaire is built and backed by General Motors! 5-Year Protection Plan on the sealed-in mechanism. Plus Sealed Steel Cabinet, Special Sealed Insulation, Lifetime Porcelain or Durable Dulux exterior—the MOST COMPLETE DEPEND-ABILITY EVER KNOWN.



PROOF 5

GREATER SAVE-ABILITY

ONLY FRIGIDAIRE HAS THE

Meter-Miser

CUTS CURRENT COST TO THE BONE!

You see its lower operating cost proved by an electric meter before you buy. Meter-Miser does SUPER-DUTY at amazing saving even in hottest weather. For it's the simplest refrigerating unit ever built . . . only 3 moving parts, including the motor.



MADE ONLY BY GENERAL MOTORS

Mrs. Canada Buys on Proof!

• Every day—all over Canada—more people are buying on PROOF that Frigidaire gives more refrigeration for less money!

It's amazing how much longer this "fortress of cold" keeps foods safe, fresh, delicious! And you get a super-abundance of big ice-cubes, always ready for use! No more "Ice-famine" in your home! No more "Cube-struggle" or "Meltage Waste"! For only Frigidaire has the fast-freezing ALL-METAL QUICKUBE TRAYS that instantly release all cubes! No melting, no splashing, no mess!

Yet, thanks to the exclusive Meter-Miser, Frigidaire makes more cold using less current . . . even in hottest weather, when many refrigerators either fail to keep safe temperatures, or shoot operating costs skyward!

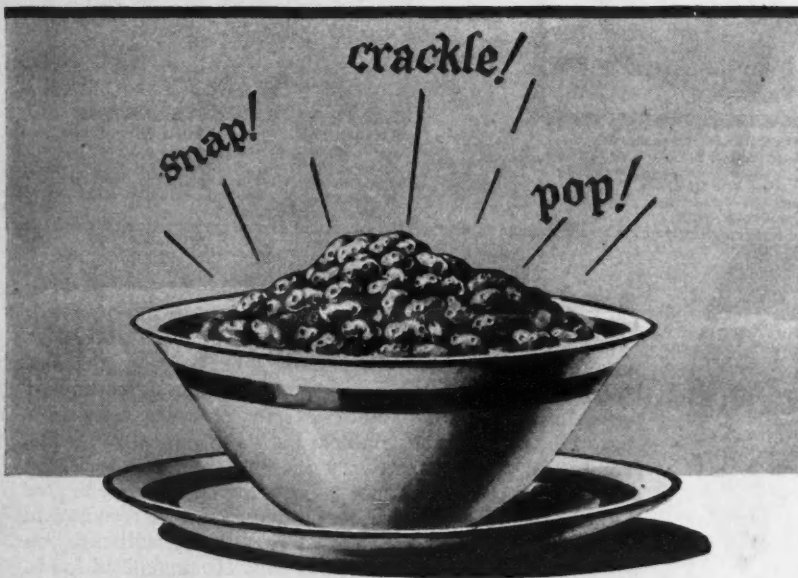
Your nearest Frigidaire Dealer is waiting to show you PROOF! Learn what to look for in modern refrigeration. See the most complete food-storing service ever known, with Frigidaire's magic 9-Way Adjustable Interior. And Proof of Dependability that only Frigidaire can give. For only Frigidaire is built and backed by GENERAL MOTORS!

You need not deny yourself this SUPER-DUTY completeness. It costs you not a penny more than you would pay for an ordinary refrigerator. Take a tip from hundreds of thousands of value-wise buyers. Choose the largest-selling refrigerator in the world—the "Super-Duty" Frigidaire with the Meter-Miser!

FRIGIDAIRE DIVISION
General Motors Sales Corporation Toronto, Ontario



SOUNDS WE ALL LIKE



THERE are many pleasant sounds to be heard in the world. But when you're *hungry*, nothing sounds nicer than a heaping bowlful of Kellogg's Rice Krispies going "Snap, Crackle, Pop!" These tasty bubbles of toasted rice are so crisp they crackle out loud in milk or cream!

What's more, Rice Krispies *taste* as delicious as they sound. Children love them—for breakfast, lunch or supper. Light, wholesome and easily digested—they never interfere with sound sleep. Always ready to serve.

You'll like delicious Rice Krispies as much as the children do. At grocers everywhere, in the WAXTITE inner bag that keeps them oven-fresh. Made by Kellogg in London, Ont. Quality guaranteed.

SO CRISP they
crackle in milk or cream



Cheese

(Continued from page 57)

asparagus, celery or spinach and over a thick fresh vegetable combination.

Cheese straws, cheese-flavored crackers, cheese flavored croûtons, "go with" soup. Plain biscuits, sprinkled with grated cheese and heated until the cheese melts are easy to do and very good. So is cheese, grated and mixed with beaten egg and seasonings, spread on puffed biscuits and heated until the topping becomes light and nicely browned.

CHEESE IN THE MAIN COURSE. If it's luncheon or supper, the whole meal may frequently be built around a main course cheese dish. Rarebits plain, with tomatoes, sardines or savory additions or onion and green pepper are a fine idea. Occasionally serve a cheese omelet all puffed and golden or a light and airy cheese soufflé. Cheese croquettes with a smooth white sauce to which chopped pimientos have been added or cheese balls with a spicy tomato sauce are two good examples of what the deep fat kettle can do with cheese. A cheese and nut loaf is a splendid meat substitute and when eggs are plentiful, there's a combination of cheese and asparagus with them which we recommend. Here are recipes for them.

Cheese and Nut Loaf

- 1 Small onion finely chopped or 2 Tablespoonfuls of thinly sliced green onions
- 1 Tablespoonful of butter
- 1 Cupful of grated yellow cheese
- 1 Cupful of chopped peanuts or walnuts
- 1 Cupful of dry bread crumbs
- ½ to 1 Cupful of milk or tomato juice
- Salt and pepper to taste
- Dash of tabasco

Cook the finely chopped or sliced onion in the butter until tender. Combine the grated cheese, chopped nuts and bread crumbs and mix well with the butter and onion. Add enough of the liquid so that the mixture will pack (the exact amount will depend on the dryness of the bread crumbs), season to taste with salt and pepper and a dash of tabasco. When thoroughly combined, turn into a buttered shallow baking dish and bake at 350 deg. Fahr. until nicely browned.

Casserole of Asparagus and Eggs With Cheese

- 4 Hard-cooked eggs
- 2 Cupfuls of asparagus, cooked and cut in inch pieces
- 1½ Cupfuls of medium white sauce
- 1 Cupful of grated cheese
- Salt and pepper
- 1 Cupful of buttered bread crumbs

Slice the hard-cooked eggs, add the grated cheese to the white sauce and stir until melted, then arrange the sliced eggs, the asparagus and the sauce in alternate layers in a buttered casserole the bottom of which has been sprinkled with buttered crumbs. Season each layer with salt and pepper and cover the top with the remainder of the crumbs. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. Fahr.) for about 20 minutes or until nicely browned.

Plenty more of our favorite casserole combinations are cheese dishes—macaroni and cheese, Italian spaghetti, rice au gratin, noodles and cheese with or without chopped cooked ham, cheese fondue made with bread crumbs, casserole of corn and cheese and many another excellent mixture of vegetables and cheese.

At dinner, the fish may be accompanied

by a savory cheese sauce, the potatoes may appear "au gratin," other vegetables with a cheese sauce. Asparagus, cauliflower, cabbage and eggplant are particularly suited to this method of service, but the sauce must be perfectly smooth and without the slightest suggestion of stringiness.

CHEESE AND SALADS. The combination of cheese and apples is just as good in a salad as in a pie. This recipe may be varied to suit your taste:

- 6 Medium-sized tart red apples
- 1 Cupful of diced celery
- ½ Cupful of chopped nuts
- ¾ Cupful of cream cheese
- Orange juice
- Crisp lettuce
- Salad dressing

Wash and core the apples and cut into dice without removing the skins. Combine with the finely diced celery and the chopped nuts. Moisten the cream cheese with enough orange juice to make it the consistency of salad dressing and fold this into the apple mixture. Serve piled in crisp lettuce cups with salad dressing and a garnish of celery curls.

Cheese and apricots, pears, pineapple, big English cherries, prunes, figs or dates are good suggestions if you're looking for variety in fruit salads. Of salad vegetables, green peppers, celery, tomatoes, potatoes and cabbage are particularly good companions for cheese.

Crumbled Roquefort cheese beaten into French dressing and served with crisp greens is one of the best combinations you've ever tasted. You can make a hit with a Fruit Salad Dressing by adding a little tart, red jelly (3 or 4 tablespoonfuls) to one-half cupful of cream cheese and folding the mixture into one-quarter cupful of cream, stiffly whipped. A bit of lemon juice (about one-half teaspoonful), salt to taste, and you have a fine-looking and grand-tasting dressing for almost any fruit salad.

Just a word about cheese accompaniments for simple fruit or vegetable salads. Cheese straws again, tiny baking powder biscuits with grated cheese added to the mixture, little cream puff shells filled with a savory cheese mixture, thin slices of bread (crusts removed) spread with cheese, rolled, toasted and served piping hot, dainty sandwiches with a cheese mixture for filling or any one of the crisp, cheese-flavored biscuits which you can buy all ready to serve.

CHEESE IN THE DESSERT COURSE.

Favorites for dessert are hot fruit muffins, full of figs, dates or blueberries and a bit of tasty cheese. Hot biscuits with cheese and tart jelly or marmalade are just as appetizing, and while we're on the subject of hot breads, there's fresh, hot gingerbread, split and spread with softened cream cheese and topped with the same delicious "frosting." There were directions for making a Cheese Cake in the January *Chatelaine* and the Institute staff voted it an A1 dessert. Try adding grated cheese to the pie crust for apple or pumpkin pie, or sprinkle grated cheese over the fruit before putting on the top crust of an apple, peach, cherry or dried fruit pie. Or sprinkle grated cheese over a cooked apple pie and put under the broiler a few minutes to toast the cheese lightly.

A well-arranged cheese tray offering three or more varieties of cheese, an assortment of crisp crackers and sometimes a selection of fresh or candied fruits may serve as dessert or may follow the sweet as an extra course. Incidentally, by replacing the fruits with relishes on a tray of this kind, you have a perfect late refreshment idea.

Which leads up to the fact that cheese is almost an "indispensable" at these midnight snacks; served in many of the ways we've suggested above, or in sandwiches, plain and fancy, toasted and not toasted, combined with savories or sweets. But that's a whole story in itself and we haven't space to tell it this time.

water and serve with ice cubes, plain or tea flavored.

To make the raspberry syrup, combine one pound of fresh berries with one and a half cupfuls of sugar, cook gently for twenty minutes and strain through a jelly bag. Boil for ten minutes, cool and bottle.

Ice making is only one important use of a refrigerator's coldest compartment. It does noble duty in the preparation of frozen desserts and salads. Lift out the grid and pour in your mixture or fill individual paper cups of the right size to fit neatly in the trays for freezing. Here's a recipe which is worth a try when you want something particularly delicious.

Frozen Maple Sugar Pudding

3 Egg yolks
1 Cupful of shaved maple sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of cinnamon
1 Cupful of milk, scalded
1 Cupful of whipping cream
Vanilla

About $\frac{3}{4}$ Cupful of figs or nuts if desired

Beat the egg yolks and maple sugar together and add the cinnamon. Gradually add the scalded milk and cook in a double boiler, stirring constantly until the mixture will coat a spoon. Chill and add the cream which has been beaten until thick but not stiff and flavored to taste with vanilla. Turn into the freezing tray of the refrigerator, set control for fast freezing and freeze to a mush. Add the figs or nuts if desired, stirring the mixture well. Return to the freezing compartment to complete the freezing. Reset the control to slightly higher than normal until serving time.

Speaking of this compartment reminds me to recommend it as a storage place for frozen foods—meat, fruit, a carton of fish and other products which you may buy in this form. Remove two trays, temporarily, and you have a roomy section when required for this purpose. The glass tray underneath the freezer can be used to

maintain the chill on very many eatables

What size shall I buy? The right answer to that frequent question depends not only upon the number in your family but on the amount of entertaining you do, the way you buy your supplies and how you use your refrigerator. The thing is to get one adequate to all your regular needs and capable of looking after the extra space demands when you stock up at the weekend, take advantage of special prices to buy in larger quantities, or prepare in advance for quick service. Certain things such as salad dressings, refrigerator batters and doughs, cream sauces, flavoring syrups, sandwich fillings and many others can be made ahead of time to simplify housekeeping and this is an advantage which you should not miss for lack of space. A refrigerator is a long-time investment and the slight additional cost for a good-sized machine is soon offset by the saving on food bills in the first place and elimination of waste in the second, to say nothing of the added convenience and comfort of roominess—the labor-saving and time-saving it affords. Then, too, in the case of sickness in the family, extra accommodation is a blessing. So it's sound advice to buy as commodious an electric refrigerator as you can afford and resist the temptation to make a smaller one "do."

"Where shall I place my refrigerator?" Well, certainly not on the back stoop or some out-of-the-way corner. Put it in the kitchen in a convenient location where, if possible, the door swings so that the opening is toward the food preparation centre. Then the many supplies that are on its shelves are within easy reach when preparing foods and serving meals.

Can I afford an electric refrigerator? you ask. Considering the importance of proper temperature maintained and controlled, and all the advantages an electric refrigerator offers in the protection of health, the preservation of food, the saving of money, effort and time, in convenience, comfort and efficiency, can you afford to be without one?

ence. Hem and shirr the curved edge on a curved rod, then when hung, gather all the material to the centre of the lower edge, holding by means of a thread sewn in loosely in a semi-circle. Arrange the superfluous material to form a rosette. In this case, the lower curtains are hung from a second rod placed straight across at the foot of the arch.

If you wish to conceal the curved line altogether, use a high-placed straight rod as in figure 2. This illustrates a smartly-tailored valance and simple full-length curtains to preserve the fine proportions of the window.

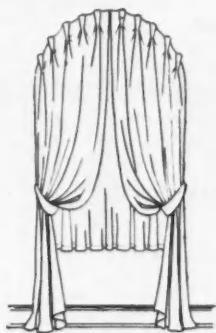


Fig. 1

suggestion (shown in figure 1) is to use a curved rod to fit the shape and cut the drapery fabric to conform when pleated. The curtains meet at the top and little prongs on the rod keep the material from slipping. Then, if they are tied back one third of the distance from the floor, the effect is dignified and attractive. Or sometimes the drapery is cut in two pieces, the top part seamed together and used as a valance on a curved rod. The overlap of the valance conceals a straight rod from which the lower curtain hangs.

Another way good for French doors with an arch-shaped transom, is to cut the top piece in a semi-circle larger than the fanlight by three inches more than the height and six inches more than the circumfer-

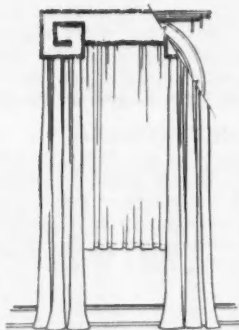


Fig. 2

PALLADIAN WINDOWS—This group of one curved and two straight windows is charmingly treated in figure 3. The design follows the architecture emphasizing the central arch and the straight finish of the side windows. Corresponding headings and drapery styles are used on each.

BAY WINDOWS—The dress depends upon the type—whether short bays or long bays, bays where the room goes into them and bays jutting out of the room. For a



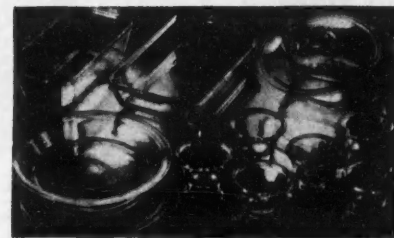
*Lucky the Bride
whose presents include*
PYREX WARE



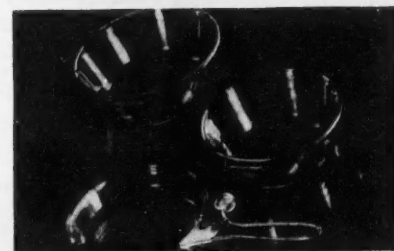
Give this PYREX Brand Casserole with the "Pie-Plate" Cover

EVERY BRIDE will love this double-duty casserole . . . really two dishes in one! Use the

Pyrex ware for every occasion



Here's an assortment to please any woman—bride or not. Grand, isn't it! And not expensive. The custard cups, for example come for as little as 2 for 15c.



There are three sizes in this exciting new set of PYREX Flameware—32 and 48 oz. saucepans and a convenient all-purpose frying pan. All with the PYREX one year guarantee.



And now—the newest triumph in Corning ware, an all-glass coffee maker. Make better coffee more easily! No messy filters! No metal touches the coffee!

casserole in the oven, with or without its cover, as the recipe requires. Bake pie in the "pie-plate" cover—or stuffed tomatoes, apples, potato puffs . . . And you can bake, serve and store in the same sparkling dish!

Food tastes better baked in pure clean glass. Bakes more uniformly, too. And you need less heat!

Always look for the Pyrex Brand trademark. Every genuine Pyrex Dish carries it.

And now, the modern ware for top-of-stove

PYREX FLAMEWARE

Here are more grand presents—Pyrex Ware frying pan and sauce pans—for use directly over the open flame.

Use the frying pan for omelets, bacon, sausages—the sauce pans for vegetables, cream sauce. Then, unsnap the removable handle and bring the glass dish to the table. Food stays hot longer—flavour is finer—dishes are easier to clean!

Whichever you buy be sure you get genuine Pyrex. Pyrex is a trademark and indicates manufacture by Corning Glass Works, Corning, New York, U.S.A.

PYREX OVENWARE FLAMEWARE

Sole Canadian importers and distributors
THE JOHN A. HUSTON CO. LIMITED
TORONTO, CANADA

Give ME that S.O.S



and watch me shine
those pots and pans
... easily ... like new

Hubby's right as can be! There's no other cleanser just like S.O.S.

It "cuts" grease. It whisks away scorches. It shines aluminum like new. In one quick, easy operation.

Magic indeed—and worth trying. Just set the stage by asking for S.O.S. at your grocer's, your department, hardware or five and ten cent store.

S.O.S. SHINES

Greasy pans * scorched pots * dull aluminum
charred broilers * rusted metal * smoked kettles
messy stove tops * "Pyrex" cooking ware



Look for the
YELLOW and
red package

SEND FOR FREE TRIAL PACKAGE

Paste this coupon on a post-card and mail to The S.O.S. Manufacturing Co. of Canada, Ltd., 365 Borauren Ave., Toronto, for a free trial package of S.O.S. Made in Canada. Fully protected by patents.

Name

Address

Electric Refrigerators

(Continued from page 58)

them in the pink. Or the container may be a full-width, drawerlike arrangement offering commodious space for great variety. The luxury of it—appealing freshness always on hand to make the menu more healthful and more interesting! At any season, but particularly in the summer months, a bowl of salad is the most appetizing thing in the world and your refrigerator provides the means of serving this delightful combination.

Salad Bowl

- 1 Medium-sized raw carrot
- 1 Medium-sized beet, raw or cooked
- 1 Cupful of green beans, raw or cooked
- 1 Cupful of celery
- 1 Medium-sized apple, unpeeled
- Shredded lettuce
- French dressing
- Mixed mustard
- Watercress

Shred the carrot, beet, beans, celery and apple using a fine shredder and toss together with shredded lettuce. Combine mixed mustard with French dressing (about one tablespoonful to half cupful of dressing) and moisten the salad mixture. Pile loosely in a salad bowl lined with crisp lettuce leaves and garnish with watercress.

And from your fruit basket, rack or container comes this juicy cup to start off a meal or give it a happy ending.

Cantaloupe Balls With Black Cherry Sauce

Cut melons in halves, remove the seeds and scoop out the flesh using a ball cutter. Combine with diced fresh pineapple, chill thoroughly and serve with—

Black Cherry Sauce

- 1 Quart of black cherries
- 1/2 Cupful of water
- 4 Tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar
- 1 Tablespoonful of cornstarch
- 1 Teaspoonful of lemon juice

Wash and pit the cherries and cook for ten minutes with the water. Stir in the sugar and cornstarch which have been combined and cook for ten minutes longer, stirring frequently. Remove from the heat, add the lemon juice and chill thoroughly.

Or would you like a tender jelly for your table? Then here is the recipe for a tempting mold to bring from your refrigerator at serving time.

Fish and Tomato Mold

- 1/2 Tablespoonful of gelatine
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of cold water
- 1/2 Cupful of hot water
- 1/4 Teaspoonful of salt
- 1 to 2 Tablespoonfuls of sugar
- 1/4 Teaspoonful of whole mixed spice
- 1 Tablespoonful of vinegar
- 1/4 Cupful of tomato purée
- 3/4 Cupful of flaked cooked fish (cod, haddock, etc.)
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of finely chopped celery
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of chopped green pepper
- Cress, hard-cooked eggs, capers, mayonnaise

Soften the gelatine in the cold water for five minutes. Simmer the hot water, salt, sugar and spices together for two or three minutes and strain into the softened gela-

tine. Stir until dissolved, add the vinegar and tomato purée and cool until partly set. Add the fish, celery and green pepper and turn into a mold. Chill and serve unmolded on a bed of crisp watercress, garnished with sliced hard-cooked egg and capers and accompanied by mayonnaise.

Storage dishes come with some refrigerators or you buy them in sets which fit the space. And you use them to keep bacon, cheese or what have you and a variety of odds and ends left over from other meals. Here are the makings of tasty dishes—jellied loaves, casserole combinations, creamed mixtures and the like—as an answer to the supper or luncheon problem. Just by way of proof—if you need it—try this recipe which is as good as it is inexpensive.

Vegetable Pie

- 1 Cupful of cooked rice
- 1/2 Cupful of cooked string beans
- 1/2 Medium onion, thinly sliced
- 1/2 Cupful of diced cooked carrots
- 1/2 Cupful of cooked peas
- 1/2 Cupful of cooked or canned corn
- 1 Tablespoonful of butter
- 1 Tablespoonful of flour
- 1 Cupful of milk
- 1/4 Teaspoonful of paprika (Mexican chili powder may be used)
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1/2 Cupful of grated or diced cheese
- 1 Egg or 2 left-over yolks
- Butter

Line a greased casserole with cooked rice having the rice about half inch thick. Fill with layers of the vegetables, first the beans, then the onion lightly sautéed in butter, then the carrots, peas and corn. Melt the butter, blend in the flour and gradually add the milk. Add the seasonings and the grated cheese and cook, stirring constantly until the mixture is thick and smooth. Cool slightly, beat in the egg or yolks and pour over the vegetables in the casserole. Cover with a thin layer of the cooked rice and dot with bits of butter. Bake for about a half hour in a moderate oven—350 deg. Fahr.

A temperature control device, giving you different degrees and different freezing speeds, is standard equipment on up-to-date refrigerators. With a finger touch you can adjust the weather to give you ice cubes in short order or to freeze delicious desserts in next to no time. Or, when you are off for the week-end and the door is not to be opened, you can set your control slightly higher to maintain safe cold but at the lowest cost.

Greater ice-making capacity is an agreeable feature at a season when long cold drinks are much in demand and compartments for extra cube storage prove worth to a hospitable soul. The old bother of removing trays from their shelves and ice from the trays is done away with by new and clever devices. Simply use the little lever and it releases the tray, use another device and the cubes are loosened without muss or waste. Rubber trays and rubber grids are other means of overcoming this problem.

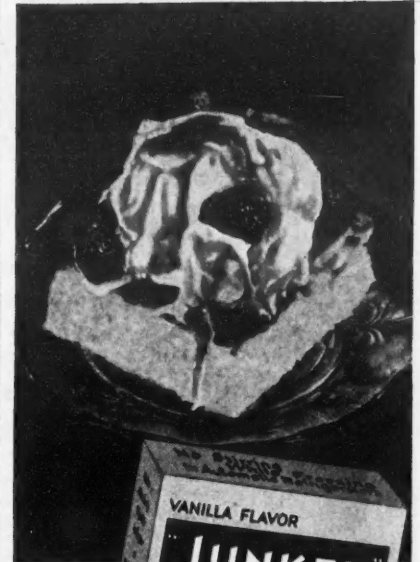
And suppose you're parched just thinking about all this frostiness—here, as tart fruit punch to quench your thirst.

Raspberry Punch

- 1/2 Cupful of sugar
- 1 Cupful of water
- 1 Cupful of raspberry syrup
- 1/2 Cupful of orange juice
- 1/4 Cupful of lemon juice
- 1/2 Cupful of pineapple juice
- About 1 Pint of soda water
- Ice cubes

Boil the sugar and water together for five minutes, cool and add the raspberry syrup, the orange, lemon and pineapple juices. Chill thoroughly, add the soda

Here's how to make delicious smooth ICE CREAM in any AUTOMATIC REFRIGERATOR with "JUNKET" Rennet Mix



10c

4 flavors
Strawberry
Vanilla
Chocolate
Maple

Try this easy way to make ice cream with that real old-fashioned flavor, texture and creaminess! Just mix with milk and cream and freeze.

HERE'S the way a million women make perfect ice cream every time! And talk about thrift—one 10c package of "JUNKET" Mix makes nearly a quart of ice cream!

All you do is add "JUNKET" Rennet Mix to milk and cream—and freeze in your electric, or other automatic refrigerator—or hand freezer. No heating necessary, as it contains no cornstarch, gelatin or eggs. No stirring while freezing.

And you can create dozens of intriguing new treats with the four flavors. Luscious new Sundae with toppings of berries, sliced fruit, and nuts . . . or chocolate, mint and butter-scotch sauces. Fascinating new kinds of ice cream . . . Maple Pecan, Peanut Brittle, etc. And tart, cooling milk sherbets—so inexpensive because made with fresh or evaporated milk without cream. You'll find 21 recipes in package.

"JUNKET" is the trade-mark of Chr. Hansen's Laboratory for its rennet and other food products and it is registered in Canada and the U.S.

FREE Recipe Book

Here are 61 cool summer desserts—delightful ice creams . . . fascinating milk sherbets . . . creamy, colorful rennet-custards. Send coupon for your copy.



"THE 'JUNKET' FOLKS"
Chr. Hansen's Laboratory,
Dept. F-8, 833 King St. W.,
Toronto, Ont.

Please send me your FREE
Recipe Book described above.

Name

Address

City.....Prov.....

If your grocer does not have "JUNKET" Rennet Products, please write his name and address in the margin.



*Better Baking and Roasting is Assured
with the Moffat*

CIRCULAIRE

THE MODERN "FRESH-AIR" OVEN



New Principle in Oven Design Eliminates Uneven Oven Heat

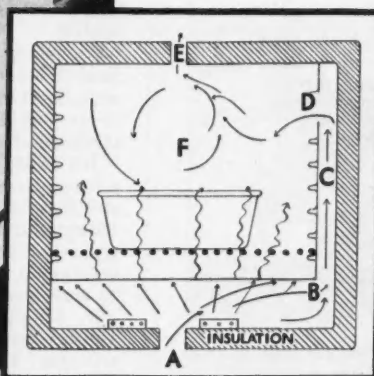
THERE is a constant circulation of fresh, heated air in the Moffat "Circulaire" oven—this year's greatest development in oven construction. No dead, stale air, laden with food odors, can remain in the "Circulaire" oven. Instead, there is a slow, even movement of fresh, heated air, which, with the saturated heat from the bottom of the oven, assures absolute uniformity in baking and roasting.

There is positively no chance of water or boil-overs reaching the bottom element in the "Circulaire" oven — because it is in a separate compartment, outside the oven.

Added to this exclusive Moffat feature is Moffat Therm-O-Matic (Liquid type) Oven Heat Control to maintain exact temperature desired, and Selector Switch which not only simplifies baking but guarantees amazing results. One switch controls both oven elements. It has four positions . . . off, high, grill, and bake. The "bake" position assures just the right proportion of heat from both top and bottom elements for perfect results. Completely successful grilling or roasting is also assured.

Moffat Electric Ranges have every feature for practical electric cooking, and are finished in porcelain enamel — a glass finish fused on to the metal beneath so that it is integral with it. Porcelain enamel is as lustrous as a fine dish, and cleans just as easily. Color combinations to match your own kitchen are available.

See your Moffat dealer now. Check the Moffat Electric Range against any other range. Note the exclusive kitchen-tested features of the Moffat. Then put one in your kitchen, and enjoy cooking satisfaction.



Moffat "Circulaire" Fresh Air Oven
Fresh air enters at opening "A", becomes heated and circulates to oven interior through flue "B", and "C" and opening "D". After circulating throughout the oven, the "used" air passes out through vent "E". Oven interior is marked "F".

MOFFATS LIMITED
Weston Ontario

The Selector three-way Switch which simplifies baking and roasting.



Use the Value-Check to compare the Moffat with any other range. Note the features found in the Moffat, but in no other range.

MOFFAT

Electric Ranges

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF MOFFAT ELECTRIC REFRIGERATORS

MRS. FEENEY TALKS ABOUT HER CHILDREN TO MARGARET MURRAY



Margaret Murray, McCormick's Home Economics Expert finds everywhere mothers are learning the value of McCormick's Arrowroots for growing children. These tasty biscuits are made from an exclusive McCormick recipe which includes extra lime to help build strong teeth and bones, and malt to aid delicate digestions. Children love these biscuits, for their mild Arrowroot flavour. Babies find them soothing to tender gums. Look for the familiar red-and-blue package at your dealer's tomorrow!

Copyright
N.E.A.
Service,
Inc. 1937



No wonder the Quints are so healthy and happy. Every care has been given them by the experts who watch over them. Their diet is guarded with hospital care. That's why McCormick's Arrowroots were chosen.

McCORMICK'S ARROWROOT BISCUITS
Chosen for the Dionne Quintuplets

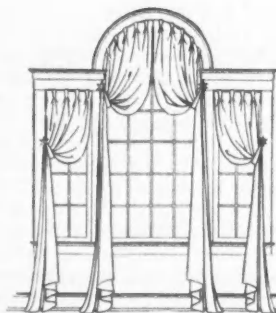


Fig. 3

group of short windows with a wide shelf, radiator top or window seat below, a happy arrangement is suggested in figure 4. The draperies are hung on the face as shown and short, light draw curtains—which may be omitted if you like—against the panes. If the bay is deep and there are no obstructions,

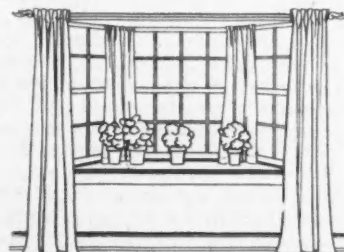


Fig. 4

a fitted cornice, following the angles with simply hung glass curtains which draw across the full width and floor length, draperies at each end across the full width is a good solution. Or, if you like, a gracefully draped valance and a pair of draperies for each window may be used. Figure 5.

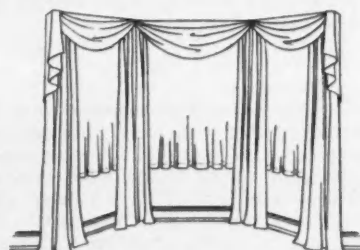


Fig. 5

GROUPS OF WINDOWS—That familiar pair of smallish windows, with a narrow strip of wall between are hard to make look well when treated individually. But they make an imposing view if a mirror is fitted over the dividing strip, a cornice or draped valance across the top and the pair dressed as one window. Triplets can also be done as one unit unless very wide in which case it may be better to have more than one pair of overdraperies.

DORMER WINDOWS—If you are fixing over your attic into a swish bedroom, you may like the graceful lines shown in figure 6. Or a more informal treatment with short net curtains—often frilled—and apron-length draperies is appropriate in its simplicity.

CASEMENT WINDOWS—There are two kinds, the in-swinging and the out-swinging. On the former, curtains may be put directly on the sash, shirred on the rod at the top and free-hanging at the bottom, or held by another rod. On the out-swinging type, the curtains should go on the wood trim for you don't want to turn them out to wind and weather. They

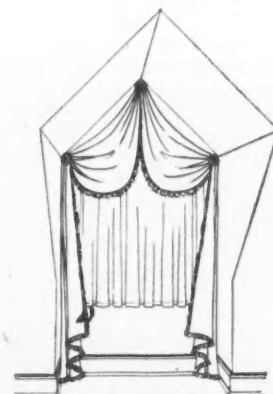


Fig. 6

may be hung on each mullion or sometimes on every second mullion, if preferred. As a general rule, casement curtains are not stationary but are made to draw or pull back on a track or rod with cords and pulleys.

Materials for this purpose are often opaque such as casement cloth, pongee, taffeta or glazed percale and are usually plain, though a patterned fabric may be chosen if there are no overdraperies. Have them to clear the sill or when used alone the hangings may be apron length. Another point; if you want a valance or cornice place it above, high enough to allow a clearance as the window swings in or out.

FRENCH DOORS—These may have glass curtains finished with head and case and shirred on a rod top and bottom. Or they quite often hang free at the lower edge. Overdraperies may be hung on the door in some cases but if there is no room they may go on the wooden trim on a swinging crane. Another idea is to hang them from a pole placed high enough for the door to clear but when the door swings inward, better extend the pole so that the hanging may be pushed back out of the way. Figure 7 shows straight hanging, full-length curtains with decorative edging carried around the bottom, sides and top. They hang from large rings on an ornamental pole.

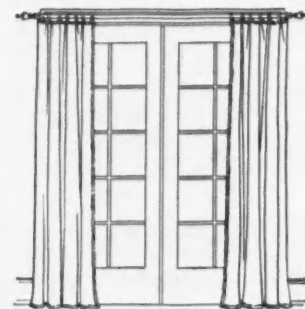


Fig. 7

"Hello, good-lookin' " she said, catching his arm on the street. And he took her along with him . . . to the last place on earth she expected — home to supper with his mother! You'll agree with Dyllis that he was strange . . . but darned sweet.

It's a very special story . . . one you'll love . . . and wonder about.

"SCARLET HALO," in July Chatelaine.

Spoiled Only Girl

(Continued from page 7)

itself to a pattern. New young men sought her out. They came back once or twice. But Merlin puzzled them. Young men do not like to be puzzled.

Merlin became self-conscious. She was watched so much that she stood aside, watching herself. There would be questions, and she had to prepare the answers. ("This is pretty smooth." "Not so bad as a dirty look on a dark night." "Move over, I'm cold." "Why don't you buy an overcoat?" "What for? I save my money to take out my girls." "Put the top up, Dickey." "I don't want to. I want the wind to comb my hair." "Did you break your comb?" "No, I broke my record." "Which record?" "Come here, and I'll show you . . .") Where was the sense in that, once you repeated it? When you talked, you had to talk about something. Merlin gained a reputation for being over-serious.

Merlin had never been stuck. But increasingly she had to lay plans; to count the men indebted to the Cruises' hospitality. Dowagers began to put up their lorgnettes and say: "This is her fifth season." Mother began to ask first: "Did you have a good time?" Father began to bring home new young men. One night he brought Haley.

Father had bought her everything. Now he had bought her a husband.

The maid knocked at the door. "Mr. Lenchester."

Father wrapped the fur cape about her. Mother put the silver kid bag in her hands. Merlin went down the stairs to meet Haley.

IT WAS a good enough party. The music was smooth, and they danced to it smoothly. They left early.

Haley drove the long way home, and they stopped on the bluff above the river. The moon was shining. It was an old, cold moon, with a bent back, and a cloud wrapped round its shoulders. The frost shone on the skin and bones of the trees. Merlin shivered.

"You're cold," Haley said quickly.

"A little," said Merlin. The fur cape was no protection against the cold inside her.

He put his arm about her, drawing her against him. At his touch the ice inside Merlin melted, with the memory of Staven's arm against the warm spring ground. She began to tremble. She had to move away to hide the trembling from Haley.

Beside her, she felt Haley stiffen. He turned his face from her. In the pale light of the dash lamp and the moon she saw it etched in outline, without detail. It was a fine-drawn, moody face. The hair was slashed back in deep points at the temples; the height of the forehead and the long angle of the chin gave the face a craggy dignity. She saw the line of the brow bend down, the line of the mouth harden. What if he didn't ask her? How could she go home and tell them?

In a panic she held out her hand. She said: "I hear you're going to ask for my hand tonight."

"They told you then," he said slowly.

"They thought I'd better be prepared." Her laughter sounded thin, with no breath under it.

"Are you prepared?" he said strangely.

"Oh yes," said Merlin steadily. And fell to trembling more than ever.

He held her closer, as if he would have controlled for her that uncontrollable shaking. His voice was husky, gentle. "Why are you afraid?"

"I'm not," she said quickly. "Not of you."

"Of what then?"

"Of love," said Merlin. And the words were torn out of her before she was aware: "It hurts so, doesn't it?"

"Yes," he said gravely.

He bent toward her, and close, she saw his face stripped bare with a dark, tormented passion. Why, she thought, Haley loved her. She had not counted on that. At once he turned away again, as if he were afraid of showing her too much. He took the hand she still held out and laid it against his lips. He kissed it, and let it go. An overwhelming gratitude swept Merlin, because he did not mean to ask too much of her too soon. She wanted to do something for Haley to make up for not loving him. She laid her fingers against his cheek. A tremor ran through his body like a wave; he caught her wrists and buried his face in her hands. Her fingertips betrayed secrets that were hidden in the dark: the twitching of a muscle at the corner of his jaw, the flicker of lashes winking fast against her palm; the inside of his lower lip was caught between his teeth.

He said brokenly: "I ought not to ask this of you. I can't give you what you ought to have."

"Father will buy us everything," said Merlin—and felt his face convulsed with pain and anger.

"He can't do that," he said.

He was sensitive about the money, then. "He won't need to," she said quickly. "We will be satisfied with what we have. We will be"—she groped for a word—"content."

"You're sure?" he said. "You're sure you want it so?"

"Quite sure," said Merlin.

And he said with sudden loudness: "I'll be good to you. I promise you that."

"I promise you . . ." began Merlin. What could she promise him? "I'll give you everything I have," she said solemnly.

Suddenly they were clinging together, with the strangest, most poignant need of comfort. The cape fell back, and her body pressed against Haley's. She felt, far off, the ragged thumping of a heart. She lifted her lips blindly to the memory of Staven's kisses.

Haley said goodnight at the steps, and Merlin went in alone. From the shadows mother rose up. "Is it all right?" she said.

"It is all settled," said Merlin.

Mother kissed her. She called father. Father blew his nose hard and patted Merlin's shoulder.

" . . . All white and silver," mother was saying excitedly. "White jade scent bottles for the bridesmaids' gifts, and gardenias . . ."

"Couldn't we have something—warmer?" Merlin asked.

"Of course it will be warm," said mother. "It will be a June wedding."

IT WAS a hundred years from then till June. And it was only a minute. Merlin moved forward in a dream. Parties. Showers. Shopping. Fittings. Congratulations. The ring to show. Haley. Haley.

Haley was nice. He came every night and telephoned every morning. He gave her gifts, the right flowers for her gowns. She liked Haley. It was easier, having everything settled. Haley, towering beside her, put an end to speculation, to the shrugs of dowagers. Merlin did not have to plan. She did not have to think. Sometimes she was too tired even to feel, and that was easiest of all.

Haley was tired too. He was working hard, earning the ten thousand a year that was to buy . . . content. He was thinner; the whole bony pattern of his face stood forth, arch of cheekbone, swoop of jaw; sometimes his eyes had a burned-out look, deep in smoky sockets. Merlin would wonder then if he had guessed she did not love him. She had been grateful because he was undemanding. But was this the reason? She would be swept then by remorse, offering small caresses in amends—a hand in his, her head against his shoulder. When this happened he would draw her to him, holding her hard and quiet.



Molly Magic's Vanilla Ice Cream

Economical—1 can makes 2 batches

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup Eagle Brand Magic Milk
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons vanilla
1 cup whipping cream

Blend Eagle Brand Magic Milk, water, and vanilla thoroughly. Chill. Whip cream to custard-like consistency (not till stiff—just to a foamy, fluffy thick-ness), fold into chilled mixture. Pour

into freezing pan. Place in freezing unit. After mixture is about half frozen remove from refrigerator. Scrape mixture from sides and bottom of pan. Beat until smooth, but not melted. Smooth out, replace in freezing unit until frozen for serving. Serves 6.

CAUTION: Evaporated Milk won't—succeed in this recipe. Use Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed—the magic milk.

FREE! A Roto-Picture Cook Book of Magic Short-cut Recipes

Pies! Cakes! Candies! Cookies! Puddings! Ice Creams (freezer and automatic refrigerator)! Salad Dressings! All made in new magic short-cut ways that are simply amazing! And failure-proof! Write: The Borden Co. Limited, Dept. M.C.4, Yardley House, Toronto.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... Province.....

(Print name and address plainly)
This coupon may be pasted on a one-cent postcard



ENJOY ALL THE
CANADA DRY YOU LIKE

"IT'S GINGERVATING"

The only ginger ale in the world made by the famous,
patented Dr. Lloyd "Liquid Ginger" Process.

The one process that captures all the elusive flavour,
the delicate aroma, the wholesome, stimulating
qualities of pure, natural ginger.



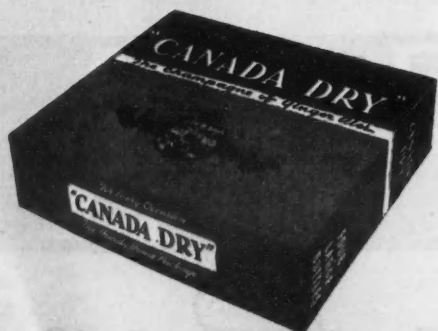
Canada Dry's mellow, delicate taste is one of the world's flavour
masterpieces... neither too sweet nor too dry. It's always thirst-
quenching—the drink with a reason.

- ✓ **IT SUPPLIES QUICK ENERGY**
- ✓ **SOOTHES AND REFRESHES INWARDLY**
- ✓ **AIDS DIGESTION**
- ✓ **PICKS YOU UP**

In other words...

"IT'S GINGERVATING"

Enjoy Canada Dry in the morning, afternoon, evening. Serve it with
meals. And give the children all they want—it's pure and wholesome
—good for them. You'll find Canada Dry blends smoothly with other
beverages. And be sure you keep plenty in the refrigerator for the
family and unexpected guests... Buy Canada Dry in the convenient
home cartons. They cost nothing extra, contain four large family-
size bottles or six regular 12-oz. bottles.



CANADA DRY

"The Champagne of Ginger Ales"



A Gadget Shower

Give the bride-to-be a grand array of kitchen
equipment... make a party with plenty of fun

by HELEN G. CAMPBELL

FORECAST FOR June—Showers! In all
localities where you find prospective
brides and irrespective of any kind of
weather.

No telling what form the deluge will
take in every case but the probabilities
are gadgets for the new kitchen, so there'll
be no cloud on the horizon those first days
of housekeeping.

It's an idea—a gadget shower—sure of
a happy reception by the chatelaine-to-be
and easy for a hostess to manage. Not
too demanding on friends and well-wishers,
either, for many of the most useful pieces
cost only a few cents and you don't have
to rack your brains for an appropriate
gift. Which doesn't mean, however, that
you don't need to use common sense in
selecting. The modern bride is a practical
young person and she's going to appreciate
something with a purpose in life, rather
than the "cute" little dinkus which hasn't
much besides its "cuteness" to recommend
it. And see that it's the best of its kind—a
knife that will keep a good cutting edge,
a spatula with the proper limberness, a
can opener that can open, and so on.
Look to the styling, too, that your little
gift will fit into the spick-and-span of
the smart new home.

But in case everybody chooses the same
thing and the shower becomes a downpour
of spoons or jelly molds or what have you,
it pays to have things organized a bit.
Most guests will appreciate a hint—or a
broadside—from the hostess and be glad
to act on her suggestions, as to the article
itself as well as color and finish.

So, a good thing to do if you're planning
an affair of this kind is to make a list of
useful items you would like to have in
your own kitchen. Then tick them off
against each name in such a way that all
share more or less equally as far as expense
goes. Of course, you'll have to use your
judgment about this, for everybody should
be left to decide what they want to spend
and it won't do to be dictatorial. But at
least you can make some suggestions.

For gadgets up to a dollar or so your list
might include:

- Knives (with plain or serrated
edges of all shapes and sizes—
meat, broad, paring vegetables
and slicing any number of
things)
- Spoons—large, small, wooden,
plain or slotted.
- Set of Measuring Spoons
- Measuring Cups (for liquids and
dry ingredients)
- Strainers (different sizes and mesh)
- Graters
- Egg Beaters
- Potato Mashers or Ricers—or
both
- Bottle Opener
- Knife Sharpener (one that will
do a job)
- Rolling Pin (for rolling purposes
only)
- Pastry Blender
- Tongs (for lifting hot food)
- Pair of Kitchen Scissors
- Chopping Bowl and Chopper
- Cake Rack
- Cake Tins
- Baking Sheet
- Cookie Cutter (plain ones of
different sizes, and fancy shapes,
if you like)
- Mixing Bowls
- Custard Cups and Small Bakers
- Pie Plates
- Jelly Molds
- Set of Spice Tins
- Vegetable Brushes
- Egg Slicer
- Dish Scraper
- Refrigerator Dishes

Besides the everyday essentials there
are any number of optional pieces which
would fit in with the theme—an apple
corer, nut chopper, pastry tube, oven glass
or crockery dish and any number of handy
gadgets to speed up housework.

[Continued on page 74]

that," said Haley. "I knew Louise long before I came to work for you. Afterward . . ."

"So at the time when you accepted the—generous stipend which I offered, you intended to devote it to the support of another woman?"

"Louise and I were engaged," said Haley. "I thought it was a good opening."

"Excellent," said father dryly. "Then while you were still entangled with this other woman you won my daughter's love?"

"But she doesn't love me," said Haley.

"Did you ever have any reason to think so until today? No? It was today, was it not, that my daughter learned about the other woman?"

"I wish you wouldn't keep calling Louise the other woman," said Haley irritably.

"She is another woman, isn't she?"

"Well yes, of course," said Haley.

"You see?" said father. "My daughter is sensitive; high-strung. She is an only child, delicately reared, protected from every adverse circumstance. Almost on the eve of her wedding she finds another woman in the case. It is a shock. In pride and shame she pretends love for someone else. Mr. Lenchester, as man to man, do you mean to take advantage of this gesture?"

"I don't think you understand," began Haley.

"We understand perfectly," said Aunt Ermentrude. "William!"

"Mr. Geere," said father, "am I right in assuming that you came here with the intention of breaking up my daughter's marriage?"

"I didn't know she was being married," said Staven. "I came to marry her myself."

"You promised you would stay away," Father's voice was loud; it drowned out all the clocks.

"I promised I would stay away," said Staven, "until I could support Merlin as well as you could."

"And you can now do so?" said father.

"Yes," said Staven firmly.

Father's fierce eyebrows drew down, and Aunt Ermentrude's wattles trembled. Mother put a handkerchief to her lips. "You have proofs?" said father.

"Not with me."

"But you could procure them before the ceremony?"

"Not quite so soon as that."

"Ah," said father.

"You accuse me of lying?" said Staven hotly.

"I accuse you of trying to prevent my daughter's marriage, since you cannot marry her yourself."

"But he can," cried Merlin wildly. "I tell you you can't make me . . ."

"Hush," said mother. "You are hysterical. Brides are often hysterical. You must have some sleep."

"After all your parents have done for you . . ." began Aunt Ermentrude.

"That's just it," said Merlin. She stopped short. She saw mother's two little round chins shaking, her face blotched and puckered. She saw father, hiding behind his eyebrows, clutching a white velvet box. There would be pearls in the box. Father wanted to give her pearls. Mother wanted to manage a wedding. How could she disappoint them? There were no bones in Merlin's knees, and she leaned against the table of gifts to save herself from falling.

Father finished what he was saying to Haley. He pushed Haley forward. "Good-night, Merlin," said Haley. "I will see you—at our wedding."

"I will see you at—our wedding," Merlin repeated. Across the room her eyes clung to Staven's, desperate and beseeching. How could she hope that Staven would understand? There were so few days left!

TUM TUM de-tum. Tum tum de-tum. The wedding march throbbed up to the rafters. The spikes of madonna lilies quivered to its beat, and the hearts of the young, and the hearts of the very old.

Merlin stood in the vestibule. Before her the flower girl clutched her silver basket, and behind her the six bridesmaids settled their silver hats. The maid of honor struggled with a sandal. Merlin stood with her hands folded. The white points of the close sleeves covered the whiteness of her knuckles. The high collar checked the breath in her throat. From the tight basque the regal fullness of the skirt swept backward to the train. Across her forehead the band of the headdress gave her face the small pure look of an early saint. Her eyes were enormous, burning dark. Lights winked on father's pearls. Mother's blue garter pinched her knee.

Merlin put her hand through father's arm. A white satin slipper pricked forward. Heads were turning as if a wind had blown them, and white rose petals were a flurry of spring snow. Tum tum de-tum tum, de-tum tum de-tum.

At the front of the church a door opened and Haley came out. Staven was just behind him. They took their places by the altar. Haley was pale and shaken; he stood staring at the floor. But Staven looked up to watch Merlin coming down the aisle. Colors from stained glass windows splashed down, purple and garnet and gold. They gave a mystic shining to Staven's face. He stood tall, unflinching.

The organ hummed into silence, and Merlin stood before the altar. She fixed her eyes on the rector, holding herself back from a dizzy silver pit: white hair and black gown, black book in white hands.

"We are gathered together here in the sight of God, and in the face of this company, to join together this man and this woman in Holy Matrimony; which is an honorable estate . . . and therefore is not by any to be entered into unadvisedly or lightly; but reverently, discreetly, advisedly, soberly, and in the fear of God . . ."

Merlin stood motionless, breathless, under the solemn words. The groom stood beside her. The best man held the ring in readiness. Father sat down heavily in the front pew beside mother. The service moved forward to its climax. And a voice that was not the rector's voice cut cleanly across the silence. Steady, unhurried, unafraid, it set forth its promise.

"I, Staven, take thee, Merlin, to my wedded wife, to have and to hold from this day forward . . . and thereto I plight thee my troth."

A rustle ran over the crowded church like the first puff of storm in a wood. Lorgnettes flashed up, winking at each other. Heads bent together, two and two. Sharp respectable elbows lodged painfully in irreproachable ribs. Feathers trembled emotionally on new June hats. Aunt Ermentrude half rose, and sank back again. A whisper swelled and became a buzz like bees in the wedding flowers. And Merlin's voice rang out in joy: ". . . and thereto I give thee my troth."

They had been able to carry it out!

"Forasmuch as Staven and Merlin have consented together in holy wedlock, and have witnessed the same before God and this company, and thereto have given and pledged their troth, each to the other, and have declared the same by giving and receiving a ring, and by joining hands: I pronounce that they are man and wife . . ."

A little sheepish grin turned the corners of father's mouth. He leaned over and whispered to mother. "I always said she had good spunky Cruise blood in her."

Mother squared her two soft chins before she whispered back. "It took a good thorough Tenridge training to bring it out."

The organ flared forth triumphantly, drowning excited voices. Father and mother stood up to face the music. Aunt Ermentrude reached them first. "It's no more than I expected," she said, "the way you've always spoiled her."

As if they were alone in the world, Merlin lifted her lips to Staven, her husband.

SEE THE McCLARY

first

PORCELAIN ENAMELED FINISH
Stain-resisting, glossy, durable McClary porcelain enamel on table-top—or silvery, lustrous Monel.

DRIP TRAY
Spacious, convenient drip-tray to catch overflows.

AUTOMATIC HEAT CONTROL
Oven stays at desired baking heat. No cakes spoiled by irregular heat.

OVEN
Seamless, fully insulated, economical. Stabilizer insures even heat. A wonderful baker. Broiler equipped with smokeless grid. (Below oven) Roomy warming drawer—heats utensils and dishes for table service.

SPEED-IRON ELEMENTS
Fast steady heat. Undamaged by spilled liquids.

MAX-SPEED ELEMENT
Gives intense heat almost instantly.

NEW SILVER CONTACT TIME-SAVER SWITCHES
Operation simplified—wrist action reduced 50%.

UTILITY DRAWERS
For storing cooking utensils. One drawer is fitted with condiment set.

THE McCLARY combines every modern convenience and economy feature with matchless beauty. It is finished in the famous McClary stain-resisting porcelain enamel in ivory or white with gleaming black trim. Its handy table top combines a full working top with a convenient working-height table. See the McClary first.

McCLARY

Electric

GENERAL STEEL WARES LIMITED
MONTREAL TORONTO LONDON WINNIPEG CALGARY VANCOUVER

EVERY
MODERN
FEATURE
IN THIS BEAUTIFUL RANGE

"RED-RED" BURNER
High speed, spill-proof. Operates efficiently from a simmer to a full flame.

TABLE TOP
A convenient working table in stain-resisting porcelain enamel finish, or lustrous Monel.

OVEN
Fully insulated, with porcelain enameled interior, and removable racks and rack holders.

BROILER
Pull-out broiler, on roller bearings. Equipped with smokeless grid.

INSTANT LIGHTER
A turn of valve handle lights top burner automatically. No matches.

OVEN CONTROL
Automatically maintains any heat at which the dial is set.

WARMING COMPARTMENT
Also useful for storing utensils. Condiment set rack on inside of door.

SEE THE
McCLARY
First

McCLARY
Gas Range

HERE IS A RANGE that is outstanding in design and permanently beautiful in its gleaming porcelain enamel finish. It embodies every desirable modern feature, too. Its high-speed, spill-proof, "Red-Red" economy burner operates at top efficiency at any point from a simmer to a full flame. The fully-insulated oven, with its porcelain enameled interior, is easy to clean, and is a splendid baker. You want a range that will give satisfaction for years—see the McClary first.

GSW GENERAL STEEL WARES LIMITED
MONTREAL TORONTO LONDON WINNIPEG CALGARY VANCOUVER

And sometimes, feeling the beat of love in his body, Merlin would lift up warm red lips, offering in shame all that she had to give. It was not so easy times like that.

There was no end to it, and suddenly the end had come. It was June and the wedding was upon them. There were a million things to be decided. Chicken mousse instead of salad. The ribbon for the wedding cake. There was to be a spike of madonna lilies at the end of every pew in the church. The flower girl would strew white rose leaves from a basket of silver and pearl. The bridesmaids' dresses were white chiffon with silver net coats and silver sandals. Merlin's dress lay on her bed, cold and white. Merlin unwound a thousand miles of wrappings from around a thousand gifts, and wrote a thousand grateful notes, hoping she had thanked the right people for the right candlesticks, and went down the stairs to Haley.

"Budge is coming," he said.
"That's nice," said Merlin. Haley was pleased, and she felt her face smiling.
"He'll be best man, of course."
"Of course," said Merlin. "Who is he?"
"My roommate at college. Be nice to him, won't you? He doesn't like girls much, but I want him to like you."
"All right," said Merlin. "What's his real name? Why do you call him Budge?"
"Because he never would," Haley added slowly. "I ought to have done what he did."

"What was that?"
"It's hard to explain. It was as if he didn't notice the depression. He was trained for a mining engineer, but nobody wanted him to engineer any mines. So he found a deserted mine and engineered that. It was a talc mine. He owns it now. He's an authority on talc. The government has asked him to do a survey."

"Do you want a talc mine?" said Merlin.
"Father . . ." She stopped quickly.
"Maybe there'll be one among the presents."

"Are there any more clocks?" said Haley.
"Lots more," said Merlin. "Come on in and see them."

They went into the library and looked at the clocks. Some of them were running. It brought the wedding racing toward them: all those clocks speeding the time away.

MERLIN WADED knee-deep through tissue paper to the last fitting of her wedding dress. It slid over her head as smooth and cool as a wave. The dress was very tight, so that it hurt to breathe. The veil was old, and beautiful, and heavy, dragging back her head.

The maid knocked at the door. "Mr. Lenchester, and the gentleman who is to be best man."

"I can't come," said Merlin. "I'm trying on my dress."

"You ought to go," said mother. "We've nearly finished. You mustn't hurt Haley's feelings."

"Mustn't I?" said Merlin.

Her clothes were being packed. Merlin rummaged out an old yellow linen and buttoned square wooden buttons down the front. She thrust a wooden spike through the belt and tucked bare feet into yellow sandals. Her hair was ruffled from the wedding dress, but she did not stop to smooth it. They were in the library with the wedding presents. Merlin opened the door and went in.

Haley stood up to greet her. "Merlin . . ." he began. And never finished.

There was the warm flash of laughter in that room. It was gone, and the lips that fashioned it were straight and still. A tall young man loomed beside Haley, as thin and straight and keen as a bronze blade. A windy mop of red hair stood crisp on end; there was a funny knot in the parting. His eyes had a shining in them like the reflection of spring moons.

"Staven!" said Merlin.

Staven held out his arms, and Merlin went into them without thought or will or reason. Her act was as simple as breath and as inevitable. There was in her no knowl-

edge of past or future, only the nearness of Staven. Her body pressed hard against Staven's body, so that their flesh seemed one flesh, and the beat of their hearts was one. Life was a song in Merlin's blood, a joy and a pain and a flame. She lifted her eyes, she lifted her lips, to Staven.

Then they were apart again. Between them lay the knowledge of what they had done to Haley.

"I'm sorry," Staven said simply.

Merlin's voice was a little shattered cry. "Haley, forgive me."

Haley did not speak. He had gone very white, and he stood staring like one in a bewitchment. Merlin saw that he was shaking all over.

"Haley. Don't look like that. I didn't know it was Staven."

"I didn't know it was Merlin," Staven said. "She didn't live here then. I thought it would be Louise."

"Who is Louise?" said Merlin.

Haley did not answer. "Louise and I quarrelled," he said dully. The bitterness of that old quarrel turned his lips, and a jagged phrase tore its way out between them. "She said your father bought me."

"He did," said Merlin impartially. It was strange how bare and true the words came out after that releasing moment in Staven's arms.

"Louise said . . ." began Haley. Merlin stared at him across crystal and silver and linen, fancying the things Louise had said: ten thousand a year and a daughter with five unwedded seasons. "Your father said . . ." began Haley again. "At least I thought you loved me."

"I tried," said Merlin, "because I thought you loved me so much."

The irony of it was a turned blade in her flesh. Haley, racked with love for Louise, playing up to the empty gestures of affection that Merlin offered in remorse for loving Staven.

"I came back after you," Staven said brokenly.

And Merlin heard her own voice in triumph and defiance: "We can't do it. Haley must marry Louise. And I must marry Staven."

The latch clicked and they turned. Aunt Ermentrude was standing in the doorway.

"BUT I WON'T marry him," Merlin said again. "I tell you I love Staven."

"Of course you will, dear," mother said soothingly. "You're upset. All brides are upset before their weddings."

"I'm not upset—I'm perfectly calm," said Merlin.

It had been going on and on for hours. It was late now. Twelve. One. The clocks ticked loud, hurrying toward tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow. They ticked loud, hurrying on to the day.

"Think of the scandal," said Aunt Ermentrude. Aunt Ermentrude sat on the "You can't keep me from marrying Staven."

"We did once," said Aunt Ermentrude.

"I was seventeen then."

"Darling," said mother. "Don't be childish."

"I'm not childish any more," said Merlin.

"It is fortunately too late to do anything," said Aunt Ermentrude. "The caterers have their orders. The church is practically decorated. The guests are invited. The rector . . ."

"You can lead a girl to the altar," said Merlin, "but you can't . . ."

"Don't be vulgar," said Aunt Ermentrude. "William!"

Father squared his shoulders, and blew his nose. He spoke this time to Haley. "Do I understand that you wish to withdraw your honorable proposal of marriage to my daughter?"

"Why no," said Haley. "Not that."

"In that case," said father, "there is no reason why the ceremony should not proceed."

"Merlin doesn't want it."

Father said obliquely: "I understand that there is another woman in the case."

"I don't think you ought to put it like

Marriage Made on Earth

(Continued from page 15)

this?" she said with a deep and mature mournfulness which, oddly, horrified him. "You can't alter what I feel by words. There's only one way you can help me . . . if you want to help me."

"Of course, of course I want to help you," he said brusquely. "And I think the best way to help you at the moment is to give you dinner. You probably haven't eaten a decent meal since all this trouble trouble, have you?"

She brushed that away impatiently. She was not hungry, she said, but he was insistent in a calm way which took things for granted and in the end she was bent to an irritable submission. In the car, as they drove to a restaurant, she was silent. "I think," he had said, "we will dine out somewhere. You are less likely to lose your temper with me, if there are people looking at you. And you will doubtless be angry when I tell you what I have in mind." That was as they waited for the elevator, and she said with a polite attempt to meet his mood:

"You solve problems quickly, if you have mine solved already."

Her small smile was the saddest thing he had ever seen and he cursed the trouble men made for women and women made for men.

BUT THE restaurant was quiet enough. In their corner they might almost have been alone. The service was deft, the food exceedingly good, and though Beverly protested that she had no appetite, the needs of her healthy young body became insistent when the food he had ordered was placed before her. "We'll leave discussion until coffee," he said. "I want you to tell me something about yourself before you met Tod."

She was willing, though it took clever questions from him to elicit facts about the life which appeared, looking back, blank as a desert to her.

But finally she returned to the vital matter—could he help her to find work? "What work do you think you are able to do? Work that someone will pay you for?" he said then, without further preamble and for a silent few moments she regarded him, her childish mouth slightly opened.

"I thought as much," he said. "You aren't trained for anything, are you?"

"No—no—I'm afraid I'm not." The beginnings of apprehension stirred her mobile face. "But I'd be willing to learn anything."

"And what will you live on while you're learning?"

Again she was silent.

"You have nothing. Can your mother help you?"

"She has very little. We are quite poor. She would not be able to keep me unless I lived with her."

"Well, are you prepared to return to your home?"

"Oh no! Oh no . . . never that. I'd rather anything . . . I couldn't go back, don't you see?"

"I see. Now I want you to understand this thoroughly. There are thousands of girls, fully trained, completely equipped for the struggle who are unable to earn a living in this city. You would have no chance. I suppose you can do a little housework, a little cooking, a few women's jobs, and from what you've told me, I doubt if you can do them very well. You have absolutely nothing to offer which anyone would be willing to pay for. On the other hand you have a job waiting for you, the job of marriage, and in your case it is being particularly well paid. How

about taking it? Making a success of it."

"But how absurd," she said in piteous resentment. "How absurd of you! You don't understand. You haven't even understood that Tod doesn't want me. He doesn't love me; he doesn't want me!"

"How do you know that?" He leaned toward her, grimly serious.

"You married a man you hardly knew . . . and you thought him a cross between a saint and Sir Galahad. He turns out, as husbands have a habit of turning out, to be an ordinary human being with plenty of faults and the moment you perceive them, you throw in your hand. Like a child who finds out there is no Santa Claus and goes off and commits suicide. Grow up. You've taken your man. If you don't like what you've got, make a better man of him. And in the doing of it you'll make a woman of yourself instead of the ignorant, impulsive child you are now!" The adorable, beautiful, stupid child, he thought, and his breast was shaken with uneasiness. I'll do no good. I'll send her back to him, and perhaps the wounded spirit will be killed outright. I can send her back. She's a baby. She knows nothing. She has nothing to sustain her. She has only feeling. But here it is, the spirit which has been maltreated . . .

"No," she said. "He doesn't want me."

"If I can prove to you that he wants you, will you go back?"

"Go back to what?" she said, all the passion of her resentment gone. Her voice was infinitely dreary. "You can't go back to something which never existed. I had an illusion. Tod didn't even have that. My love was a stupid silly little fire which blazed for a bit, and I couldn't keep stoking it and it went out. Tod didn't bring any fuel to the fire. He just watched me sitting there with the silly thing while the flames burned down and I got colder and colder. It's out now."

"But couldn't you start again?"

"Oh no," she said in tired surprise. "He doesn't want me. He must be glad I am gone. It's been nothing but trouble."

The crowd in the dining room was thinning. After a glance round he said with more gentleness than he had displayed for some time:

"I think we had better go. I will take you to a hotel. You are very tired, aren't you? Tomorrow perhaps you will see things more clearly. I will telephone Tod tonight and tell him what has happened." At her exclamation of dismay he nodded his head.

"Yes. Because you must realize the situation is melodramatic and absurd. Things can't be done like this. You can't just disappear out of Tod's life, you know. You are married to him. You've made a legal contract with him. The thing which you undertook so lightly is not a light thing. If you want to leave Tod and divorce him . . ."

"Divorce?" she said with a little frown. But the word had not shocked her. "Yes, I suppose it would have to be that. But it all seems so big and unnecessary for the little marriage; the little thing that turned out to be nothing. I don't feel as if I have ever been married."

"That's natural enough . . . after only four weeks."

She pursued her own thoughts and they brought a darkening to her eyes.

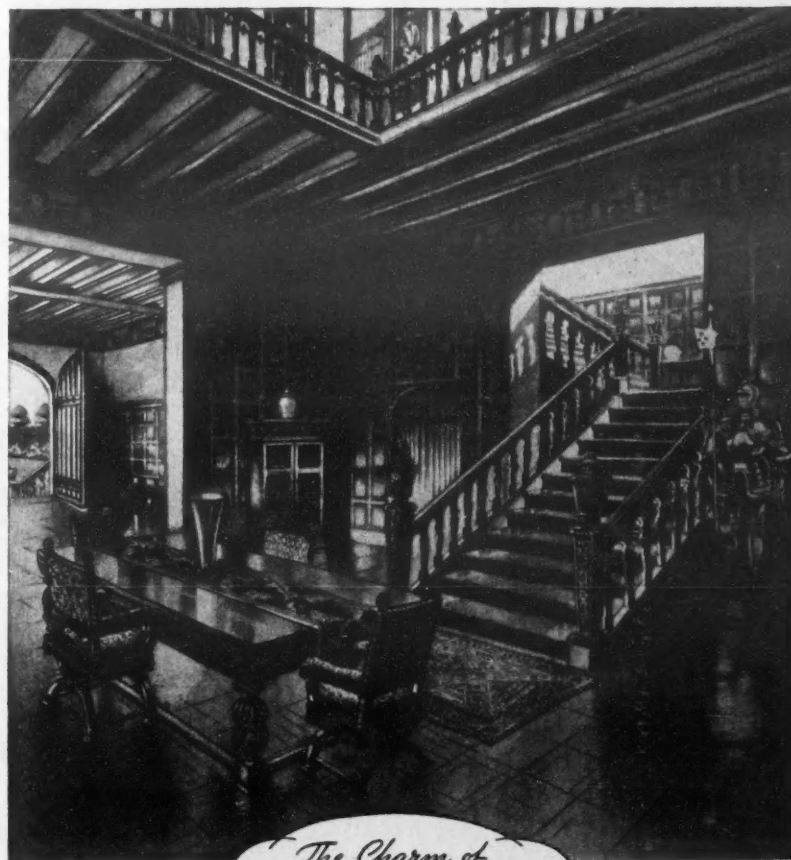
"Just four weeks of a stranger kissing you and hurting you. It seems silly that something so big as the law should have to bother about that."

"Beverly, look at me, answer me truly. Do you love Tod? Surely what you felt for him that day you were married was something bigger than you are making me think it is?"

Something afraid came to life in her eyes.

"Oh, I don't know! I don't know. What's love? There was something that made me feel the whole of life would be different if I could be with him. That something might be still there if he can call it up, but it doesn't make me feel any

[Continued on page 77]



*The Charm of
England's Stately Homes*

FLOORS of glowing beauty

The charm of famous "Old World" homes is stressed by the beauty of their floors — the preservation of the rich colour and the matchless grain of the wood. Here, too, floors, well kept and well polished, are the pride of the home owner.

POLIFLOR reveals the true beauty of fine floors so that they radiate gleaming lights and give your home the smart, well-cared-for appearance desired.

POLIFLOR—very easy to apply—is antiseptic; quickly destroying harmful dust germs as it spreads a wear-resisting polish of lustrous beauty.

You will agree, when you try POLIFLOR, that it is not only the ease of application but the beauty of the polish that counts and the length of time the lovely finish lasts. Discover for yourself how much this fine British polish can do to your floors, and to enhance the charm of your entire home.

Poliflor
For Bright and
Healthy Homes **WAX**

Nugget Products of Canada Ltd., 1000 Amherst St., Montreal, Canada.



When Mother uses this Waterproof powder

Frankly, Mother, babies are happier—healthier, when you use Merck Zinc Stearate.

This waterproof powder . . . soft, fluffy, pure . . . forms a dry, protective film between baby's tender skin and irritating wet diapers. Used daily after the bath and every time baby has to be changed, it also prevents chafing from perspiration.

Merck Zinc Stearate comes in a dainty pink and blue can with a self-closing top—an essential safeguard for any powder used in the nursery. Your physician and druggist will tell you that the name Merck on any product is a guaranty of purity and reliability. Merck & Co. Ltd., Montreal, P.Q.



**MERCK
ZINC STEARATE**

Sheds water like a Duck



A cleanser and cleanser for carefully appointed homes. A little dissolved in water cleans easily and quickly in a scientific manner.

Ask your grocer
Manufactured by
Galt Chemical Products, Ltd., Galt, Ont.

A Gadget Shower

(Continued from page 70)

So to the giver the choice. Now for the presentation, as half the success depends on that. If you don't want to go to much fuss, how about putting the gifts in their smart wrappings and ribbons in a big tin pail? Label it "A Bucket of Good Wishes," and have it carried in by someone in a milkmaid costume. Amusing verses written around the drop-in-the-bucket idea and attached to each gadget will make the party merrier.

I've heard tell of hiding the offerings around the room or all over the downstairs part of the house and sending the guest of honor on a quest for them, guided by an elaborate system of alarms. To arrange this, borrow as many clocks as there are guests, set them to go off two or three minutes apart and place one beside each hidden gift. Then just as the first is due to ring, have someone read the bride's palm and tell her that bells are lucky.

Brrrrrr! she's sent off in search of it, and finds one gadget. No sooner has she unwrapped it than the next clock raises a racket in another direction—and so on, until all the alarms have rung, and all the gifts have been found. Good fun.

Another idea is to present the young lady with a recipe file, with recipes contributed by the guests who have selected one for which their particular gadget does duty. On each card is a short verse written around that utensil and giving some clue

as to where it's hidden in the house. She must find it before she looks at the next, until finally the gifts have all been located. When wrapping, paste a picture of the cake, salad, or whatever it is on the outside—to identify and decorate the package. You will find attractive illustrations in your magazine advertisements.

If you are planning a sit-down meal at your party, you might like to present the gifts at the table. Little things could be stored away in the centrepiece if you use some such thing as a flower-bedecked club bag or a new dishpan trimmed with crepe paper or Cellophane frills. Or stuff them inside a dummy bride's cake made of cardboard from two round hatboxes cut to the proper depth. Ice it all over and decorate sentimentally. She'll learn the joke when she comes to cut it and the top can be lifted off to disclose the valuables inside. It makes a bit of muss on the cloth—but who cares?

One clever hostess made a garden plot from a long six-inch-wide strip of cardboard joined at the ends to form a big circle. In this, on the table, she placed the gifts, and over all spread crinkled and primed green crepe paper to represent grass. Then she "planted" paper crocuses on wire stems. After the meal, the bride was told to pick a bouquet and to dig for treasure.

As this is Coronation year a red, white and blue scheme—for the wrappings and the table—would be smart and very attractive. Or use red and gold or Coronation blue and red. And, of course, the dainty, bridelike color schemes are always good—pink and white, blue and gold, mauve and yellow or any other effective combinations which suit your guest of honor and your background.

Geography Lesson

(For the First of July)

by FRANCES SHELLEY WEES

HERE IS Canada, here in a map spread out upon the page.

Can you name its bright boundaries?

Do you perceive the depth of its coloring, do you know its dimensions?

Canada is beautiful.

It is a broad clean country stretching between two islands; on the west, on the edge of the sunset, the Island of Vancouver lies in the froth and lace of the Pacific. Rugged and rocky, dotted with black lakes, it holds the wilderness still in its heart; the tribal gods of the Indians guard the silences lying behind the cities. The bear roams its hills, the soft-eyed deer hides in its forests until the logger comes with his great shining tools to cut away the shadow.

On the east, facing the foam of the grey Atlantic, is that other Island. It has no wildernesses, no tree grows there without being known, no dell holds strange flowers. It is an old Island, and covered now with peace. Its children leave it as young robins leave a nest that has grown too small. The Indians called it the Cradle in the Wave; it is a gentle cradle now, it rocks softly and slow.

Between the two islands is the great sweep of the mainland. You must look at the map with dreaming eyes; there is more strangeness and beauty here than any map could show. The country is wider and deeper and bigger than any map could indicate.

It holds the Rockies; they are like giants sleeping under a ragged green blanket, under the snow. Some day, you think, watching them crowd up against the sky, some day they will wake, or turn in their dreaming, and shatter the world.

It holds the prairie; the prairie is the home of wonder. The world bends away from you there, as you stand on a grassy knoll, as you stand with your hands filled with the pale early flowers and stare and stare into the distance. The world bends away too far, to the very bowl's edge of the sky. You can see into the sky; when the northern lights flash in the summer darkness you can see the gates of heaven behind the glittering bars.

This is the geography of Canada, the islands, the mountains, the plains, the strong rivers. The old provinces in the East have geography, too, but you can hardly see it for people. The old provinces cannot be thought of as geography; they lie in our minds as history, they lie in our hearts as home. They are our proud past and in them still grows, slow and strong, the old mother-root of our proud future.

This is something, a very little, of Canada. It is bounded on the north by gold, on the west by the East, on the east by history, and on the south by friends.

It is our country.

—Copyright.

Yes—YOU CAN BE MORE BEAUTIFUL



**SUPPOSE
YOU FOUND
you were less**

beautiful than you could be . . . and then discovered a new way to greater beauty? Wouldn't you act—and act quickly? Of course! Well, ordinary rouge doesn't give you all the beauty you could have. It gives that "painted, artificial look".

Now, let's see about Princess Pat rouge. You've good reason to change to Princess Pat rouge—if it can give you thrilling new beauty. And it does because it's duo-tone . . . an undertone and an overtone make each shade. Not just another rouge, but utterly different.

When you apply Princess Pat rouge it changes on your skin!—matches your individual type. Mysteriously, amazingly, the color seems to come from within the skin, bringing out new hidden beauty. Isn't that what you want? Your mirror shows you sparkle and animation—a new confidence in your beauty makes you irresistible. But remember this—only Princess Pat rouge has the duo-tone secret. All drug and department stores sell Princess Pat rouge. Why not get this new beauty today? Sample on request. Write to Gordon Gordon, Ltd., Dept. C-716, 489 King Street West, Toronto 2.

**PRINCESS PAT
ROUGE**



**A SNACK
with a SMACK!**

Paris Pâté always tastes good . . . wholesome . . . sustaining . . . deliciously flavoured.



longer that life will be wonderful and different. I hate it because it trapped me. It made me see Tod as a different person from what he is. The real Tod, who is selfish and dishonest and . . . cowardly, yes cowardly, I think I hate him. I despise him anyway. He only wants to hurt me. I love what I thought he was. That's who I'm grieving for—that's who I've lost. But the man Tod really is . . ." She fell silent.

"My dear," he said after a time. "Don't you think that in most marriages that's what it comes to? Falling in love with the man you think he is and learning to love the man he really is?"

She had hardened and faced him obstinately. "I don't want to love anyone. I don't want to feel. I want to stay like this, not caring what he does. Just watching him do it, and not caring, like a stranger."

"I see." But he knew, as he had often known before that he did not see, that one can never see into the churned, muddy waters of a troubled soul; and all advice was dangerous. He felt helpless and his helplessness was increased by the fact that as a woman she was personally disturbing to him. Reckless vague desires were rearing under his calm, judicial exterior, and though the least egotistical of men he experienced the inflation of a man provoked by a woman and thought, I could handle her. Tod never will. I could give the understanding she needs, the help in developing herself . . . She's such a beautiful little thing . . . All this while he was paying his bill. And he resolved that he must see more of women. That it was impossible to beat nature, and a man's work is not enough. Why had he shrunk from it always? Defended himself. Unconsciously at first. His career to make. No money. Work, work . . . then the practice and women patients. Fear acting again. Unconscious fear of the fatal transgression. I've become a cold stick, he thought. She was looking at him . . .

With such an impersonal gaze. Remote in her deep unhappiness. A broken child. Wandering out to meet life without a single weapon to arm herself. A bad history and a rotten education. That impersonal gaze pulled him together.

"Well . . . we'll go along. I'm taking you to a hotel. And we'll leave everything until the morning."

OUTSIDE A SMALL private hotel he stopped the car and as she went to get out, he said, "Wait a minute." He put his hand into an inner pocket and drew out his wallet.

"You'll want money, you know," he said casually, but for all his casualness she turned in dismay.

"I don't want money from you."

"No?" he said, and knew that this was an opportunity. "You will have to sleep in the street then, unless you're clever enough to get out in the morning without being caught."

He began to hammer home his point and made it an argument in the larger issue.

"So you see you'll have to take money from someone . . . or return to your mother. Tod, whatever else he has been, has not been ungenerous to you in that way, so whatever else you reject, you shouldn't reject an offer to provide for you. An offer he will certainly make."

Her breath was released on a deep sigh. After a long silence she said, "I'm not such a fool that I can't see the difficulty I'd have finding work. You've made that plain. If Tod offers to keep me until I'm able to work . . . well I don't suppose I'd refuse that. He has a lot of money. I wouldn't be taking anything of any importance from him."

"Well then you'll see him?"

"I don't want to."

"If you're so sure he doesn't love you, doesn't want you back, what are you afraid of?"

"I'm not afraid," she said defiantly. "I'll see him, if he comes up. I suppose it's

necessary to settle things. I didn't think that I was being melodramatic. I just wanted to get away, from him and all of them, and never see any of them again. But don't think I'm afraid of meeting him."

"Well you go off and have a good sleep, and leave everything to me. I'll get in touch with Tod and I'll telephone you here and let you know what is to happen."

He brought her into the hotel and arranged for a room and stood watching as the elevator bore her upward. She smiled a faint good-by through the grille, but the ironwork cut across her face leaving the smile detached from the frightened eyes above it. He was grateful, on his return to his apartment, to be called to a case which occupied him half the night and obliterated the vision of those wide, frightened eyes.

TOD WAS standing at the window when she entered Geoffrey's apartment the next afternoon. She paused at the door in a panic, then sank into a near-by chair, her face almost expressionless.

For an electrical moment nobody spoke. Tod's eyes, curiously bright with hurt, were on his wife. He looked ill, unlike himself, she thought with faint surprise. She had never seen him look like that and was not expecting it. He seemed older, haggard as if he had been without sleep for a long time. For a moment her senses swam and she was one aching desire to go to him, to clutch at him, force him somehow into being the man who was to have made all life wonderful and end her loneliness. But almost instantly her head was clear and she looked with hard eyes at the stranger who had been born in Paris, the stranger who didn't make life wonderful at all, but made it something worse than anything one could have imagined.

Tod said: "I don't have to tell you how glad I am that you've found her, Geoffrey. Thanks for all you've done." But though he spoke to Geoffrey his eyes were on Beverly.

"I've done nothing," Geoffrey said. "And I'll have to clear off now. I've a patient to see. I'll be back in about an hour. Just ring for anything you want."

"I don't want you to go. Please stay," Beverly said.

"My dear, that's asking rather too much from both Tod and myself. I think you'd better talk to him alone. Besides I have a patient—a genuine one." He went, closing the door behind him before either of the other two could say anything; then Beverly, sitting down again, her shoulders drooped, her hands limply on her lap as they had been before, said expressionlessly:

"DR. MATHESON said I'd have to see you. That I couldn't just go away without fixing things up."

Tod took no notice of that. He came across and sitting down beside her put his hand over hers. "Why did you go away, Beverly?" he said, seriously, intently.

At the first touch of his hand she had drawn hers away. She moved into the corner of the settee, crouching there, her eyes wide and defensive.

"Don't touch me," she said sharply. "If you touch me, I'll go. I won't stay here."

"Why did you leave me, like that?" he repeated.

"As if you don't know!" she flared. "Of course you never do know or care what other people feel. You can't imagine other people's thoughts! You're too concerned with yourself. But even you ought to know that if you tell your wife you're sorry you married her, and prove it by your actions, she's likely to go away from you."

"So it was that quarrel the other morning." He thought for a while. "But you must have realized I did not mean those things I said. You know I say things in temper, then forget all about them."

"I don't know that at all. How should I?"

[Continued on page 81]



The CRANE SUNNYDALE CABINET SINK

When modernizing your kitchen, begin with the sink . . . for it is around your SINK that your kitchen duties revolve. In the big Sunnydale Cabinet Sink you'll find the features you have always wanted — generous storage space . . . safety drain ledges . . . a large, deep basin . . . a high-swinging double faucet . . . and a gleaming porcelain-enamel acid-resisting finish that is easier to clean and will not dent, corrode or cloud. A sink like this will save you steps, time and work! Available in white or colour.

Crane Limited has also suggestions for your bathroom, laundry and heating system — suggestions that will put your home in tune with these modernization times.



EASY TO BUY

Plumbing and heating improvements can be easily financed either under the Home Improvement Plan or the New Crane Budget Plan. See your plumber or mail the attached coupon for full details.

Crane Limited, 1170 Beaver Hall Square, Montreal. C-6

Gentlemen:—Please send, free and without obligation, illustrated literature on the subjects I have checked: ☐ Modern Kitchen; ☐ Bathroom; ☐ Laundry; ☐ Heating System; ☐ I contemplate making my present home like new; ☐ Building a new one.

Name

Address

City Prov.

CRANE

CRANE LIMITED
1170 BEAVER HALL SQUARE
MONTREAL



BRANCHES IN 18 CITIES IN
CANADA AND
NEWFOUNDLAND

"The Greatest of All Coronation Souvenirs!"

PHOTO
ACTUAL
SIZE

The STORY OF THE CORONATION

The Publishers In England Have Spent A Fortune To Make This The Most Sumptuous, The Most Complete, The Most Carefully-Planned of All Books Dealing With The Coronation. . .

THE wonder volume of The Coronation! Printed on art paper, handsomely and permanently bound in Coronation Blue cloth . . . Back lettered in gilt . . . 384 Pages . . . Six Gorgeous Plates in Full Colour . . . 130 Pages of Illustrations including a magnificent photographic record of ACTUAL CORONATION SCENES . . . Edited by Sir John Hammerton . . . A book that will live forever!

MANY PAGES OF PICTURES TAKEN ON CORONATION DAY!

Historic significance is given to this book because it includes special chapters that vividly describe the actual scenes of the Coronation Procession and the Crowning in Westminster Abbey, written by eyewitnesses and profusely illustrated with photographs taken on May 12th.

A Complete Historical and Descriptive Record

Crown and Monarchy—A Historical account of these vital factors in our National life.—3 chapters.

Our Kings and Queens—From Edward the Confessor to Edward VIII.—5 chapters.

Evolution of The Coronation—Its symbolism and significance.—3 chapters.

Victorian Family Album—32 intimate pictures of Queen Victoria's family and descendants with genealogies.

A Century of Coronations—Eyewitness accounts of three Coronations by outstanding authorities.

Their Majesties—Picture biographies of King George VI and Queen Elizabeth.—4 chapters.

Curiosities of Coronation—Memorable incidents and Historic Events.—3 chapters.

The Empire's Tribute—Pomp and Circumstance—Behind the Scenes of a Coronation—The Scene and The Ceremony. vivid description of actual scenes at the Coronation and many pages of pictures taken on Coronation Day.—16 chapters.

A limited number of copies of "The Story of the Coronation" have been ordered from the publishers in England for Canadian sale. Make sure that you secure one of these magnificent books by sending your order without delay! The price is only \$2.25, postpaid to your address, if you send cash with your order; or \$2.50 if you prefer to have us mail the book to you C.O.D.

SEND YOUR ORDER ON THIS HANDY FORM

Dept. A, THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING CO., LTD., 481 University Ave., Toronto, Canada.

Please mail postpaid to my address, as soon as publication is completed, . . . copies of "The Story of The Coronation." I understand that if the book is not as represented, I may return it in good condition within 5 days of delivery. Price includes packaging and free delivery to any place in Canada.

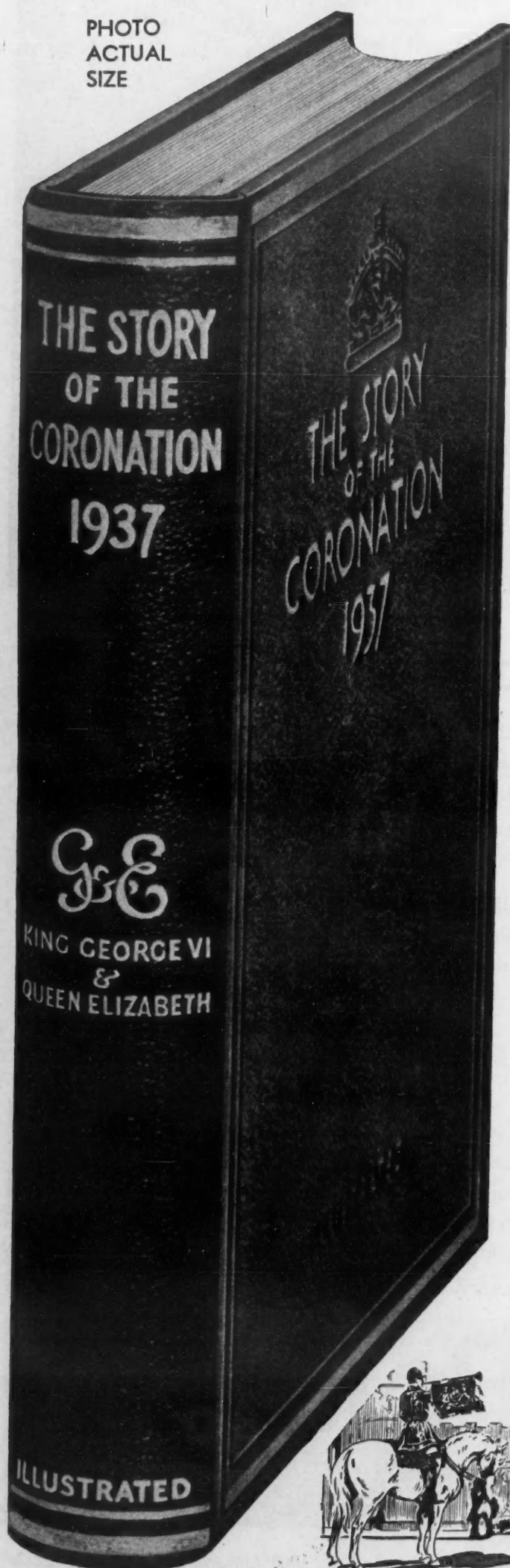
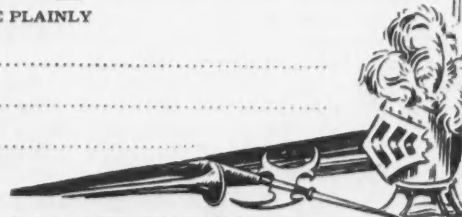
☐ I agree to pay \$2.50 per copy on delivery of the book. OR ☐ I enclose \$2.25 per copy payment in full.

PLEASE WRITE PLAINLY

Name

Address

If you do not wish to clip this coupon from your copy of Maclean's, write your order on a plain sheet of paper with your name and address printed clearly, and mail to Dept. C, MacLean Publishing Co. Ltd., Toronto.





Jeanette MacDonald gives her first Spanish dance in "Firefly." Eleanor Powell is starred in "Broadway Melody of 1937."

without saying a word to anybody spent an entire afternoon shopping for it. There were tears of gratitude in the man's eyes as I overheard him recount the deed to a carpenter in the studio. Do you wonder Joan is so popular?

SCARCELY had I reached First National than Hal Wallis, head of the studio, passed me. "Hurry up," he urged, "you'll miss Kay Francis putting on a grand show."

We arrived none too soon. Kay already had started her warbling for "Confession," and in a cheap Viennese honky-tonk scene presented a bizarre figure as compared with her usual sleek self. In a blond wig, she wore a multi-colored beaded print gown, with a tulle bow tied on her hair. Her song is unusual, as is her voice. I liked both.

I mentioned that this is the first time Kay has ever sung for the screen. Likewise, it is Jeanette MacDonald's initial attempt at Spanish dancing. In "Firefly," she puts on a spirited Spanish number in a colorful Madrid café setting. And Joan Bennett is trying something new, too . . . modeling in Walter Wanger's "Vogues of 1938." All three of the girls are enjoying their respective ventures into new fields.

FROM ALL appearances, it's likely to be a duel to the death between Robert Taylor and Tyrone Power, Jr. Taylor still leads in feminine popularity but young Power is running him a close second. Certainly, within the last few months his position has skyrocketed to dizzy heights . . . and even in Hollywood many a glamorous young lady is doing her best to interest him in herself alone. Both are young men seemingly unaffected by the glory that has descended so heavily upon their heads, and it will be interesting to watch the race.

DID YOU KNOW THAT: Janet Gaynor has a pair of old shoes she wears at least once in every picture she plays? They are the shoes she used in "Seventh Heaven," the film that elevated her to stardom, and she calls them her "lucky shoes."

Cellophane dress suits for the chorus girls in "Broadway Melody of 1937!" That's something to look forward to. Your scout left the set talking to himself, after an entire afternoon spent just in back of the camera.

WHILE ON the set, Eleanor Powell told me proudly that she's a racehorse owner now. She and Bob Taylor purchased a steed together and will run him next year in the races at Santa Anita. Here's luck, Eleanor.

CLOSE-UPS:

Not content with nearly killing herself last season in an auto smashup, in which she broke her leg and hip, Gertrude Michael is nursing two broken fingers, caught in a closing car door.

Johnny Downs birthday - presented Eleanore Whitney with a steamship ticket to Honolulu. The young actor preceded her to the Islands a week before she could embark with her mother.

Mae West seldom grants interviews on any day but Friday. It is on this morning that she goes to the beauty parlor for "the works."

Henry Stephenson, the distinguished English actor, was forced to cancel his plans to attend the Coronation in London because of picture commitments.

Irene Dunne is leading a "new life." Now that she has adopted a baby, she no

longer hops eastward after each picture. Instead, she remains in Hollywood, with the child, and her husband is arranging his business in New York so that he may spend practically all his time on the West Coast.

Marion Davies orders sandwiches for everybody on the set—from director down to veriest prop boy—every afternoon at four during the shooting on "Ever Since Eve." She's one of the most beloved stars among her associates.

SWASHBUCKLER supreme . . . that's Fredric March, in his characterization of Jean La Fitte, the pirate, in Cecil B. De Mille's "The Buccaneer." If you liked him as Anthony Adverse, then you'll accept him with open arms in this new interpretation. It promises to be one of the most picturesque portrayals of the year. Franzisca Gaal, newly arrived from Hungary and much on the order of Sonja Henie, will play opposite him.

INTERESTING, too, is the news that Freddie Bartholomew will enact the character of "Kim" in the production of this title. This film will be of particular moment, for plans now being rushed indicate that the company, with young Freddie, will go to India, to take advantage of the spectacular and colorful ceremonies attendant upon the Durbar, following the Coronation of King George and Queen Elizabeth in England. Freddie already is planning his wardrobe and is



The Mauch twins are featured in "The Prince and the Pauper." Between them is Mervyn Le Roy, the director.

worrying his Aunt Cissie with more questions regarding the trip than any one mortal could answer.

THUMBNAILED SKETCH:

Man's man! No phrase could better describe Gary Cooper, for he is everything any man would wish to be. Ask him to discuss art, or his career, and he'll shut up like a clam. Touch on the western range, on hunting and boots and saddles, or dogs and horses and guns and men, and he'll open up and talk by the hour. He takes his shoes off on the set and generally chats with the workmen. He's "home folks."

Most of the stars like their comfort, even as you and I. At a preview of "Wake Up and Live" a few nights back, I chanced to sit next to Alice Faye. The moment she sat down she slipped off her shoe . . . and during the run of the picture sat on her stocking foot.

PREVIEWS:

For clean, hearty entertainment packed full of dramatic tension, don't miss "Captains Courageous." Co-featuring Freddie Bartholomew and Spencer Tracy, this Rudyard Kipling yarn tells of a pampered boy of wealth swept overboard in the Atlantic, of his being picked up by a Portuguese fisherman . . . and his ultimate "regeneration." Both Freddie and Tracy offer splendid performances.

"The Jones Family In Big Business" provides a merry hour for the whole family, too.

Even Mark Twain, I think, would be pleased with the way his "Prince and the Pauper" has been translated onto the screen. The Mauch twins, Billy and Bobby—you saw Bobby as the boy Anthony in "Anthony Adverse"—give living impressions of the two title roles, and Claude Rains scores vigorously as the scoundrelly Earl of Hertford. Unfortunately, Errol Flynn has little to do, but that he executes with distinction.

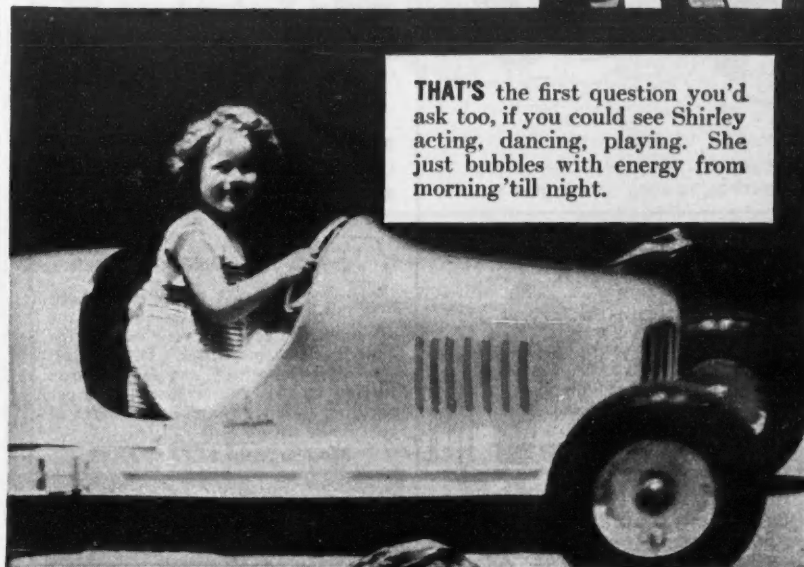
See you next month!

WHERE DOES Shirley Temple GET HER ENERGY?

Star of "WEE WILLIE WINKIE"
A 20th Century-Fox Picture



THAT'S the first question you'd ask too, if you could see Shirley acting, dancing, playing. She just bubbles with energy from morning 'till night.



LUCKILY, Shirley likes the things that are best for her. Sunshine, fresh air, and hearty breakfasts of Quaker Puffed Wheat keep her fit as a fiddle.

Look for the Quaker Puffed Wheat display at your grocer's.



3 WRAPPINGS GUARD ITS CRISPNESS



"FAMOUS WITH FRUITS"

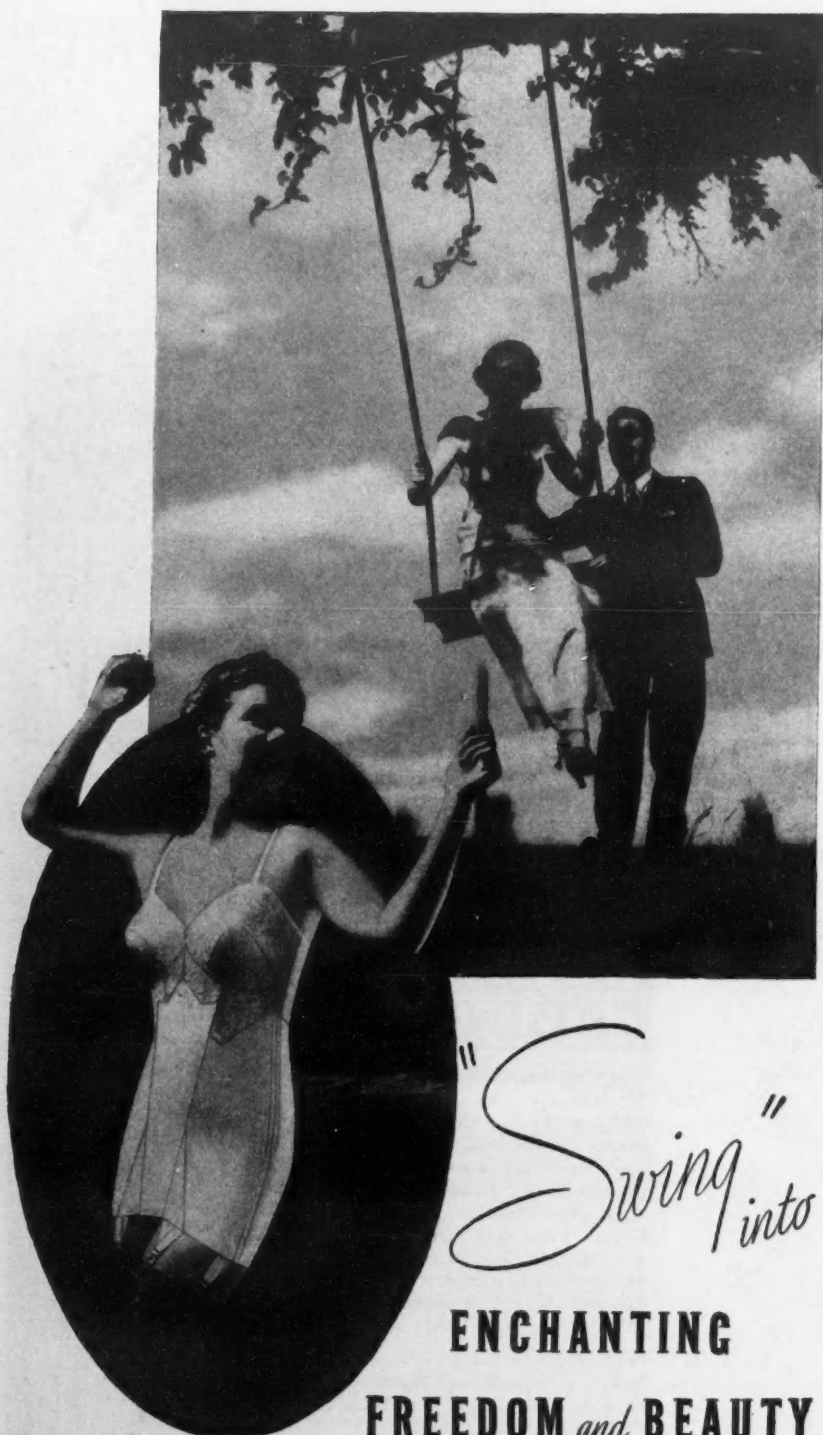
THE PACKAGE

WITHIN A PACKAGE

WITHIN A PACKAGE



QUAKER PUFFED WHEAT



WHY NU-BACK STAYS IN PLACE

— Nu-Back foundations have a smooth, telescopic sliding back that lengthens and shortens from two to three inches with the movement of your body, allowing the corset to stay in place without any strain or stretch. No garter strain to ruin hosiery, no pull on shoulder straps, no diaphragm cramp, and no riding up. This exclusive Nu-Back feature permits more snug fit, better figure control, slimmer waistline, more alluring, smart contours.

There is a Nu-Back to fit you perfectly — up-to-date in design, high quality in materials. Sold at leading corsetières. All sizes, varied prices.



FREEDOM and BEAUTY

Perfect figure control with uncorsetted comfort . . . Here is your chance to acquire the slim, alluring lines you have admired so much in others, and at the same time experience utmost freedom of movement. For a Nu-Back Corset not only corrects figure faults and moulds your body into lovely, enchanting curves—it permits you to assume every natural pose as though you wore no corset at all!

With a Nu-Back, all strain on garters and shoulder straps is eliminated. Nu-Back acts in perfect rhythm with every movement, and yet there is absolutely no "riding-up."



No more of this

NuBack
A TRY-ON IS WORTH A THOUSAND WORDS

DOMINION CORSET COMPANY LIMITED - QUEBEC, P.Q.

Makers of the famous D & A and Junior Set Foundation Garments and Gothic Brassieres

CM-3

What's Going on in Hollywood

Chatelaine's Hollywood correspondent presents a news-filled column on the activities of favorite stars

by WHITNEY WILLIAMS

APROPOS of the English Coronation, which is attracting the attention and good wishes of the world, another already has taken place, which will be viewed by untold millions.

It is the Coronation of King Rudolf and Princess Flavia in "The Prisoner of Zenda."

All the pomp and ceremony of the genuine article were incorporated into this glittering sequence of the film. More than five hundred people participated in the exciting action and the enormous cathedral, beautifully designed to represent the greatest cathedral in all mythical Ruritania, is one of the finest settings ever constructed in Hollywood.

Ronald Colman and Madeleine Carroll enact the king and the princess. Clad in gorgeous royal ceremonial robes they present memorable figures, and the spectacular scenes are stirring ones.

Picturesque in their brilliant uniforms, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., C. Aubrey Smith, David Niven and Raymond Massey stand near their monarchs. And of these Colman has never looked more distinguished nor Miss Carroll so lovely.



"Alone at last," whispers Ronald Colman to Madeleine Carroll in "The Prisoner of Zenda."

Mention of Fairbanks recalls that neither he nor Marlene Dietrich have been seen with anybody else since his arrival back in Hollywood. He returned to the film capital from England, you know, expressly to appear in the above-mentioned picture.

Nightly, you may glimpse them together at the Trocadero, the Swing Club, dancing at the Coconut Grove or dining quietly alone at some small Hollywood restaurant. The German actress almost always wears black—this color seems to set off her exotic beauty most vividly—and Fairbanks seldom deviates from a comfortable lounging suit. Occasionally, though, both will turn out in evening attire . . . and then they're Hollywood's smartest couple.

FOR HER rôle in "Angel"—which that old master, Ernst Lubitsch, is directing, thank the stars—Marlene has turned blond. I saw her as she lunched in the Paramount commissary a few days ago and she looked superb in a severely-tailored blue suit. Incidentally, despite her reputation for exclusiveness—and unlike so many stars—Marlene always takes her noonday meal in the studio restaurant, instead of eating in the confines of her dressing-room suite.

WHILE ON the Paramount lot, I dropped by several sets. Helen Mack was chewing



Marlene has turned blonde for her rôle in "Angel."

gum at a mile-a-minute clip during a lull in the filming of "The Last Train from Madrid," a story of the Spanish revolution, and exchanging wisecracks with Robert Cummings, recently become a millionaire when some old stock of his father's suddenly boomed skyward. Cummings was just recovering from the effects of a "hot seat" which Helen had framed with the aid of an electrician. A "hot seat," in studio parlance, is a seat wired at the bottom so that whoever sits down will receive an electric jolt. Both were laughing, with Bob obviously trying to think up some reciprocative joke to play upon Helen.

Over on the "Hotel Haywire" set—a production which promises to be as insane as its title indicates—Spring Byington, Lynn Overman and Franklyn Pangborn were engaging in a hilarious bit of nonsense. Lynn had just interrupted his "wife" in the arms of a brush salesman! To gain the most from the scene, Director George Archainbaud was having them repeat the action, not once but five times. Then, he declared it perfect.

ON MY way out to First National, to hear Kay Francis sing her first song for the screen, I chanced to look in at Radio Pictures. And straightway heard one of the grandest things of the month.

As a tribute to her mother for all she has done for her, Ann Shirley has just presented her with a mansion in Beverly Hills. There were days in the past when these two knew real poverty, but Ann's mother clung to the belief her daughter would some day make good on the screen. She has!

WHILE ON the subject of gifts . . . that was a nice gesture on Joan Blondell's part when she sent a baby layette to the wife of one of the property men in her company. She knew this man couldn't afford many luxuries for the approaching event, and



Kay Francis sings her first song for the screen. Douglas Fairbanks Jr., is still squiring Marlene Dietrich everywhere

Marriage Made on Earth

(Continued from page 77)

"No," he said, his mind fumbling, surprised. "How should you? We're married, but we don't know anything about each other. We don't know each other at all. Your doing this . . . running away. It was a shock . . . it . . . it floored me. I didn't expect anything like that from you. It made me realize I don't know anything about you."

"Well I wouldn't be surprised at anything you did . . . anything hurtful and mean."

They were both utterly still, like people in an enchanted rigidity. Then Tod turned away. He selected and lit a cigarette. There was a long silence.

"So you feel like that," he said at last in a matter-of-fact voice. "It's a fact I don't know anything about you. But that's the reason why you went away, not because you found out I was a rotter, because I let you down . . . I'll admit I've let you down badly. I didn't realize it at the time. I carried on, being myself, acting as I always have; avoiding unpleasantness if possible and disliking it intensely if it were forced on me. I hadn't got the hang of the new relationship. I hadn't realized that what wouldn't hurt anyone else would hurt a wife. However, it seems superfluous to go over all that."

She was breathing heavily as if she had escaped some danger, but the thing in her eyes which had repulsed him was still there.

"And I'd come up here, all noble. I was heavy with a sense of sin. I was going to beg forgiveness and be a good boy. Doesn't that surprise you? It did me. In my blundering way I began to tell you about my surprising myself. I've felt so sick about everything during these last two days that I was sure it must be love."

"I wouldn't believe anything you said to me," she said harshly. "You're clever. You've spent your whole life learning how to get round people. But you can't get round me now. You won't have the chance to hurt me by lying to me and letting me down again. I've finished. You've seen that, haven't you?"

"Yes," he said. "I've seen it. Our little affair as a love episode seems to be over. But . . ." he paused, then said, "we're still married."

"We can get unmarried."

"I'm afraid we can't," he said calmly. "At least not at the moment without a good deal of inconvenience to ourselves. If you'll allow me I'll tell you exactly why." His voice was calm, matter-of-fact as before, indicating nothing which might be hidden.

"Our marriage, as you've found out, involved a great many more people than just us two. It appeared to concern the whole country. My parents took it as a personal insult; and the couple of weeks we spent with them didn't wipe out the insult. I'm not blaming you for that."

"It's a novelty for you not to blame me," she said in a hard, bitter little voice.

"Probably. But the marriage didn't cause such an upheaval as your running away from it. I won't bore you with the family's point of view, but what they consider one scandal after another has put their backs up in a very thorough way. The net result is that if you don't return to me, I'm being kicked out with the traditional shilling, and even if you do return we're not to have much more than the shilling. Would you like details?"

"So that was it. That's why you came up so quickly with all your talk of wanting me to forgive you."

"You do hate me, don't you?" he said in the same expressionless, matter-of-fact

voice. For a minute there was silence, stirring with unspoken things, then Tod spoke and dissipated those thought-voices.

"Think of it like that if you want to. But I hope you'll see that for the time being we'll have to remain together. You can't support yourself, and I can't support you. You know the Paris trip used all my allowance . . . I've got about twenty pounds left in the bank. When you and I have made up our quarrel—my father's words—there will be fifty pounds placed to my credit. This magnificent sum will be paid at intervals of two months. The parental idea is that with 300 pounds a year, supplemented by my anticipated earnings, we are to try to lead a happy married life. If you don't come back to me I remain with twenty pounds, a car, and anticipated earnings before mentioned. Don't say anything. I've said all there is to say on the subject of this criminal lunacy. But my father's got his toes dug in for the time being. So what about it? Do you feel any stirrings of wifely duty?"

She was silent, trying to assimilate these startling facts, to make the transition from the emotional to the unemotional discussion which he had with such apparent ease embarked upon.

"I wasn't prepared for anything like this," she faltered. "I don't know what to say or do now. I didn't think at all about the material side of things; not until Dr. Matheson pointed out how impossible it would be for me to earn a living."

"Exactly. If not impossible, improbable anyhow. As improbable as it is that I will find a job—or keep a job—worth having. In the employment market as it is today our value is just about minus zero."

"Yes, it will be hard for you." She looked at him a little less inimically. "I'm sorry things have taken this turn. I suppose you feel as muddled by it as I do."

"Well, it seems to me that unless you can go back to your mother . . ." he paused.

"Would that make it easier for you?"

"I've asked you to come back to me." He did not look at her. He dumped his cigarette carefully. Something in the familiar bend of his shoulders disturbed her. Why, this was absurd! Grotesque as a nightmare. She pressed the palm of her hand against her head. That was Tod . . . Tod sitting there, his face in shadow. If he came out of the shadow it would be Tod, bending over her, close to her. That day in Fontainebleau, with the sun-dappled leaves and the spring flowers.

"It would be considerably worse for me if you returned to your mother. I thought I'd made that clear."

The words drew her out of the hazy pit of dreams. "Of course," she said coldly. "I'd forgotten. If I don't go back to you, you get nothing at all."

"Well, I don't want you to starve, you know," she said after a pause.

Silence fell and lengthened unbearably, and at last Beverly broke it.

"I haven't much choice. I'll live with you for six months; until I can learn something which will help me to support myself. If we have an apartment—I suppose we will—I'll run it for you. I'll earn my living that way . . ."

"Oh, don't!" he said, and for the first time his voice was hoarse with feeling. "I must have hurt you terribly to make you able to talk this way."

But his outbreak did not destroy her frozen, bitter calm. She was suspicious, wary as an animal which had once been trapped. Nothing he says means anything, his voice, his face, his strong body, they mean nothing. His soul is shabby, his heart a little stone. He doesn't love. He couldn't love anyone. He fulfills his own purpose . . . as he always has.

Her tone was hard and antagonistic.

"But I go back to you like that because it's the only job I can get. You can live your life and I'll live mine. I'll be a house-keeper because housekeepers can't be hurt," her voice broke, then the word came out strongly, like a blow. "Hurt," she repeated.

WHAT A BOY FOR HIS FOOD WHAT A FOOD FOR A BOY!

HE enjoys the great big game of life. He's up and into everything with a zest and interest which spring from sheer health and high spirits. And he's got a real, rugged boy's appetite that must be satisfied. That's why, like his mother, he's all for Shredded Wheat. The healthy nourishment in the crisp, golden brown biscuits supplies the energy-fuel he needs and must have every day. Give your children, your whole family, the sustenance of whole wheat in its most digestible form—give them Shredded Wheat, the food that builds up strength and stamina.

THE CANADIAN SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY, LTD.
Niagara Falls Canada

12 big biscuits in every box



Swing into Life

YOUR Child should swing into life carefree. Soon your girl will be a debutante—your boy a man. They will be what they grow up to be. This is specially true of posture, which comes from the care taken in choosing the shoes they wear. Rely on Hurlbut Shoes.



They ensure perfect posture

How? By modelling the inside of the shoe to the requirements of normal foot development . . . by supporting the all-important arches . . . by balancing the weight of the body so that your boy or girl grows into alert, active maturity.

Making Hurlbut Shoes is a sympathetic science. The culture of growing feet is as educational as primary schooling of the mind. Trust your children's foot training to Hurlbut Shoes—fitted by Canada's best shoemen.

HURLBUT SHOES for ALL GROWING AGES
THE SAVAGE SHOE COMPANY LIMITED, PRESTON, ONT.



1 Santa Rose
GREETED MOTHER-IN-LAW—UPSETTING POTTED PLANT ON JUST-VACUUMED RUG IN THE RUSH.

2
LISTENS AS MOTHER-IN-LAW SAYS "I'VE BROUGHT YOU JUST THE THING FOR SUCH EMERGENCIES—A BISSELL!"

3
AMAZED AS BISSELL WHISKS UP DIRT. ADJUSTS ITSELF WITH "HI-LO" BRUSH CONTROL, TO RUGS OF ANY NAP-LENGTH.

4
DELIGHTED AS BISSELL REACHES UNDER FURNITURE. STAY-ON BUMPERS PREVENT SCRATCHING.

5
REALIZES SHE CAN USE HANDY BISSELL FOR QUICK CLEAN-UPS—AND SAVE VACUUM FOR HEAVY-DUTY CLEANING, AND...

6 GETS MOTHERLY POINTER:
"A Bissell is so handy for daily quick clean-ups—and you can save your vacuum for periodic cleaning. Bissell's Hi-Lo brush control automatically and fully adjusts to any rug nap. And a Bissell does get the dirt!" See the colorful new models at your dealer's.
Models from \$4.75 to \$7.45

BISSELL
The really better sweeper
Niagara Falls, Ont.

MADE IN CANADA

What will become of them?

(Continued from page 11)

and we're never going to," says the doctor. "We explain everything we're going to do. You can take children into your confidence from the first few months. And no matter how endearing or cooing or affectionate a mother wants to be, she shouldn't talk down to her children. They sense it at once."

And that goes for the Santa Claus fantasy, and will be followed in more important matters later on. "They love the Santa Claus spirit . . . but at the same time, they know Dr. Dafoe is behind those whiskers," says the doctor, smiling. There need be no quarrel between truth and make-believe in child training, and for the quins there won't be!

Into this strictly sheltered world—to which only specialists, Dr. Dafoe, the parents and brothers and sisters, and the priest come, the finest methods of modern child training are being introduced. There is no spanking, for instance. The little "quiet room" set aside for trouble makers is sufficient punishment. It's a sunny, light room with a small table and books. But it means solitude and detention. Now, even a start for the quiet room, accompanied by shaming fingers pointed by the other quins, will often bring a wrongdoer back a penitent.

There's no forcing of the children. They have learned that the machinery of their pleasantly ordered lives stops when they don't obey. A valuable lesson for later years. The child who pushes food away simply leaves the table without eating. Perhaps she's not really hungry anyway. No special food allowance is made, and when she comes to the next meal it's a different story. Dr. Dafoe points out that there's a sure cure for temper. In all child training, he tells parents to make certain the child is physically well and comfortable. Then, if a tantrum blows up, it's a good idea to let it spend itself. There won't be any rupture or nervous breakdown. Babies are fed, bathed and put to bed at night. They may cry if they want to—once their well-being is assured. A little ignoring is often worth a pound of fussing.

Dr. Dafoe doesn't believe in forcing children to shake hands with visitors, talk to people if they don't want to. A fear complex is set up. A little inattention to the child's attitude often brings him around. And it's a mistake to force babies to talk. They're still normal if they do it any time between a year and a half to four years old. When there are other children about, they often talk their own language rather than bother to learn the grown-up kind until they have to.

The Dionne quintuplets will need a lot of peace in their own hearts . . . a deep memory of happy, quiet days in childhood. So there's peace in the Callander nursery. And Dr. Dafoe believes that is important for any child. "If parents must quarrel, let them do it in private and come to their children with serenity and friendliness," he says. Even tiny babies react amazingly quickly to the dark atmosphere of an unhappy home. Sometimes an argument between those in charge of the quins would get past the outer doors of the nursery in the early days of the babies' lives. Immediately the children would become peevish and petulant. Now, there is the strictest rule that only smiles are allowed around the children. Any bickering or misunderstanding must be straightened out away from their presence.

So goes the training of the five who by force of circumstance will never be part of the great common mass of humanity.

[Continued on page 84]



TAKES OFF GRIME WITHOUT SCOURING

THERE'S no need for hard rubbing and scrubbing when you use a solution* of Gillett's Pure Flake Lye. It cuts right through grease! Use it full strength, too, to clean toilet bowls—clear stopped-up drains. Order a tin today.



*Never dissolve lye in hot water. The action of the lye itself heats the water.

FREE BOOKLET—The Gillett's Lye Booklet tells how to use this powerful cleanser for dozens of tasks. Send for a free copy to Standard Brands Ltd., Fraser Ave. and Liberty St., Toronto, Ont.



3-IN-ONE OIL IS A BLEND OF THREE FINE OILS

BEST FOR WASHING MACHINES, WRINGERS, CARPET SWEEPERS, HINGES, LOCKS, TOYS, ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES, FOOD MIXERS, ETC.

3-IN-ONE OIL
LUBRICATES • CLEANS • PREVENTS RUST



Gay Paris Colors!

Give fashion's newest spring shades to your wardrobe. So easy if you use Tintex! 45 colors. 15¢ a package at drug and notion counters.

Tintex
TINTS AND DYES

...the largest seller in the World!

FOR FREE BOOKLET, "Manual on Home Tinting and Dyeing", by Janet Powers, A.B., write Dept. 51, Box 1050, Montreal.

"I haven't seen him for many years."
 "Won't he give you a job?"
 "Oh he'll give me one . . . delight in doing it, as a sort of unglorified office-boy at two pounds a week. Nine until five-thirty for two pounds a week! I'd sooner starve restfully."

"It doesn't seem very much," she said. "Still . . ."

"And that's not all. I'm to study in my spare time and take the rest of my exams, and study German, and then if I am a very good little boy and when years have passed I'll be given a tupenny-ha'penny job in the Berlin branch. They expect to need a man there in about 1950, and this is a cautious firm. They breed them from pups and have nice sound men whom they know all about ready to fill any vacancy which might occur in a hundred-year stretch." He broke a bread roll with vicious fingers.

"But that doesn't sound too bad. It would be a wonderful opportunity for most people," she regarded him doubtfully.

"A lot of work, a little play, a good bed at the end of the day," Tod said. "The idea is as weak as the rhythm. I can't say I fancy it. Anyhow, my dear, the opportunity no longer exists. I let Uncle Henry say his little piece . . . he enjoyed it tremendously. 'So your father has come to his senses, at last' . . . that sort of thing. Then when he had finished I said a few well-chosen words, and the fight began. I'm not going to swot away from dawn till dark to help Uncle Henry's self-satisfaction grow larger than it is."

BUT THE next morning he was less sanguine. He had left her, saying he was going to the bank and after a desultory walk around the precincts of the hotel she had returned, and waited in the lounge. She was scanning the "Apartments to Let," column of the morning newspapers when he came in. Her leg was curled under her and papers were scattered round her chair. She was quite at home in the deserted lounge, and searching the newspapers gave her a comforting illusion of doing something.

"He's done it," Tod said with a grimace. "Fifty pounds, no more no less, and that's all until the 28th of August, so the bank manager informed me. He's an old friend of dad's . . . and he as much as told me he was exceedingly pleased about the whole arrangement. Swine! I'll take a run down to Fairholme in a day or two and try a little persuasion. Well, I suppose we'd better stay on here for a while. The Marchmont is out."

"This is out too," she said firmly. "Why don't you stop wriggling. It's a most unpleasant spectacle. Tod . . ." she leaned forward, and said without any enmity. "Let's try it. I'm perfectly willing to stick to my side of the bargain; it won't be hardship to me of course. I've been poor all my life. But why don't you try and do what your father wishes?"

"Are you crazy?" he said in genuine

bewilderment. "I can't live on that. Why twenty of it went last night! I got in a poker game and gave a post-dated cheque to Bunny Freeland."

"Oh you didn't . . . you couldn't!" she was dismayed; and he said sulkily.

"Well, if you had gone to dinner and the theatre as I suggested it wouldn't have happened."

"I understand," she said contemptuously. "That's to be part of my job, too, is it? Keeping you from squandering your money. Haven't you any backbone?"

"What's it matter? Who cares?" he said, eyeing her bitterly. "Do you?"

"I care because until I can earn my living I've got to depend on what your father allows us, and it affects me if you spend stupidly."

"I see. For a moment I thought you were taking an interest in me."

"It's sheer ulterior motive," she flashed, but her mouth trembled. Because for an unbearable moment she had felt a return of the old painful impotency, a hurt voice in her had been crying; he must not be like this! She said, more calmly:

"I'm sorry I was rude. It's all rather sordid, isn't it?"

"Dreadfully."

She said hesitantly, "Tod, I wish you'd transfer some of that money to me."

"Good lord, yes," he said with instant generosity. "I'm a careless devil. I thought you still had the five pounds you got from Geoffrey."

"No. I've got it for you to return to him. But that's not what I mean . . . not spending money. I'd like half of what's left in the bank in my name, to keep in case of accidents. In case your father really means to give you no more."

He grinned. "That's the right wisely spirit, of course. Wouldn't you rather keep it in a stocking?"

"The bank will do. Will you give it to me?"

"Of course."

She was a little overwhelmed by his immediate consent, his complete trust in her. Many men wouldn't. But of course, he had no belief that his shortage of money would be permanent. He didn't value money enough to deny it to anyone. But she said fairly:

"Thank you. It's nice of you to trust me."

"Trust you?"

"Well . . ." she looked away and said uncertainly. "Well you might have thought, knowing the way I feel about you, that I'd just take the money and use it to get away."

Tod leaned down and gathered up some sheets of the scattered newspaper, then, carelessly as if the thing were too negligible to require any emphasis he said:

"It takes a crook to know an honest person. You couldn't do a mean thing like that if you tried."

"Oh I could do mean things," she said in a small, stifled voice

[To be continued]

EVENING RIFT

by Alan Creighton

All day there were green raindrops and the swell
 Of plunging thunder. Daylight thinned
 Across the sodden orchard; blossoms fell,
 With rap of bough and drag of wind.
 The sky was swift and dull; the coastline rolled
 With grey and white of broken seas.
 Now all is clear. But who could have foretold
 This hour of birds and quiet trees?

KEEP YOUR HOME BEAUTIFUL with ALATINT

● Women everywhere are now having walls and ceilings decorated with ALATINT—the new washable finish, now used in the best Canadian homes.

ALATINT IS WASHABLE

It provides a finish of beauty and permanence, as its freshness is not marred by sponging.

Anyone can use ALATINT. Free-flowing, easy to brush on, spreads smoothly. On a properly-prepared surface, covers approximately 50 square feet per pound. Alatin being odorless, rooms may be re-occupied immediately.

ALATINT is available in many non-glinting tints and white. Ask your dealer for ALATINT folder and color chart.



\$1.00 per 5 lb. pkge.



Gypsum, Lime and Alabastine, Canada, Limited

Head Office: — PARIS, Ontario, Canada

Strawberry Time is Jam Making Time

Luscious strawberries—or other fruits—make delicious, perfect jam or jellies when you use Kkovah Jelly Maker.

Take the guesswork out of your jam making by following the simple instructions shown in the new Kkovah Chart, which is in every package of Jelly Maker you buy.

The simple one-two-three method is easy to follow—and never fails.

One—Bring fruit almost to a boil.

Two—Add Jelly Maker, then sugar.

Three—Boil, then pour for a nice tender set.

● In convenient powder form. One 15c package makes more jam at less cost.

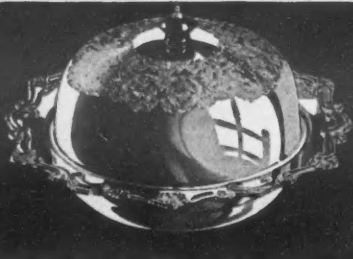


Made by the makers of Kkovah Lemon Butter Kkovah Custard Kkovah Malt Kkovah Salts etc.

KKOVAH JELLY MAKER FOR DELICIOUS JAMS and JELLIES

Langley Harris and Company Limited, Distributors, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg.

The Georgian—by International Silver Company—a beautiful Sheffield reproduction. The makers of this charming pattern recommend Silvo to preserve the beauty of YOUR silverware.



YOUR SILVER can keep its glowing lustre —always

The radiant, appealing loveliness that makes your silver the pride of your home can be retained through the years if you trust its care to Silvo Silver Polish. Only a polish as bland and gentle as Silvo can give your silver the loving care it deserves.

Write us for free sample of



RECKITT'S (Overseas) LIMITED, 1014 Anherst St., Montreal



GOOD BRAN MUFFINS ON Natural BRAN

● The secret of making bran muffins, cakes, etc. is to use *natural bran*. That's why the best cooks use Quaker *Natural Bran*. Especially intended for baking... it gives you that real bran flavour—mixes well, rises lightly. Sold only in Sealed Cartons.



QUAKER
Natural BRAN

"I see. Well . . . whatever you like. I'll let my father know. Our things are being sent on."

"You took it for granted I'd go back to you?" she stated in a flat, dead voice, a little surprised at herself for bothering to say that.

"I'm afraid I did. Though I'd not thought you would be returning in quite the same way. Well, shall we go? We might as well go to your hotel. I haven't fixed up anywhere."

Go? Go out of this room together. Mr. and Mrs. Firth, the happy, united couple. She began to laugh hysterically. She laughed until Tod's face moved out of the shadows, and his movement turned her laughter off, like a tap.

"It's all so absurd," she said. "But I suppose funnier things have happened to people."

"I suppose so." He was near her, but made no attempt to touch her. His face looked rather grim; so much older than the face of the lover with whom she had gone forth a month ago. Well it didn't matter how he looked. He had nothing to do really with that lover, who had never existed, but always would exist in her imagination.

"Well, come on," she said.

He opened the door and she passed out, in front of him.

THE HOTEL which Geoffrey had chosen was quiet, used mainly by provincial visitors. After an inspection of his own quarters, Tod went along to his wife's room and the strain which the peculiarity of their position imposed on them was evident in their carefully casual voices, in their schooled expressions.

"I have to go downtown for a while," Tod said. "I'm calling at Uncle Henry's office. He'll probably invite us to dine quite soon. For obvious reasons it would be well if we went."

"As you like. I didn't know you had an Uncle Henry."

"No? He's my mother's brother . . . Brinley and Snowden, the international solicitors. He's the Brinley, and he's been told to give me a job. He probably won't. The last time we met we parted with mutual expressions of ill-will. I loathe the old bird as a matter of fact. But part of my instructions were that I was to see him immediately. Will you be all right?"

"Quite, thank you. I'll dine here and go to bed early."

"Oh, you can't do that . . . not in this place. It's like a morgue. Geoff's idea of a hotel I'm afraid. We'll move out in the morning to somewhere a little less ghastly. Tonight we'll dine somewhere cheerful."

"Tod," Beverly faced him resolutely. "In the back of your mind you still don't admit that anything has changed, do you? You still think, though you acted very well this afternoon, that I am just having a mood, that . . ."

"Oh, I admit the change," he said with an ironical lift of his eyebrows. "I have to take the elevator and travel two floors when I want to go from my bedroom to yours. That's a change all right."

A brilliant red dyed her cheeks for a moment than faded, leaving her paler than before.

"And that change is . . . permanent. In the back of your mind is the thought that tonight, after dining out, a little wine and a little dancing, one of your inevitable parties, we will come back here together, and then, after a little of your very expert love-making . . ."

"One might have hoped," he said dryly, but he looked suddenly boyish, "found out" and bewildered.

"It should flatter me, I suppose," she said coldly. "But I know how very little that sort of thing means . . . with you. And as for me . . . whether it's a mood and will pass some day, or whether it's permanent, the fact is that now, with you standing there before me . . . the very thought of you making love to me"—she gasped—"it sickens me, sickens me, do you understand?"

"Beverly," he said with sudden force. "Don't say these things. You'll make it impossible for us ever . . . you'll finish yourself and me. You say I have no imagination, but you aren't displaying much. I sincerely want . . ."

"Oh, can't you see?" she cried violently. "It's finished! Utterly. You can't understand that you mightn't be able to make people change their minds and do what you want. You don't believe in your father's resolution either, do you? Oh no! You think he won't be able to resist your charming ways either. Well I think he will. I'm almost certain of it. And I hope he will."

Tod shrugged his shoulders. He was staring at her sombrely. "Well you'll suffer from it, too, if he doesn't change his mind."

"I won't suffer. I'm perfectly willing to live on a small income, work for you and earn my keep. If it were a large income I couldn't take it, and because it is little I need only give what I'm ready to give. I needn't . . ." her voice trailed into silence.

"Life," said Tod rather drearily, "is grand, isn't it? We'll have lots of fun, you and I caged up without a penny, and enduring all the disadvantages of marriage without any of the compensations."

"We won't have the disadvantages of marriage. I'm going to learn something; you will have a job. It won't hurt you. You might even find that you like work. As for the marriage part of it . . ." her voice was utterly cold, "I should think it was your ideal . . . free as you want to be . . . as you told me in Paris you wished to be."

He regarded her queerly, but whatever he had intended to say was not forthcoming. He said instead:

"Well in spite of your assurance, I don't think it will all come to this. At least I'm not going to meet it. We'll endeavor to live like human beings as long as we can. Tomorrow we'll move to a decent hotel, and hope for the best."

"You can do exactly as you like. I'm not your guardian. If you want to be a fool you can be."

"If you really wanted," he said quickly, then broke off short. "No matter. There's no reason why you should, and heaps of reasons why you shouldn't. Well I'll go," he said after a silence which she left unbroken.

"Are you quite sure you won't meet me downtown and let's have dinner somewhere? After all, we're not enemies. Or are we?"

She looked at him levelly. "I'm your enemy as long as I have to fight you. When you're ready to accept the situation, I won't be an enemy . . . I'll just be a stranger in your house. A helpful one I hope."

"Oh well, a truce then, for the present," he said with a weary resignation. He had been fidgeting with the door knob, but now he turned it firmly. "It's all so silly," he said as he went out.

THEY MET at luncheon the next day. She was already seated at her table when Tod entered the dining room and she watched him, with the headwaiter preceding him, come toward her.

"Hello," she said. "I've been out. I got up quite early and went for a walk in the park." Confused, she sent her information out in a rush. Tod said:

"You got up too early. You look as if you hadn't had enough sleep."

"You aren't so bright yourself."

"No? I'll improve." He was moving his knives and forks with a preoccupied air. "I'm glad you permit at least a table for two . . . that's something." But his mind was not really on his teasing of her, and when the waiter had taken their order and gone, he exploded:

"I saw Uncle Henry yesterday, and we had a row. I knew we would. I can't stand the old cuss, with his 'Life is real, Life is earnest' stuff. He's always been like that. He started on me when I was about two. Still I thought he might have improved

MODERN, SMART AND A PLEASURE TO USE

Sunbeam IRONMASTER



An utterly new kind of iron. Half weight but full size. The fastest heating iron ever made. Ready to iron in 30 seconds. No waiting for heat even on heaviest things. Double automatic heat control. Better ironing and more ironing in less time with less effort. Fatigue greatly reduced. Price \$4.95; slightly higher in West.

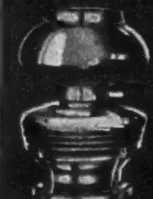
Sunbeam FLAT TOASTER

and Buffet
Tray



For morning toast or the evening visitor's snack. Patented turnover grill with expansion hinges toasts sandwiches, french rolls, etc. (2 at a time). Smartest, fastest, most automatic toaster. 5 compartment glass buffet tray. Toaster only \$6.95; with tray, \$8.45; slightly higher in West.

Sunbeam GLASS COFFEE MAKERS



Be sure to use the Sunbeam patented glass filter rod. No butter-soft filter papers, cloth, springs, etc. Coffee not boiled. Vacuum principle. Water heated, forced up glass tube, drains once through ground coffee. Heat-resistant smooth glass never spoils coffee flavor. Delicious coffee every time. No butter \$11.95; slightly higher in West. Also other beautiful models at lower prices.

See these famous Sunbeam appliances at Electric, Hardware and Department Stores, or write Flexible Shaft Co., Limited, 323 Weston Rd. South, Toronto, Ont. 47 YEARS MAKING QUALITY PRODUCTS

Sunbeam
THE BEST ELECTRIC APPLIANCES MADE

The best part of the picnic . . . those marvellous sandwiches you make in a moment with Paris Pâté. You couldn't wish for anything nicer!



Retain the original beauty of your Jubilee Silver by cleaning it with

"Goddard's"

Plate Powder or Plate Polish

In Boxes In Tins

Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers
J. Goddard & Sons, Ltd., Leicester
England

"This country is a good place for children. There are several denominational churches, splendid schools, plenty of good healthy sports, dancing, hunting, skating, exciting hockey games in the winter, and swimming, hiking, fishing and camping to keep the boys well occupied in the summer."

Donald and Lyman were much like other boys in "cupboard love." They agreed that they liked going to Mrs. Kunze's house best, to see her boys. "She is a better cook than you are, mother, and she makes such good bread," they told me with brutal frankness. I felt a little worried that they might become nuisances, and spoke to Mrs. Kunze about it. She laughed when she told me that one day Lyman came home with her boys and said, "Gee, that 'koffee-kuchen' smells good, but mother told me never to ask for anything to eat." (I know that he got the coffee cake.)

Shortly after my marriage to George Black, I became interested in the work of the Anglican church and was chosen president of the Women's Auxiliary, which position I held for a number of years.

I imagine I am an average Christian, I am a devout believer in God and the future, but, as a child there was so much compulsory church-going, Sunday School and prayer meeting, that I am now often neglectful. Mother continually impressed upon us that if we followed the Golden Rule in everyday life, we would be acceptable in God's sight: and I believe it.

The pioneers of the church in the North had gruelling tasks before them, and on her honor rolls will always be the names of the saintly Father Judge, the heroic Bishop Bompas and his gentle, self-effacing wife, Bishop Stringer and his wife from the Arctic, and those two hard working Presbyterians, John Pringle and Dr. Grant.

While Bishop Rowe and Archdeacon Stuck belonged to the Alaskan Territory below Dawson, yet, en route to the outside world, they frequently visited us and filled the Anglican pulpit. They, too, gave little thought to self, denied themselves every luxury, and served not God and mammon, but God alone.

No word of church work in the North would be complete without a tribute to the Sisters of St. Anne who, even to this day, are carrying on the work of mercy commenced in the North by that Order half a century ago.

ALTHOUGH DAWSON never had many of the women's clubs that are the boast of our neighbors to the South, yet one of the strongest, since its organization in 1912, is the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire. While at Government House, I organized the first chapter, called the Dr. George M. Dawson Chapter, named after the leader of the Government exploration expedition sent out in 1887 to explore that portion of the North West Territories drained by the Yukon River. When organizing this chapter, I well remember the impertinent remark of one young woman: "Many of us, Mrs. Black, are interested to know how long one has to be a Daughter of the American Revolution before becoming a Daughter of the Empire?"

Not showing my feelings, even by the flicker of an eyelash, I smiled and replied: "Only until one marries George Black." I also organized the Inspector Fitzgerald Girls' Chapter, named after one of our heroic police officers, who lost his life when in charge of the Dawson-MacPherson patrol. Just before we left for overseas, ten of my close friends got together and did me the honor of organizing the Martha Munger Black Chapter. This carried on during the War years, doing wonderful work, but was finally merged with the other two Dawson chapters, under the name of the Dawson City chapter. After my return from overseas I organized the Mayo Chapter.

Life pursued "the even tenor of its way," until August 4, 1914. That memorable night the Commissioner and I were

entertaining a theatre party, in the one moving picture house in Dawson, which was crowded to the doors.

During an interval, a telegram was handed to my husband. He read it and without comment passed it to me. The message was from the Secretary of State, at Ottawa: "England is in a state of war with Germany."

The news was not entirely unexpected as our daily paper had been featuring the European situation with huge headlines. Yet, when the blow fell, it was both startling and sudden. Immediately the Commissioner went to the stage, raised his hand, and in a voice filled with emotion, he read the telegram. Men and women looked at each other in silence, aghast, trying to realize the significance of the words.

Twenty scarlet-coated members of the Royal North West Mounted Police were seated in the centre of the theatre. Two of these, brothers, former members of the Coldstream Guards, well over six feet in height, looked at each other and whispered to the other members. As though answering a subconscious command, they stood, and in unison commenced to sing "God Save the King." The effect was electrical. With one move the audience were on their feet and never in the world, I dare say, was our National Anthem sung with greater fervor, or more depth of feeling, than in that little moving picture house in a village on the edge of the Arctic. Although eight thousand miles of mountain, land and sea separated us from London, the heart of Empire, yet England's King was our King, and England's Empire was our Empire. We realized as never before that we were not English, nor Irish, nor Scottish, nor Welsh, nor yet Canadian, but we were all British, bound together by our Anglo-Saxon ties of blood.

From then on life lost all serenity. There was no contented, settled-down feeling. From week to week, month to month, men began leaving the Yukon—not to the inspiring sounds of massed bands, nor the thrilling sight of magnificent battalions marching past—no, only in response to a still, small voice within: "Your King and Country need you!" With packs on their backs they rushed from two to four hundred miles.

Month by month I could see my husband was getting more restless. I hurled myself into war work—Red Cross, I.O.D.E., and completed two St. John's Ambulance first aid courses, to be ready for the time I knew was coming.

It came in the spring of 1916. I have it recorded in my journal:

"George has just come in and told me he has to enlist—that he can't stand it any longer—seeing our men go away, while he sits in his office, and we have the comfort of this beautiful home."

"Of course, there's nothing for me to do, but to act as though I like it. It will be a fearful wrench—to leave this lovely place. There's the terrible anxiety of our future, too. What will this horrible war bring forth? I dare not think of it. Yet, why should I hesitate, or try to keep him back? Thousands, yes, millions, already have suffered the horrors of this terrible war for over a year."

George Black, Commissioner of the Yukon, sent in his resignation to Ottawa, and proceeded to organize a Yukon Infantry Company, of which he was appointed Captain.

One of the first to join my husband's company was my youngest son, Lyman, who like a dozen or more Yukon boys was far too young to go. Warren, my eldest son, wrote that he was to command a troopship, moving Siamese troops. Donald, my other boy, was at Leland Stanford University, California, within a few months of graduation, but he was granted his degree on his school record, and his purpose to enlist.

All my men in war service. What was there for me to do? There was only one answer. Follow them! [To be continued]



"Dad's got a job again!"

Your HOME IMPROVEMENT LOAN puts men to work

EVERY borrower under the Home Improvement Plan is contributing to the solution of Canada's unemployment problem. Every dollar borrowed from the bank to improve, extend or repair your home gives local artisans work to do—sets the wheels turning in distant factories—releases money for ordinary purchases. The Royal Bank of Canada welcomes the opportunity of assisting in this great national effort and stands ready to lend money for the above purposes to any credit-worthy citizen.

You are cordially invited to discuss your Home Improvement Loan at any branch of this bank. Ask for booklet "Loans for Home Improvements".

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA
OVER 600 BRANCHES IN ALL PARTS OF CANADA

"I'm Planning a real Holiday This Year!"



"THIS year I've got enough money to have the kind of holiday I've always wanted—and all because I was lucky enough to find out about the Fidelity Circulation Company's plan for making money in my spare time. 'I'd never had any experience at selling, but I found that magazines are one thing that are welcomed in every Canadian home... and once people found out that I was representing all the leading publications I had no trouble in getting new orders and renewals. It's a grand plan—take my advice and write them today.'"

In every part of the Dominion ambitious men and women have found this spare-time work pleasant, dignified and profitable. There are still many localities waiting for someone to cash in on this opportunity. You will be under no obligation whatever if you will let us tell you the full details of our money-making plan. Write

**LOCAL AGENTS DEPARTMENT
FIDELITY CIRCULATION CO.
OF CANADA
210 Dundas St. W., Toronto**

Attractive Walls WITH ECONOMY

One coat of ALABASTINE hides all. It goes on easily, shows no brush-marks, and will not rub off. Many tints and white. Ask your dealer.

Gypsum, Lime and Alabastine.
Canada Limited
Head Office: PARIS, Ontario, Canada



AB137

ALABASTINE
THE NATIONAL WALL COATING

(TRUTH IN ADVERTISING)

"Mrs. Knox was right about Lemon Chiffon Pie"



LEMON CHIFFON PIE

(One 9-inch Pie—uses only 1/4 package)

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
1/4 cup cold water 4 eggs
1 cup sugar 1/2 cup lemon juice
1/2 teaspoonful salt

1 teaspoonful grated lemon rind

Add one-half cup sugar, lemon juice and salt to beaten egg yolks and cook over boiling water until of custard consistency. Pour cold water in bowl and sprinkle gelatine on top of water. Add to hot custard and stir until dissolved. Add grated lemon rind. Cool. When mixture begins to thicken, fold in stiffly beaten egg whites to which the other one-half cup sugar has been added. Fill baked pie shell or graham cracker crust and chill. Just before serving spread over pie a thin layer of whipped cream.

Why, it's so light and delicious thousands of families rave about it! Scores of other recipes for pies, desserts, salads and candies—are yours free of charge. Just write Knox Gelatine, Dept. "C", 140 St. Paul St. W., Montreal.

KNOX is the GELATINE

And remember, one package of Knox Sparkling Gelatine contains four envelopes of gelatine—enough to make four different dishes, six servings of each. And recipes in the package tell how.

SNAP Superfine POWDER

MAKES
Housework
Easier

You can tell the minute you use it, that Snap Superfine Powder is different from any other cleanser. No scrubbing or hard rubbing—one easy sweep and everything is bright and shining. Soft and superfine in texture—cannot scratch or dull the finest surface.

Wonderful for windows, mirrors, bath-tubs, sinks, and all household cleaning.



MADE BY THE
MAKERS OF SNAP
THE GREAT HAND CLEANER

What will become of them?

(Continued from page 80)

THE LITTLE girls are becoming individuals—but to say that one is the leader or another the more imaginative is nonsense, says the doctor. One heads the gang one day, somebody else another. And the mother who believes her child is showing special talents that will shape his life at three is usually wrong.

Toys are a communal possession. Never was there a group of people who more needed to learn to share and divide, to give and take. Contrary to general beliefs, the nursery isn't supplied with five of everything. There are quarrels, to be sure, but these are usually settled among the children themselves. And since such things as clothes pins, rag dolls and an old dearly beloved stuffed cat are prime favorites, there isn't much real difficulty.

But in the matter of clothes, there's a definite pride of possession. The love of their pretty frocks by the little girls is encouraged. Some day they may be a pattern for women everywhere. They prattle about the colors, the ribbons and the flowers, today. Each has her own easily accessible cupboard, too, and some jolly insignia—such as a bird or an animal—is pasted over the place of each child. Marie, for instance, would know that the toothbrush and the wash bowl and towel, the clothes rack and the shoe box with the rooster picture was hers. And if anything new came on the scene, with the mark of a rooster, she could immediately feel a sense of possession.

Live animals are barred from the hospital. The friendly dog and cat—however delightful they are as pets—have garbage-can proclivities which are not appreciated by Dr. Dafoe. But the little girls watch with great joy the feeding of birds that come to the Dominion Feeding Station at Callander, and live in little birdhouses near by.

The children know no fear—they sleep in absolute darkness and like it. Any fear-inspiring stories are deleted from their fairy books. They receive a great deal of love, for no routine, no matter how efficient, is worth a pin without it. And that's so important for their future happiness!

My Seventy Years

(Continued from page 46)

Our pansies were particularly lovely, these growing to almost abnormal size, many of them being four inches across.

Indeed it is difficult to convince strangers of the wonderful growth of that north country. During the three summer months our continuous daylight means phenomenal growth.

It is difficult, too, to convince outsiders of the high cost of everything. When Judge Britton, for instance, came to the North, with a roving commission from the Government to enquire into the wrongs of the people, as well as prices, he was accompanied by H. N. Rowatt. Rowatt had been particularly instructed to investigate the living allowances of the civil servants in Yukon, as distinguished from salaries. One day, shortly after the arrival of the party, a caller at the house rented for their accommodation, met Rowatt, who was arguing fiercely with a laundry driver over the bill, which was about eight dollars. Rowatt insisted that

WHILE THE years ahead are being thought of and prepared for, no single need of the moment is neglected. Each summer—this summer, for instance—must contribute its share to the glowing health of the Dionnes. And so Dr. Dafoe prepares for hot days ahead. The land has been drained of all stagnant water, to keep mosquitoes off. A stray bite is immediately treated with oil. But it's the common house-fly with which the workers at the hospital prepare to do grim battle. All garbage is burned rather than thrown out. Plenty of screening keeps the fly away from food, from the babies themselves. Summer and winter, the clothing of the little girls is changed three or four times a day. A change at least once a day—for little bodies perspire even if children aren't actually grubby—is advocated by the doctor for all children. Underjacket, panties and light dresses are the house regalia. For outside, a leather overall or heavy woollen suit in winter is replaced by the nearest of near-nudist play suits in summer. Lots of sun is in order—but sun baths are taken sparingly at first. Ten minutes the first day, fifteen the next, twenty the next and so on—until they can stay out much of the morning and afternoon. Little peaked bonnets to shade tender eyes from the glaring sun are worn. All lights in the house are diffused so as to avoid glare. And little Marie's eyes, which were slightly out of focus, have been corrected by proper diet and muscle-training exercises, such as following the moving finger of the doctor. The little girls play in their splash pool and get wet, and dry out in the sun.

Shoes are one of the most carefully watched items in the little girls' wardrobes. While it is possible for the quins to have soft leather shoes made exactly to fit their formative foot muscles, the average parent can, and should feel charged, to get the correct size of her child's foot from a reliable shoeman, and then return the child in a month or two to see if the fitting was actually correct. Dr. Dafoe believes shoes should never be handed down from one child to another. Parents should watch for marks on the insides of the little shoes to see if the toes are making ridges where the fitting is bad.

What will the future bring for the quins? You have before you the stuff with which Dr. Dafoe and his associates are working. It's one of the strangest—and most difficult—experiments that has ever been made with human lives. But its end may be a new and richer girlhood and womanhood for the five Callander children—and for the world at large.

he could get the work done in Ottawa for less than two dollars, and declined to pay the bill. The driver took the bundle back to the laundry and before he could get it again, Rowatt had to go down, pay the bill—then carry the bundle back to the house. Of course this was cream for the civil servants and those living in the North, who never yet have been able to convince outsiders of the high prices that have always been maintained. Even today we pay 25 cents for a loaf of bread, \$1.50 for a quart of cream, from \$2.25 to \$3.25 for a chicken, depending on the size and age. In the summer, when fruit comes in fresh from the outside, \$3 for a watermelon \$1.50 to \$2 for a honey dew melon, and other prices accordingly. Wood, in the summer, is \$18 a cord. Charwomen get 50 cents an hour—when we can get one. Every moving picture costs \$1 a seat. It takes money to live in the North, and when I hear people criticize Northerners for spending money, I feel that I should like to have them sent to Dawson and try to live on the same amount of money, in the same manner that they could live outside. It simply cannot be done.

I look back upon these years of the prime of my life as full of contentment and interest. The boys were growing and I found the Yukon a fine place in which to bring them up. In my journal I wrote:

BIRD'S 100th ANNIVERSARY



FASHIONS CHANGE BUT
THE PREFERENCE FOR

BIRD'S CUSTARD

KEEPS GROWING

Each new generation for 100 years has been a generation that has grown up to love the creamy deliciousness of Bird's Custard. It is a great dessert—alone, or with fruit or pudding—and it gives you most for your money.



Harold F. Ritchie & Co.
Ltd., Dept. 6A
10-18 McCaul St., Toronto.

Please send me a free
sample of Bird's Custard
and Recipe Book.

Name
Address

Pour
a teaspoonful
of thick fruity

H.P. SAUCE

into the
Stew

and you'll have
them all asking
for a second
helping



The Blue Cat-Bit

(Continued from page 55)

help her to walk across the jumpy floor that had pins in it. It made her cry.

"If The Blue Cat-Bit could get in here again," sobbed Yisobet, "he'd put soft feathers on it. I know he would."

"I'll speak to him about it," said the Sister-one. "He's so busy, you know."

"He'd do it for me. He'd help me across the floor. I'd walk right across the floor to him," whimpered Yisobet.

"You would?" asked the angel. "Well, I'll go and call him right this minute!"

And the next thing Yisobet knew, there in the door sat THE BLUE CAT-BIT HIMSELF! All dressed up with a white

topknot on his head like the Sister-one's, and a white apron on and everything.

She put her feet down on the pins and needles on the floor and never felt them at all. She caught hold of the foot of the bed, and walked to the washstand. Then she pulled the chair to her and pushed it right across the floor in front of her until she could reach him.

He was so proud of her that Yisobet thought his eyes filled with tears—at least, she could feel them on her own cheek when she hugged him. He was all velvety and dear, and she found that his whiskers were made of string and his tail was made of something like the pompon on her mother's bedroom slippers. His big blue spots were sewed on, if you can believe it, and his collar was just exactly like her mother's bracelet that she wore to parties.

Everybody came then and picked them both up together, and they went to sleep right away. The Blue Cat-Bit was pretty tired too, you know. He'd been so awfully busy.

Descriptions of Chatelaine Patterns

ALL ONE PRICE—15 CENTS

No. 930. Sizes 30, 32, 34, 36 and 38. Size 34 requires 5½ yards of 39-inch material.

No. 921. Sizes 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 34 requires 3 yards of 39-inch material for the dress and 2½ yards for the jacket.

No. 929. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 39-inch material and ⅞ yard of 39-inch contrasting.

No. 786. Sizes 30, 32, 34, 36 and 38. Size 34 requires 3¾ yards of 39-inch material.

No. 935. One size. The topper and sash require ⅞ yard of 39-inch material. The hat shown at the top requires ½ yard of 35-inch material, the one in the middle ¼ yard and the brimmed hat ⅞ yard.

No. 933. Sizes 29, 31, 33, 35 and 37. Size 33 requires 3⅞ yards of 39-inch material for bathing suit and skirt or cape.

No. 934. Sizes 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 34 requires 4¼ yards of 39-inch material for dress and bolero.

No. 923. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 39-inch material, ¾ yard of 18-inch contrasting and 4 yards of lace.

No. 920. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards of 39-inch material and ½ yard of 39-inch contrasting for short-sleeved dress. The long-sleeved version requires 4¼ yards of 39-inch material.

No. 931. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 34 requires 6½ yards of 39-inch material and 1¼ yards of 39-inch contrasting.

No. 927. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14. Size 8 requires 1½ yards of 35-inch material for blouse with plain sleeve, 2 yards for blouse with puffed sleeve.

No. 924. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14. Size requires 2 yards of 39-inch material and ¾ yard of 39-inch contrasting for short-sleeved dress. The dress with square neck requires 2 yards of 35-inch material and 1 yard of ruffling.

No. 925. Sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8. Size 4 requires 2½ yards of 35-inch material, ¼ yard of 35-inch contrasting and 4¾ yards of binding for dress shown in centre.

The one at the bottom requires 2¾ yards of 35-inch material and ¾ yard of 35-inch contrasting.

Chatelaine's HOME IMPROVEMENT CONTEST

Chatelaine will pay \$25.00 for the best example of home improvements submitted each month.

Each month Chatelaine pays \$25.00 for the best before-and-after photographs showing actual renovations undertaken by readers. In addition, interesting photographs that may not win the monthly prize will be bought by Chatelaine at usual space rates.

The amount of money you spend is not important. It's ideas we want—and actual photographs or sketches illustrating those ideas. Attach with your photographs a brief outline of the cost and details of the plans involved.

The contest is for readers of Chatelaine anywhere in Canada, except employees of The MacLean Publishing Company and their immediate families.

Photograph your renovations, and submit them in our new Home Improvement Contest. There's a prize every month.

Send your entries to
HOME IMPROVEMENT DEPARTMENT
CHATELAINE INSTITUTE
481 University Ave., Toronto.



Joan Bennett says
"A Film Actress
can't take chances
with MOTHS"

One Spraying Mothproofs a Whole Year

Your clothes are just as important to you. Now get rid of moth dangers as movie stars do. Spray with Larvex today.

Spraying with Larvex is the complete safeguard advised by scientists and used by manufacturers of costly woolsens. It penetrates to the very center of every woolen fibre. Moths starve, to death rather than eat the fabric.

Odorless, stainless, Larvex does away with the clothes storage problem, too, for one Larvex spraying lasts a full 12 months. Spray with Larvex today and forget the moth problem this year!



Mothproof with
LARVEX
and be sure

WHAT PRICE HEALTH?



Don't attempt this unless you are in A1 condition.

MANY years ago I said this . . . "If I could put my principles of health in pill form—so that people only had to swallow them to be healthy—I would be richer than Henry Ford in six months." But it can't be done!

You can't play the piano without practising. You can't have strong, vigorous, tireless and agile muscles without exercising—you can't be always youthful, full of mental and physical energy and ambition and exuberantly healthy, full of pep and the joy of living unless you are prepared to pay the price of right (righteous) living habits.

Ask your better self "What is the price of perfect health?"; then listen to the "still small voice" within you for the answer. The Answer? The price of health lies in doing certain things and in not doing other things. In other words, obey the health laws of Nature and of common sense.

These laws include a daily cool water bath, cool air bath, sun bath, exercise of all muscle groups for at least fifteen minutes, avoidance of all habits that do

not add something of body normalizing value to the blood; evacuation of the intestinal waste after each meal by the use of correct foods and exercise; sufficient sleep, but not too much, in a well-ventilated room; and a poised, hopeful, optimistic mental state.

Based upon the foregoing principles, I started at 50 to rebuild, a hopelessly broken and decrepit body. In my 80th year I have a body that ought to be the envy of 96% of men in their twenties. At 71 I started a new career and have made a striking success of it already. Are such accomplishments worth while? Again let the "still small voice" answer. The proper way to start? A real health education. Write for particulars re my books that provide it.

Not interested? Well, "it's O.K. with me." I lose nothing by your decision. But let me urge you to make these small changes in your living habits for just one month, then I'm sure you'll want to go the limit and learn how to live so as to be always in the condition outlined in the second paragraph of this article.

Eat one full meal, all you can enjoy, of Roman Meal, Bekus-Puddy or Lishus; one full meal of vegetables grown above the ground, raw or very lightly steamed (preferably raw); a third meal of anything reasonable in food. Chew all foods well. Exercise and follow the routine outlined in paragraph three of this article.

If you do not know how to exercise send 50c for my book "SYSTEMATIZED MUSCLE EXERCISES" (illustrated). In any case, write for my free bulletin on food and health. Address: Robt. G. Jackson, M.D., 516 Vine Ave., Toronto, Ont. 5-37



Robt. G. Jackson, M.D.

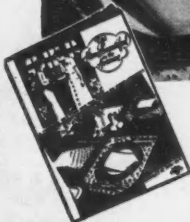
The photographs in this advertisement are taken from the Talking Picture "One Young Man", featuring a day in the life of Dr. Jackson.

The
Home Beautiful
on the
Avenue

HAND CROCHET
*adds Richness
and Charm*

...best of all at so little cost!

There's a stunning new vogue for hand-crochet in table settings . . . luncheon mats, supper sets and cloths . . . lovely in white, charming in color! Get our new Booklet No. 302 containing delightfully modern crochet motifs at your usual shop, or use the coupon.



SEND FOR THIS BOOKLET!
and to make
your work
finer and more
beautiful, use

J. & P. Coats' MERCER-CROCHET



Use a *Milwards* Steel Crochet Hook—famous since 1730

The Canadian Spool Cotton Company, Dept. X-66,
P.O. Box 519, Montreal, P.Q.

I enclose 10c. Please send me Booklet No. 302, "The Home Beautiful on the Avenue", giving complete working instructions.

NAME

ADDRESS

Made in CANADA by the makers of COATS' and CLARK'S 6 CORD SPOOL COTTON

Bring a New Excitement To Your Cooking

With these culinary secrets from the Chatelaine Institute
FIVE NEW SERVICE BULLETINS

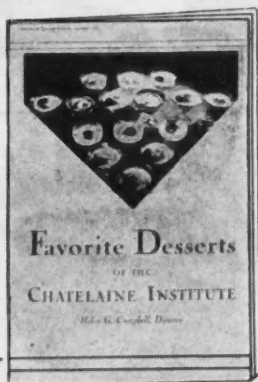


MAN-MADE MEALS
Price 5 Cents—No. 2,204

When planning a holiday that will leave your man at home alone, get this Institute bulletin to give him simple menu ideas—grocery orders—easy, man-made recipes, and suggestions for successful stag parties.

**FAVORITE DESSERTS
OF THE CHATELAINE INSTITUTE**
Price 15 Cents—No. 2,201

Over sixty delicious new desserts—each one flavorsome, economical, and carefully tested and approved. Cold—hot—jellied—frozen—fruit—and pastry desserts—a rare collection of recipes for your enjoyment.



CHATELAINE SERVICE BULLETINS,
481 University Avenue, Toronto.

Please send me your Service Bulletins Nos.
for which I enclose \$.....

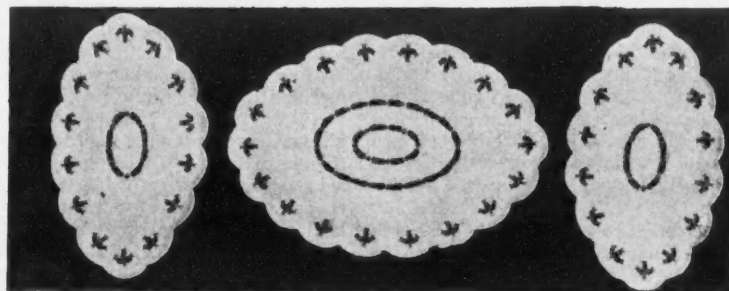
Name and
Address

(PLEASE PRINT OR WRITE PLAINLY)

New Handicrafts ^{by} Marie Le Cerf



C506-7-8—Needlework Etchings of the King and Queen and the little Princess Elizabeth. These are real likenesses and very easily worked in single stitch. Stamped on fine cream linen, size, 12 x 15 inches, to be worked in brown as a souvenir of the Coronation. Price, including cotton for working, 35 cents each, or the set of 3 for \$1.



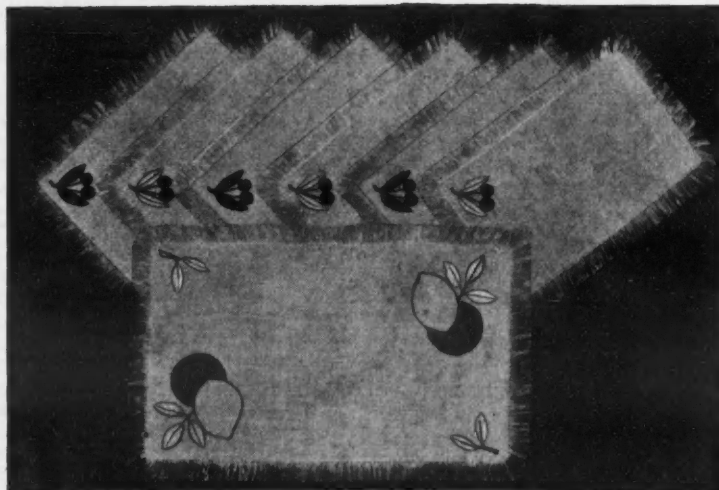
C511—Marie Antoinette Bedroom Set. This is the daintiest and most adorable design. The tiny French roses are in rambler rose stitch in deep rose; leaves, stems and scallops in green. Stamped on fine white or French cream linen, the large size vanity set is priced at 55 cents and the scarf to match at 55 cents—cottons for working either, 15 cents.



C505 — Royal Crown Pillowcases and Towels. The very latest design and a new application for the pillowcases. All work is in dull gold—chain and satin stitches only being used. The pillowcases are stamped on finest linen-finished circular cotton, 36 x 40 inches, at \$1.25 per pair; the towels are stamped on white Irish linen huckaback, 18 x 33 inches, at \$1.10 per pair. Cotton for working either pair, 15 cents.



C510—"Scotties" in straight line embroidery. Corner cushions for your car, canoe or verandah—stamped on red or orange art felt (please state choice), size, 12 x 15 inches, with binding in black to match embroidery. Price for complete materials, 55 cents each or \$1 per pair. Forms can be supplied at 35 cents each.



C509—Beverage Set. The fruit is in linen appliqué in red, orange and yellow; leaves and stems to be worked in green satin stitch—making a very gay little set for sunroom or garden. Tray cloths are stamped on green or yellow linen, 15 x 24 inches (please state color desired) and three serviettes are in green and three in yellow, size, 8 x 12 inches. A single row of hemstitching or a double row of machine stitching is necessary before fringing. The

7-piece set, with appliqué and cotton for working, is priced at \$1.

Order from Marie Le Cerf, Chatelaine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto, enclosing postal note or money order. If sending cheque kindly add fifteen cents for bank exchange. Articles from previous issues can always be supplied. Full directions for working are sent. Prices include postage.

KNOW THAT?

IN buying a new car, it's all a case of knowing the value you will get. So take your time about making your choice. Check Pontiac's list of features against every other car in the low price field. We feel sure that the more comparisons you make the surer you will be that Pontiac tops them all in value.

Do you know, for instance, that Pontiac is the *Only* low-priced car with Knee-Action and Centre-Control Cross Steering, Anolite Pistons, Double-Strength Cantilever Frame . . . the *Lowest-Priced Car* with 117 Inch Wheelbase and 89 Horsepower Engine.

Do you realize that Pontiac sales have practically tripled those made during the same period last year?

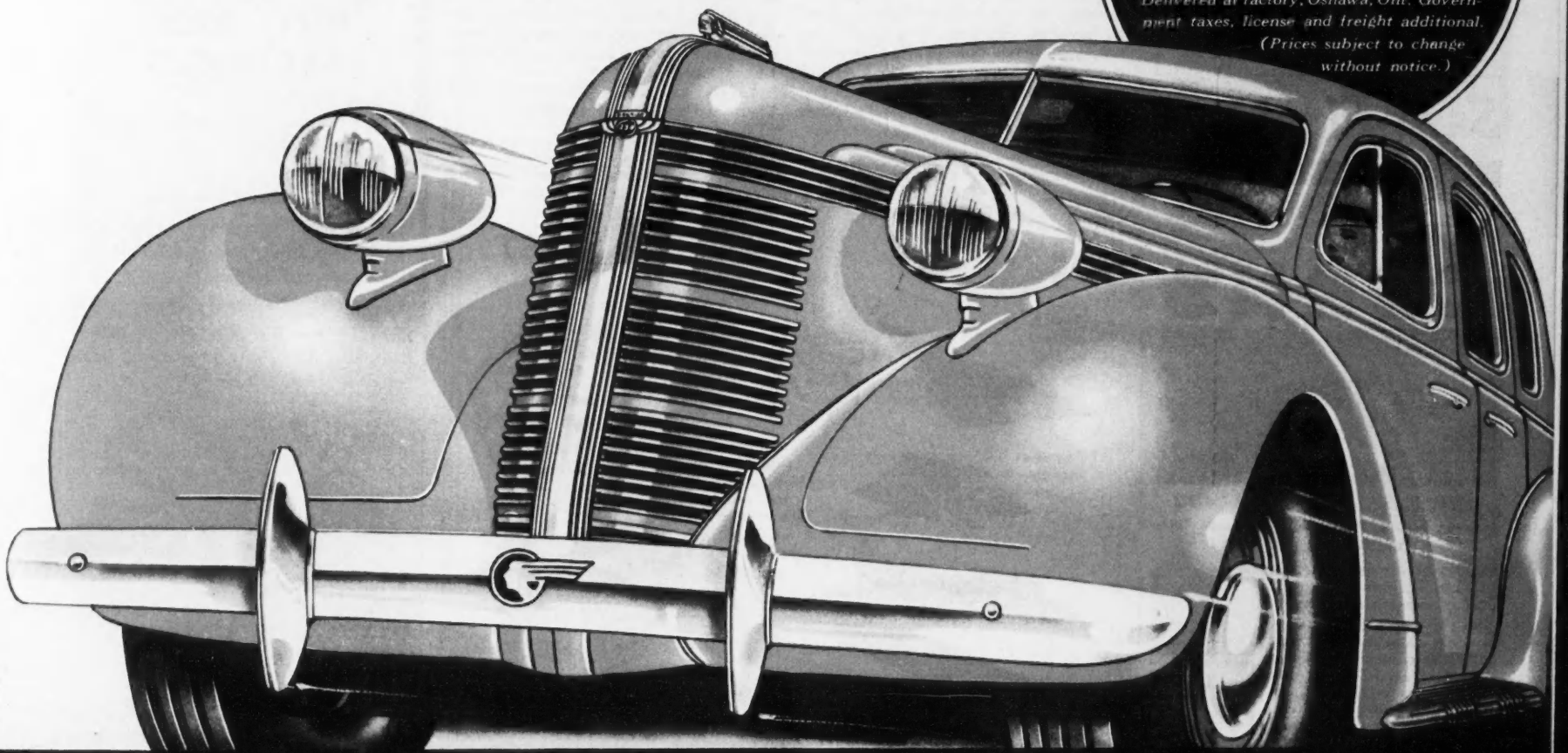
Why not have a talk about this entirely new Pontiac with a Pontiac dealer. Get *all* the facts! Then take a few minutes behind the wheel and let the car itself tell you a story more convincing than words. Remember you can buy Pontiac with ownership easily arranged through the generous terms of the General Motors Instalment Plan.



PRICED FROM

\$925

(Sport Coupe with Opera Seats)
Delivered at factory, Oshawa, Ont. Government taxes, license and freight additional.
(Prices subject to change without notice.)



PONTIAC

AND A BRILLIANT FUTURE



- DO YOU

**PONTIAC IS THE
LOWEST-PRICED CAR WITH
117-INCH WHEELBASE**

This long wheelbase gives Pontiac Swagger Smartness and provides the utmost in Roominess and Comfort. Passengers are cradled between the front and rear axles . . . a real comfort factor.

**MANY NEW
PONTIAC OWNERS REPORT
25 MILES TO THE GALLON**

AND BETTER! Pontiac is setting new Economy Records as well as New Sales Records. Yet the new Pontiac is a bigger car with increased acceleration . . . and develops more horsepower than ever.

**PONTIAC IS THE
Only LOW-PRICED CAR WITH
KNEE-ACTION AND CENTRE-
CONTROL CROSS STEERING**

A Knee-Action Gliding Ride for Comfort. Centre-Control Cross Steering for Driving Ease.

**1937 PONTIAC
SALES HAVE TRIPLED**

SALES THAT WERE MADE DURING THE SAME PERIOD IN 1936 . . . An overwhelming expression of confidence in "Canada's Finest Low-Priced Car".

**PONTIAC IS THE
LOWEST-PRICED CAR WITH
89 HORSEPOWER
SIX-CYLINDER ENGINE**

Providing Greater Power and Smoothness . . . yet with Greatest Economy. Pontiac is quickest on the "get-away" . . . the first car up the hills.

**PONTIAC IS THE
Only LOW-PRICED CAR WITH
ANOLITE PISTONS**

50% lighter in weight. Durable. Longer lasting. Anolite Pistons take a load off the engine and cut fuel and oil costs. Increase bearing life 150%.

**PONTIAC IS THE
Only LOW-PRICED CAR WITH
DOUBLE STRENGTH 4-WAY
CANTILEVER FRAME**


Providing the most rigid foundation of Steel for the UniSteel Turret-Top Body by Fisher.

**PONTIAC IS NOW PRICED SO NEAR
THE LOWEST THE DIFFERENCE IS JUST
A FEW CENTS A DAY!**

. . . but this small difference in money makes a world of difference in appearance, comfort, safety, performance . . . and in pride of ownership.


PONTIAC

HEADED FOR RECORD SALES



What do you do

When You Suffer with Headaches, Colds or Acid Indigestion?



You SHOULD Take Alka-Seltzer

An Alka-Seltzer Tablet in a glass of water makes a sparkling, pleasant tasting solution. Drink it and it does TWO very important things for you. First, it relieves the pain and discomfort in just a few minutes. Second, it helps correct the cause of the trouble when associated with an excess acid condition. Be wise —alkalize with Alka-Seltzer. At All Drug Stores...35c and 75c Pkgs.




Give Your Floors the Beauty THAT ONLY A FINE WAX CAN GIVE



HAWES' FLOOR WAX

APPROVED
CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

LASTS LONGER - POLISHES BETTER - COSTS LESS

Chatelaine's

June 1937

Index of Advertisers

ONLY worthy products and services are accepted for introduction to Chatelaine homes through the advertising pages of Chatelaine. Readers, therefore, can buy the lines advertised in Chatelaine with confidence of satisfactory service. By insisting on trademarked lines of known quality and value, Chatelaine readers avoid costly mistakes when buying for their homes.

Absorbine Jr.	48	Kotex	37
Alabastine	85	Kraft Cheese	59
Alatint	83	Kruschen Salts	50
Alka-Seltzer	91		
American Can Company	4		
		Lady Esther Powder	47
Baby's Own Tablets	54	Larvex	87
Bird's Custard	84	Lawson's Snow Flake Ammonia	52
Bishop Strachan School	50	Lever Bros. Third Cover	
Bissell Sweeper	80	Libby Baby Foods	63
Blue Jay Corn Cure	48	Listerine Antiseptic	50
Borden's Eagle Brand	71	Listerine Tooth Paste and Tooth Powder	42
Borden's St. Charles Milk	54	Lux	34 and 54
Brownatone	48	Lux Toilet Soap	46
		Lysol	41
Campbell's Soups	17	Macdonald's Cigarettes	91
Canada Dry Ginger Ale	70	Manicare	44
Canadian General Electric Co.	3	Maybelline	44
Canadian General Rubber Co.	45	McClary's Stoves	72-73
Canadian Kodak Company	24	McCormick's Biscuits	68
Canadian National Railways	26	Mecca Ointment	52
Canadian Pacific Hotels	23	Meltonian Cream	51
Canadian Westinghouse Co. Ltd.	60	Merck & Co. Ltd.	74
Capo Polishes	80	Mercolized Wax	50
Carter's Little Liver Pills	46	Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.	24
Cash's Names	44	Modess	44
Castoria	53	Moffat Electric Ranges	69
Chesebrough Mfg. Co.	46	Mum	1
Colgate Ribbon Dental Cream	30		
Congoleum Rugs	18	Nugget Shoe Polish	48
Cory Coffee Maker	90		
Cox's Gelatine	74	Odorono	49
Crane Limited	77	Othine	46
Cuticura Soap and Ointment	44		
		Palmolive Soap	31
Diamond Dyes	42	Paris Paté	74, 82
Dominion Corset Co. Ltd.	78	Poliflor Wax	75
Dr. Jackson's Roman Meal	87	Pond's Cold Cream	43
Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder	34	Pontiac Motor Cars	88-89
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads	90	Potter & Moore	54, 90
		Princess Pat Rouge	74
		Pyrex	67
Elizabeth Arden of Canada Ltd.	35	Quaker Natural Bran	82
Fels-Naptha Soap	27	Quaker Puffed Wheat	79
Flexible Shaft Co.	82		
Ford Motor Car Co. Second Cover		Richard Hudnut of Canada	36
Frigidaire	65	Royal Bank of Canada	85
		Royal Victoria College	50
General Steel Wares Ltd.	72-73		
Gillett's Lye	80	Sani-Flush	90
Goddard's Plate Powder	82	Shirriff's	Front Cover
		Shredded Wheat	81
Hawes' Floor Wax	91	Shu-Milk	54
Heinz Strained Foods	52	Silvo	82
Heinz Vinegars	56	Snap	84
Hurlbut Shoes	81	S.O.S.	66
		Steedman's Powders	52
Jane Seymour Beauty Preparations	28	Sunbeam Electrical Appliances	82
Junket	66	Sweet Caporal Cigarettes	51
Kellogg's Rice Krispies	64	Tangee	42
Klovah Jelly Powder	83	Texcraft	54
Knox Gelatine	84	Three-in-One Oil	80
Korn King	44	Tintex	80
		Woodbury's Facial Powder	33
		Woodbury's Facial Soap	32

Compiled as a convenience to the readers of Chatelaine; this index is not guaranteed against occasional error or omission, but the greatest care is taken to ensure accuracy.

MACDONALD'S

A Cigarette for every taste!



British Consols
COSTLIER Milder TOBACCOS

Enjoyable on all occasions
—perfect in flavour and unvarying in quality. PLAIN or CORK TIP.



EXPORT A
FILTER TIP

The filter tip gives added pleasure to this superb Virginia cigarette.
If you prefer plain ends ask for Macdonald's "EXPORT."



MACDONALD'S
Menthol
MILD VIRGINIA

Mildly mentholated to soothe and cool your throat
... the ideal all season smoke. PLAIN or CORK TIP.

MACDONALD'S

ESTABLISHED 1858

Canada's Largest Independent
Cigarette and Tobacco Manufacturers



**DON'T
COVER TOILET
ODORS-KILL
THEM WITH
Sani-Flush**

A CLEAN toilet never smells. It's never necessary to use scented disinfectants to end the annoyance of toilet odors. Just clean the bowl with Sani-Flush.

Shake a little in the toilet. (Follow directions on the can.) Then flush, and stains vanish. The porcelain gleams like new. The hidden trap that no other method can reach is purified and safe. Sani-Flush saves rubbing and scrubbing. Cannot injure plumbing. It is also effective for cleaning automobile radiators (directions on can). Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and syndicate stores—25 and 15 cent sizes. Made in Canada. Distributed by Harold F. Ritchie & Company, Limited, Toronto, Ontario.



Sani-Flush

CLEANS TOILET BOWLS WITHOUT SCOURING

CORNS



NEW TRIPLE-ACTION METHOD

Instantly Relieves Pain—Safely Removes Corns
Stops Corns Before They Can Develop

Only a scientific treatment like Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads does all these things for you.

Put these thin, soothing, healing, cushioning pads on sore toes caused by new or tight shoes, and you'll stop corns before they can develop, and prevent blisters. They instantly relieve pain and end cause—shoe pressure.

Use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads with the separate Medicated Disks, included in every box, and your corns or callouses lift out with ease.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are velvety-soft, waterproof. Do not stick to stocking or come off in the bath. Easy to apply. Sizes for Corns, Callouses, Bunions, Soft Corns between toes. Get a box today. Cost but a trifle. Sold everywhere. Don't accept a substitute.



**Dr. Scholl's
Zino-pads**

Wives are Sacred

(Continued from page 51)

"Oh no, Ellis, it was sweet of you to ask me," and Dilly opened the door for him, feeling suddenly assured and amused and able to cope with anything, but her amusement died when she got back to the living room and the faces of Paul's three friends.

"Well," she said belligerently.

"Dilly Deacon," said Jack Sprague with great deliberation, "if you were my wife I'd beat you."

"If she were my wife," said Bill Wesley eyeing her unfavorably, "I'd seriously consider divorce."

"She'd never have a chance to be my wife," said Charlie Brock earnestly into space. "I wouldn't have a man eater, especially a man eater who can't take it."

"I'm not a man eater," she stormed, "and you know it. Can't a woman even have dinner with a man without his thinking things?"

"Listen, Dilly," said Bill Wesley patiently, "a married woman belongs to somebody else."

"And most men," added Charlie Brock with a sentimental expression, "have great respect for other people's property. Most men," he elaborated, "think of other men's wives as sort of sacred, either sacred, that is, or pretty darn profane."

"And if a wife's sacred," broke in Jack Sprague, "she won't think of anything but her husband. She won't talk of anything but her husband. She won't be interested in any man except as a friend of her husband. See?"

"No," said Dilly. "What about all these

fine civilized friendships you hear of between married women and single men?"

"Sacred friendships, Dilly," said Charlie Brock. "There aren't any other civilized friendships," he added smugly.

"Paul's civilized," protested Dilly. "Paul knew I was going out with Ellis tonight. He thought it was all right."

"Maybe he knew," drawled Paul's best man patronizingly, "but who said he thought it was all right? For instance, Dilly, I wouldn't confide the events of this evening till the Reid leaves town, or you might find old Paul wasn't much more civilized than the rest of us."

"Oh," gasped Dilly in protest, and then, "oh," she repeated but not in protest, remembering Paul's expression when he said, "watch your step," realizing this might after all make difficult confiding.

"Well," she said, still crossly, "I don't believe I can ever learn to be sacred."

"Oh yes you can," Charlie Brock reassured her like a golf pro to a pupil with a refractory back swing. "We'll give you pointers if you like."

"Prod you, for instance," said Bill Wesley, "if we catch you forgetting yourself and turning on the old sex appeal. That's out from now on."

"We wouldn't expect you to have natural aptitude, Dilly," said Jack Sprague kindly. "We'll mark you at first just on effort."

Dilly looked at them. They were all three smiling at her with a sort of protective tenderness that might have been irritating but wasn't. She discovered to her amazement that she was liking these three stodgy young men.

"Well," she said helplessly, "thanks for everything," and then she grinned, for all of a sudden she saw how it was about Clara Bentley. Clara was probably just being scared and it looked as if that could be fun, too, of a sort.

"Mark me A for effort," she said, "because I'd like to kiss you all."

More Delicious Coffee and Tea!

Make Coffee and Tea the CORY way—better and quicker than any other method. Economical too. The famous FAST-FLO FILTER extracts all the delightful fragrance and delicious flavour of the coffee or tea—no contact with metal—easy to clean and nothing to get out of order.

**CORY FAST-FLO
FILTER**
For SPEED-ECONOMY

FREE Write for Booklet telling how to make better tea and coffee.

PERCY HERMANT LIMITED,
Dept. A TORONTO CY2



STOP MOSQUITOES

Before They Bite!

This effective bite preventive keeps them away. Pleasant to use and will not soil clothing.

Potter & Moore's

ANTI-MOSQUITO CREAM



Girls!

**IT'S EASY TO
WIN THESE
FAST SKATES!**

THERE are thrills ahead for every girl who has a pair of these fast, sturdily-built roller skates. Made in Canada from high-grade steel, these skates have strong, rigid trucks, high steel backs, and are fitted with a speedy single-ball race and self-contained rolls. Toe-clamps grip tightly; adjustment is easily made, and the skates will extend from 8 1/4" to 10 3/4". They are suitable for either boys or girls.

Skates supplied by
Birka - Ellis - Ryrie,
Ltd., Toronto.



You can have these skates for yourself, without cost, delivered postpaid to your address—if you will send Three One-Year Subscriptions to Chatelaine at \$1.00 each, or Two Two-Year Subscriptions at \$1.50. You can get these subscriptions from friends, neighbors or relatives—but please remember, subscriptions from your own home, or which your father or mother have paid for, will not count. These skates are offered as a reward for securing Subscriptions from other people.

PRIZE MANAGER

Chatelaine

481 University Ave., Toronto

MAKE A TIE and TURBAN SET

Take 2
chiffon
squares.

Fold one as
triangle.

Gather other
squares of con-
trasting colors and
knot at centre.
Slip ends of folded
square through
knot of gathered
square.

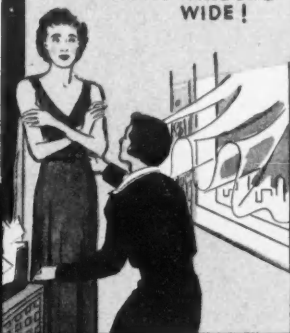
Take two chiffon squares in
contrasting colors folded in
this manner.

Then place one over the other so they may
be worn as a turban tied at back of the neck.

SOME OF OUR MOST EXPENSIVELY GOWNED WOMEN HAVE "B.O."... *SUCH A NEEDLESS SHAME!*

Fitter in exclusive gown shop would tell offenders of sure means of stopping "B.O."

TAKE THE CASE OF ONE WEALTHY DEBUTANTE WHO SPENT THOUSANDS ON HER CLOTHES. EVERY TIME SHE CAME INTO THE SHOP, WE OPENED THE FITTING ROOM WINDOWS WIDE!



One day when her Aunt came with her, this happened:

PLEASE PUT DOWN THE WINDOW, AUNTIE, THEY FREEZE ME TO DEATH EVERY TIME I COME HERE

PERHAPS, DEAR, THEY'RE HINTING THAT YOU'RE NOT AS DAINTY AS YOU MIGHT BE... SUGGESTING THAT YOU USE LIFEBOUY



OH, AUNTIE, I TAKE PLENTY OF BATHS... BUT I DON'T USE LIFEBOUY... WHY LIFEBOUY?

IT CONTAINS A SPECIAL PURIFYING INGREDIENT THAT'S NOT IN ANY OTHER WELL-KNOWN TOILET SOAP. CONTAINING THIS INGREDIENT, LIFEBOUY KEEPS YOU IMMACULATE—SAFE FROM "B.O."



AND, MY DEAR, LIFEBOUY'S LATHER WILL DO WONDERS FOR YOUR SKIN, TOO. THE SPECIAL INGREDIENT MAKES IT EXTRA-MILD

I SHALL SURELY TRY IT



FROM THAT DAY TO THIS, I'VE NEVER NOTICED A TRACE OF "B.O." ON OUR EXQUISITELY GOWNED DEBUTANTE. WHEN SHE CAME TO THE SHOP LAST TIME IT WAS TO SELECT HER WEDDING OUTFIT!



ON GUARD!

A WOMAN is foolish to take chances with either her daintiness or her complexion. Really careful women depend on *regular* use of Lifebuoy to protect both. Its purifying lather is just as *gently* effective in guarding the fresh loveliness of your skin as it is in keeping you free from "B.O." For the same special purifying ingredient in the kindly lather which stops "B.O." also makes it *milder*—"Patch" tests on the skins of hundreds of women—blondes, brunettes, redheads—prove Lifebuoy is more than 20% milder than many so-called "beauty soaps" and "baby soaps." You try it!



Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

LADIES! HAVE YOU TRIED THE NEW 1937 RINSO IN YOUR WASHER? IT'S BETTER THAN EVER... WOMEN EVERYWHERE SAY IT GIVES 25 TO 50% MORE SUDS



LOOK, PEGGY! THE NEW RINSO GIVES RICHER AND LIVELIER SUDS THAN EVER—COME, SEE FOR YOURSELF



YOU DON'T HAVE TO SHOW ME... I KNOW! I'VE TRIED THE NEW RINSO, AND ITS SUDS LAST A GREAT DEAL LONGER. IT'S A REAL ECONOMY SOAP



LATER

NO WONDER I'VE HEARD SO MANY WOMEN RAVING ABOUT THE NEW RINSO. IT WASHES CLOTHES AS WHITE AS WHEN NEW



THE NEW RINSO IS JUST AS SAFE AS EVER FOR COLOURS. AND AS FOR DISHWASHING—WELL, IT GETS RID OF GREASE SO FAST, YOU GET THROUGH IN HALF THE TIME

M 15

Makers of 24 Washers say, "Use New Rinso for richer suds, whiter washes"

AND if you don't own a washer—then you simply *must* use the New Rinso. For with Rinso you don't have to scrub or boil the clothes. Rinso's lively suds *soak* out dirt—get clothes at least 5 shades whiter and colours brighter, than with ordinary soaps.

Clothes last 2 or 3 times longer washed this "no-scrub" way. The New Rinso suds *soak* clothes amazingly clean in as little as 10 minutes. Yet Rinso is safe even for overnight *soaking*. Grand for dishes and all cleaning. Easy on the hands.

ON SALE NOW AT ALL GROCERS—in THE SAME FAMILIAR PACKAGE



It's News

by Lotta Dempsey

SHE LEARNS ABOUT WOMEN



Ruth Woodsmall is in a pretty good position to get a look at women the world over and see what they're up to. As world secretary of the Y.W.C.A., she lives in Geneva and keeps in touch with "Y's" in fifty nations. Women going back to the home through political pressure in Germany and Italy. Women coming out of their traditional seclusion in India and China. Women in the Philippines losing their vote because they didn't use it and winning it back again . . . Miss Woodsmall keeps an eye on it all. And she's vitally concerned in the problem of the middle-aged woman and her ability to fit into a modern world, she tells me. Self-supporting women over thirty are insecure when jobs are scarce. Married women with growing families are finding it necessary to look beyond their homes to keep up with their children. Careers plus marriage are still in the experimental stage. It's all being handled in a survey and should prove interesting.

When middle-aged business women were studied recently by the National Federation of Business Women in the United States, it was discovered that vigor and initiative, rather than youth, were the important things in holding jobs. Women over forty who dressed, spoke and looked their best, and were able to fit into the picture of office life and get along with people, had been going steadily forward instead of back. Lack of interest in personal appearance is sometimes a more dangerous thing than lack of youth, for women workers.

IF YOU WANT THE GOOD EARTH GREEN —

Three hundred years to make a lawn! So say the English. But you can get a fairly satisfying little patch of green under the living room window in a year or two if you'll treat it properly. I talked to one of the best lawn men in the country about grass. He says most people plant seed and then think their lawns, like Topsy, just grow. They don't. They need water, feed and care just like any other plant life. He uses fertilizer and loam — no manure — during the winter. Rakes off the old grass in spring, sows new seed on the bare places in the rainy season. He says: Most people torture their lawns with sprinkling, when they

need a good soaking. Do it two or three times a week and then leave them alone. Otherwise you just bring up the roots and kill the grass. After your new seed is up an inch, roll it. But it's no good rolling dry ground. Roll once a week or less over a good soaked lawn. Cut twice a week if you like a neatly clipped lawn. Once a week if you like it lusher and longer.

DO YOU KNOW HOW TO SHOP?

Hate shopping? Ah . . . then your system's wrong. Decide what you want at what price before you leave home. Give the clerks a break by letting them in on your needs. Be amenable to reason but not to a complete change of front if you can't get exactly what you thought of. And don't wander willy-nilly from counter to counter.

It's advice from Mrs. A. M. Harris, head of the Out of Town Shopping Service in one of Canada's great stores — and she should know. She directs the buying of everything from booby prizes for bridge parties to trousseaus for bridegrooms — and apartment setups, complete from chesterfields to potato peelers. Thousands of dollars worth every year. And she thinks many women find shopping a burden because they don't know their stores . . . where things are and what services are offered. Why not check your coat, for instance, during a buying siege? Or shop with a transfer, finding your parcels all snugly and magically collected at the end of your purchasing?

It's smart to go over your list and see exactly what you want on each floor. Get to know a reliable clerk in each department, too. And if you're a home body, be an early bird. Clerks are fresher and shops clearer at nine than noon. Besides, stores are half-staffed and business people have to rush in to do their buying from twelve to two.

WHEN AN OLD BEAU CALLS

A young wife told me the other day she wished John's old girl wouldn't drop in so often. Not that she comes to see John! But she always feels that there's just a notion in the back of the unwed one's mind that she might have done a better job of the living room decorating . . . or could at least keep Joan Ann's nose tidy! Wonder if other wives feel that way about the former sweethearts of their spouses? I know two or three young husbands who welcome an old beau around with open arms. "He sort of makes Mary feel better," one said, "and goodness knows she picked me and

she likes me a lot better. But it always gives a woman a nice little thrill of power to have a spare man coming for dinner or going along to a movie. And it doesn't mean a thing to me." Perhaps there is that attitude in the difference between husbands and wives when they welcome old flames. Think so?

ARE WE SPONGING ON THE UNITED STATES?



"You've got to pay for peace," says J. S. Woodsworth, M.P. "It isn't just a question of sitting pretty and finding peace there. It's more than praying, 'Give us peace in our time, O Lord,' too. We've got to be scientific about it — fight for it. Treat war like disease and remove the causes." Anybody can see that Mr. Woodsworth doesn't agree about Canada's need to be armed. Sponging on the United States? He wouldn't call it sponging to enjoy the low insurance rates made possible if he lived in a house close to fireproof buildings. Why not? He doesn't think Canadians should be asked to risk their lives because of trouble encountered by British Imperialism near Suez or Singapore. The last war didn't end wars — so why should anyone expect another one to do so? Those who make profits out of wars are strongly censured by Mr. Woodsworth. Narrow patriotism must give place to higher loyalties. Canada is in a position to break old bonds and risk a new policy for peace. Why shouldn't she?

Apologies to Bessie Downey, of Amherst, Nova Scotia! She's been county clerk of Cumberland County for more than fifteen years . . . and last month this page listed Jennie Batten, of Peterborough, as the one and only. If there are any other women county clerks in the Dominion, please step up and register. Our Peterborough correspondent didn't know about Miss Downey. But in the Maritimes they're very proud of her record and her grand work.

PLEASE DON'T COPY MY DRESS!

"Will you please take that dress out of your window? My daughter's bought one exactly like it to be married in, and you can see how embarrassing it will be for her."

The manager of a dress shop in a small Canadian city said the woman who asked him that was furious because he wouldn't — even though her daughter's dress had come from somewhere else. I was telling a well-known stylist about it.

"Canadian women see red when their gowns are copied or duplicated," she said, "whereas French women are flattered. That's because we're not sure enough of ourselves and our ability to give clothes personality. The French woman knows it's all a matter of how becoming the gown is, how well she carries it and what she wears with it."

Apropos of that, Madame Lyolene, who's just gone to Paris to sell clothes to French women, says the young French girl dresses her age. Canadian and American girls don't, in her opinion. The jeune fille of Paris wants her mother along on fittings. She likes frocks with little sleeves and Peter Pan collars like school dresses, and girlish fabrics like organdies and tulle. She'd rather wear baby blue or white than cerise or peacock. She knows it's difficult to have a really exclusive frock — so she spends hours on getting lines exactly right and choosing little details and accessories for individuality.

CHATELAINE FOR JUNE

Vol. 10

No. 6

FICTION

Spoiled Only Girl (short story)	
..... Ruth Burr Sanborn	5
Companions of the Storm (short story)	
..... Rebecca Stevenson	8
Wives Are Sacred (short story)	
..... Hannah Lees	12
Marriage Made on Earth (serial)	
..... Velia Ercole	14
Crisis at Eleven (short story)	
..... Gerald Mygatt	16
The Blue Cat-Bit (a children's story)	
..... Anne Elizabeth Wilson	55

GENERAL ARTICLES

What Will Become of Them? (the Quintuplets)	Lotta Dempsey	10
We Built for the Children	Kay Murphy	19
My Seventy Years	Mrs. George Black	22
Black to Elizabeth Bailey Price		

BEAUTY CULTURE

Get Into Shape (Exercises)		21
The Perfect Co-Ed	Annabelle Lee	29
Fashion Shorts	Kay Murphy	32
Suggestions for a Medium-Priced Trousseau	Carolyn Damon	34
A Girl Who Gets Around (patterns)		38
Here Comes the Sun (patterns)		39
Youth is Only an Outlook (patterns)		40

HOUSEKEEPING

Cheese	M. Frances Hucks	57
Electric Refrigerators		
..... Helen G. Campbell		58
Meals of the Month		
..... M. Frances Hucks		61
Window Dressing		
..... Helen G. Campbell		62

SPECIAL FEATURES

The Baby Clinic		
..... Dr. John McCullough		53
What's Going on in Hollywood		
..... Whitney Williams		96
Geography Lesson		
..... Frances Shelley Wees		82
Handicrafts	Marie Le Cerf	86
It's News	Lotta Dempsey	92

HERE'S A *Clever Idea* FOR YOU



A LUSHUS LIME JELLY SANDWICH WITH CREAM CHEESE FILLING ++ EASY TO MAKE

SOMEBODY's going to get an eyeful when you bring these tempting plates to the table. They're so gloriously colourful, so irresistibly inviting at this time of year. And the very first taste brings forth exclamations of delight.

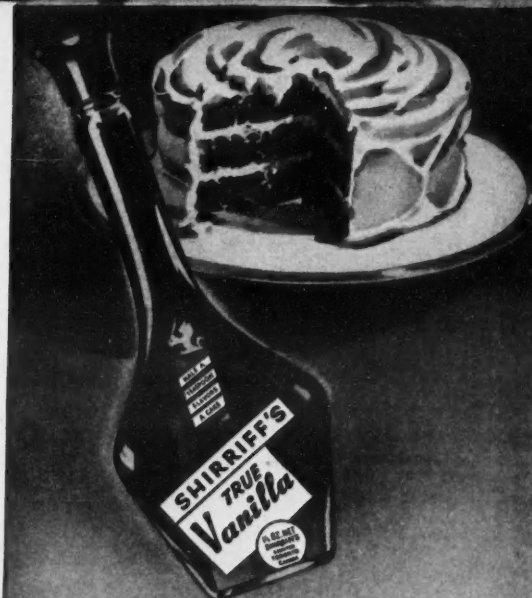
What a flavour combination—the piquant, fruity raciness of fresh limes mingling with the tang of cream cheese. You can make this treat so easily in just a few minutes. Here is the recipe:

Prepare Lushus lime jelly according to directions. Pour half the quantity into a small straight-sided tin (square or triangular) and allow to set firmly. Cover the surface of the jelly with a $\frac{1}{2}$ inch layer of cream cheese blended with a little mayonnaise. Pour the remaining half of the jelly (which has been allowed to cool but not set) over the cheese mixture. When chilled and set turn out, and with a knife dipped in hot water cut into small triangles. Serve each on crisp lettuce leaf with mayonnaise, as novel individual salads.

But take one precaution—be sure you get *Lushus* Lime. This flavour is obtained from fresh, juicy limes—you can tell that at the first taste. Lushus has the flavour sealed inside the Flavour Bud—it can't evaporate till you release it by pouring on the hot water.

Lime Jelly Sandwich is just one of the tasty recipes you can make so easily with Lushus. Seven double-rich, flavours to choose from. Strawberry, Raspberry, Pineapple, Cherry, Orange, Lemon and Lime. Ask your grocer for Lushus.

SHIRRIFF'S
Lushus
a jelly dessert



Made from finest vanilla beans, and aged in oak casks like a rare old wine. Less than a cent's worth flavours a cake. Try it.

SHIRRIFF'S *true* VANILLA